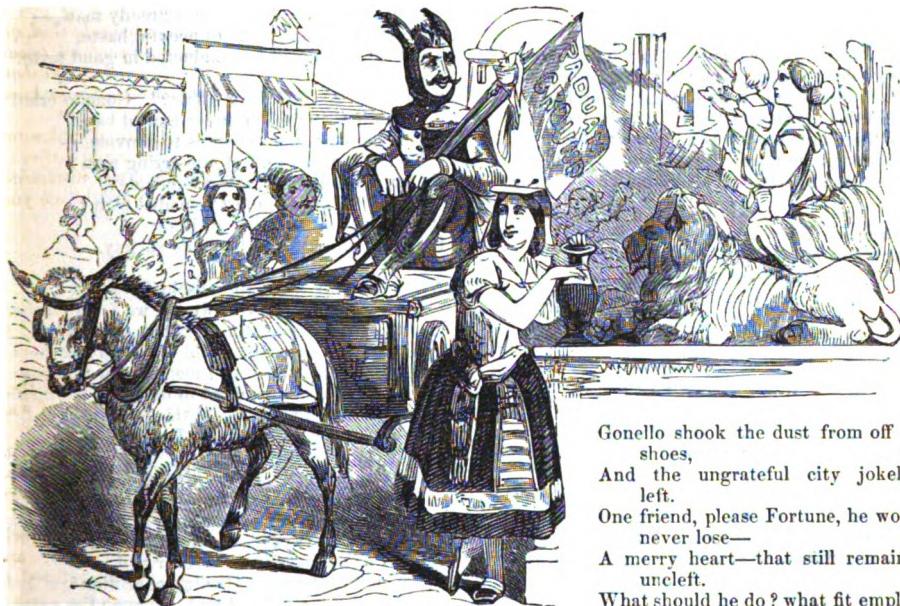


GONELLO.

BY EPES SARGENT. 1849

[This is a true story. Gonello, the son of a glover, in Florence, was born between the years 1390 and 1400. While still a young man, he was received into the service of Nicolo the Third, Marquis of Ferrara, who installed him as his Fool, and became so much attached to him, that he surrounded him with favors, and even consulted him, sometimes, in state affairs. The traits of Gonello's character, and the events of his history and death, as metrically described, are almost literally accordant with the historical account. He was convicted of *lèse-majesté*, inasmuch as he had laid violent hands on his sovereign; was seized and punished in the manner narrated in the poem. The Marquis ordered a pompous funeral; nor was any circumstance omitted that could evince his respect for the memory of the jester. The life of Gonello, forming a considerable volume, was written by one Bartolomeo del Uomo.]



'TWAS in fair Florence, in the olden time,
A wight, Gonello named, was born and bred;
A famous jester, an unequalled mime,
Sworn foe to dulness of the heart and head.
Sunny his spirits as his own fair clime;
Mirth was his raiment, and on mirth he fed:
In truth, he was a most diverting fellow;
No cross-grained Æsop, but—in short, Gonello.

But dulness holds its treason to be witty;
And, having ridiculed some dolt of rank,
Gonello was condemned to leave the city.—
A hard return for such a harmless prank.
Neither his jokes nor tears could gain him pity,
And all his friends were busy or looked blank,
When he drew near to ask them for assistance,
Telling him, by their shrugs, to keep his distance.

He turned away in loneliness of heart,
Bestowing many a bitter gibe on those
Who, because Folly feared some random dart
While Wit was foraging, had grown his foes.
"Dear Florence," quoth he, "must I then depart?
O Fun and Fortune, spare me further blows!"
Was it not Vandal cruelty to pester
With banishment so capital a jester?

Gonello shook the dust from off his
shoes,
And the ungrateful city jokeless
left.
One friend, please Fortune, he would
never lose—
A merry heart—that still remained
uncleft.
What should he do? what fit employ-
ment choose,—

Of home, of patron, and of means bereft?
At length he recollects a report,
A fool was wanted at Ferrara's court.

Thither he went to seek the situation,
And urged his claims with such a comic face,
That he was made, by formal installation,
Prime fool and licensed jester to his grace;
And, having settled down in his vocation,
He put on motley as became his place;
And thenceforth passed his precious time in joking,
Punning and quizzing, revelling and smoking.

His jests, unlike some jests that we might name,
Had nothing in them of a mouldy savor;
But fresh, and apt, and tipped with point they came,
To put grim Melancholy out of favor;
To drive Imposture to his den of shame,
To scourge Pretence, and make true Merit braver:
So that you granted, after you had laughed,
Though Wit had feathered, Truth had barbed the
shaft.

The Marquis held him in esteem so great,
That, spite of motley wear, the jester soon
Became a dabster in affairs of state,
Though frowned upon by many a pompous loon,

'Twas an old combination of his fate—
A politician, honest man, buffoon!
But he was frank—rare trait in an adviser;
And, though a fool, no senator was wiser.

And so, on rapid wing, his days flew by,
What though a league of dunces might oppose?
From modest Worth he never drew the sigh,
And never added to Affliction's woes.
But, ah! securest joy, mishap is nigh;
The storm condenses while the noon tide glows:
The marquis failed in health—grew more unwell;
And, thereupon, a strange event befell.

His grace's illness was a quartan ague,
Which the physicians tried in vain to cure.
I hope, dear reader, it may never plague you:
Doubtless 'tis quite unpleasant to endure.
Should this digression seem a little vague, you
Will see how hard it is a rhyme to lure,
And pardon me the fault; or, what is better,
Remold the stanza, and make me your debtor

One remedy there was; but who would dare
Apply it, hazarding the patient's wrath?
'Twas simply this,—to take him unaware
And throw him overboard, by way of bath;—
A liberty he might not tamely bear,
But sweep the rash adventurer from his path.
Since the physicians would not then apply it,
Gonello secretly resolved to try it.

No great regard had he for outward rank;
And as the marquis strolled with him one day,
In idle mood, along the river's bank,
He pushed him over headlong from the quay;
Then, seeing him drawn out ere thrice he sank,
Turned a droll somerset, and ran away;
Knowing, unless he vanished with velocity,
His priceless ears might pay for the atrocity.

The marquis was pulled out, all wet and dripping,
Enraged at having been so vilely treated;
Albeit, indeed, the unexpected dipping
Had, strange to say, his malady unseated.
But still he swore, the knave should catch a whipping.
In this he quickly found himself defeated;—
His followers said, Gonello had decamped;
On learning which, his highness swore and stamped.

All with responsive choler were inflamed—
At least they said so—at the daring deed;
And, the next day, an edict was proclaimed,
In which 'twas by authority decreed,
Gonello was a traitor, who had aimed
Even at his liege's life;—and so, "take heed,
All ye whom it concerns, he dies, if found,
Ever again, upon Ferrara ground."

Gonello read the merciless decree,
Then critically conned it o'er and o'er,
And pondered every syllable, to see
If no equivocal intent it bore.
Some subtle quirk, he thought, some jesting plea,
Might help his fame and favor to restore.
Yes! he has wrested an equivocation,
After hard study, from the proclamation.

"Tis only on *Ferrara* ground," he said,
"The penalty here threatened can befall :
On ground of friendly *Padua* if I tread,
Do I infringe the edict? Not at all!"
So, without fear of jeopardizing his head,
He went to give his grace a morning call,
And crossed in motley state Ferrara's bound,
Perched on a wagon, labelled "*Paduan Ground*."

By this device, he hoped to have evaded
The clutches of the prowling men of law:
But, ah! he did not view the thing as they did,
Who stood not for entreaty or for flaw,
But pulled him down, unpitied and unaided,
And thrust him in a prison's greedy maw,—
Assuring him that, spite of needful haste,
The "affair" should be conducted in good taste.

"The affair? Ha! what affair?" Gonello cried;
"Can it then be I'm under mortal ban?
Is this the way 'gainst lapses to provide,—
To cut the head off of the erring man?
To make the law a ruthless homicide?
Is this the wisest, most remedial plan?
If I escape this sentence of impiety,
I'll found an anti-blood spilling society.

Alas! 'tis only when the mischief reaches
Our own quick sense of wrong, we feel for others;
'Tis then Experience, the laggard, teaches
A truth the unfeeling world too often smothers,—
And yet a truth which conscience ever preaches,—
The good of all is lodged in one poor brother's.
O! when mankind shall feel this truth aright,
No Fourier need scheme, no Taylor fight.

But where's Gonello? To his dungeon-cell
A priest has come to give him absolution.
"Good father," quoth the jester, "all is well;—
The spirit carries its own retribution;—
Yes, its own bias is its heaven or hell.
But hark! the signal for my execution!
The knell of fun! Lead on! Though I'm a sinner,
By this fair light, I hope to be the winner!"

There stands the scaffold—there the fatal block!
What crowds have gathered to the scene of blood!
Gonello bows his head, and waits the shock
That shall unseal the life-encircling flood.
An interval succeeds, that seems to mock
The horrors of the gasping multitude;
When, lo! the grinning minister of slaughter
Dashes upon the block a pail of water!

An uproar of applauses rends the air;—
"Long live the marquis, and Gonello long!
'Twas a sham sentence! O, requital fair!
And Mercy has but worn the mask of wrong!"
Thus, while rebounding joy succeeds despair,
Exclaim, 'mid wild hurrahs, the hustling throng;
And laughter treads on Grief's receding heel,
Stunning the fugitive with peal and peal.

But soft! the jester—why does he remain,
On the uncrimsoned platform, mute and still?
Has agonizing terror stunned his brain,
Or sudden gladness sent too fierce a thrill?
Faints he from rapture or excess of pain?
His heart beats not—his brow is pale and chill—
Light from his eyes, heat from his limbs has fled;—
Jesu Maria! he is dead—is dead!

Ay, the wrought spirit, straining for the light,
And fixed in its conceit that death was near,
Felt the sharp steel in harmless water smite,
Heard the air part as no one else could hear.
Its own volition was its power of flight

About this gross, material atmosphere.
A phantom axe was wielded to forestall
The stroke it deemed the headsman would let fall.

And so the farce became a tragedy,
The moral of it you may briefly read;—
Carried too far, jokes practical may be
Edged tools to make the meddlers' fingers bleed.

But, poor Gonello ! spendthrift child of glee !
Wit's bounteous almoner ! 'twas hard indeed,
That thou, the prime dispenser of good jokes,
Should fall at last the victim of a hoax !

And yet the marquis, who had but designed
Rough trick for trick, deserved our pity more.
For, from that hour of grief, his peace of mind
Incurably was wounded at the core.
Mirth bade his heart farewell—he pined and pined,
As though Life held no further joy in store.
Gonello had both balked him of his jest,
And himself played his last one and his best.

THE CRITIC.

BY EPES SARGENT. 1849.

ONCE on a time, the nightingale, whose singing,
Had with her praises set the forest ringing,
Consented at a concert to appear :
Of course her friends all flocked to hear,
And with them many a critic, wide awake
To pick a flaw, or carp at a mistake.

She sang as only nightingales can sing ;
And when she'd ended,
There was a general cry of " Bravo ! splendid !" —
While she, poor thing,
Abashed and fluttering, to her nest retreated,
Quite terrified to be so warmly greeted.
The turkeys gobbed their delight ; the geese,
Who had been known to hiss at many a trial,
That this was perfect, ventured no denial :
It seemed as if the applause would never cease.

But 'mong the critics on the ground,
An ass was present, pompous and profound,
Who said,—“ My friends, I'll not dispute the honor
That you would do our little prima donna :
Although her upper notes are very shrill,
And she defies all method in her trill,
She has some talent, and, upon the whole,
With study, may some cleverness attain.
Then, her friends tell me, she's a virtuous soul ;
But—but—”
“ But”—growled the lion, “ by my mane,
I never knew an ass, who did not strain
To qualify a good thing with a but ! ”
“ Nay,” said the goose, approaching with a strut,
“ Don't interrupt him, sire ; pray let it pass ;
The ass is honest, if he is an ass ! ”

“ I was about,” said Long Ear, “ to remark,
That there is something lacking in her whistle :
Something magnetic,
To waken chords and feelings sympathetic,
And kindle in the breast a spark
Like—like, for instance, a good juicy thistle.”

The assembly tittered, but the fox, with gravity,
Said, at the lion winking,
“ Our learned friend, with his accustomed suavity,
Has given his opinion without shrinking ;

But, to do justice to the nightingale,
He should inform us, as no doubt he will,
What sort of music 'tis, that does not fail
His sensibilities to rouse and thrill.”



“ Why,” said the critic, with a look potential,
And pricking up his ears, delighted much
At Reynard's tone and manner deferential.—
“ Why, sir, there's nothing can so deeply touch
My feelings, and so carry me away
As a fine, mellow, ear-inspiring bray.”

“ I thought so,” said the fox, without a pause ;
“ As far as you're concerned, your judgment's
true ;
You do not like the nightingale, because
The nightingale is not an ass like you ! ”

THE DOG DAYS.

BY JOHN G. SAXE. 1849.

Hot!—hot!—all piping hot.—CITY CHIMES.

HEAVEN help us all in these terrific days!
The burning sun upon the earth is pelting
With his direst, fiercest, hottest rays,
And every thing is melting!

Fat men, infatuate, fan the stagnant air,
In rash essay to cool their inward glowing,
While with each stroke, in dolorous despair,
They feel the fever growing!

The lean and lathy find a fate as hard,
For, all a-dry, they burn like any tinder
Beneath the solar blaze, till withered, charred
And crisped away to cinder!

E'en Stoicks now are in the melting mood,
And vestal cheeks are most unseemly florid;
The very zone that girts the frigid prude,
Is now intensely torrid!

The dogs lie lolling in the deepest shade;
The pigs are all a-wallow in the gutters,
And not a household creature—cat or maid,
But querulously mutters!

"'Tis dreadful, dreadful hot!" exclaims each one
Unto his sweating, sweltering, roasting neighbor,
Then mops his brow, and sighs, as he had done
A quite herculean labor!

And friends who pass each other in the town,
Say no good morrows when they come together,
But only mutter, with a dismal frown,
"What horrid, horrid weather!"



While prudent mortals curb with strictest care
All vagrant curs, it seems the queerest puzzle
The Dog-star rages rabid through the air,
Without the slightest muzzle!

But Jove is wise and equal in his sway,
How'er it seems to clash with human reason,
His fiery dogs will soon have had their day,
And men shall have a season!

THE COLD WATER-MAN.

BY JOHN G. SAXE. 1849.

It was an honest fisherman,
I knew him passing well,—
And he lived by a little pond,
Within a little dell.

A grave and quiet man was he,
Who loved his hook and rod,—
So even ran his line of life,
His neighbors thought it odd.

For science and for books, he said
He never had a wish,—
No school to him was worth a fig,
Except a school of fish.

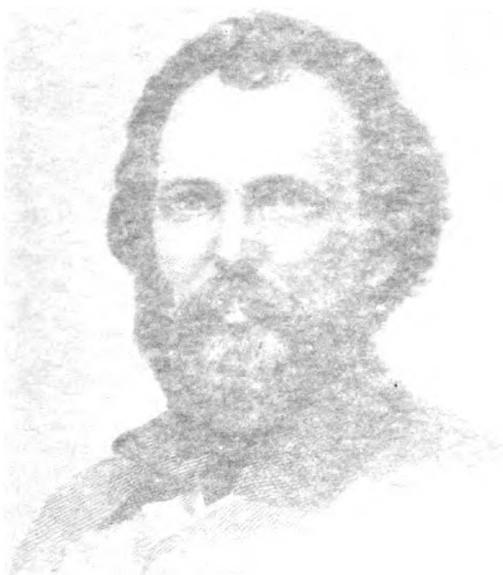
He ne'er aspired to rank or wealth,
Nor cared about a name,—
For though much famed for fish was he,
He never fished for fame!

Let others bend their necks at sight
Of Fashion's gilded wheels,
He ne'er had learned the art to "bob"
For any thing but eels!

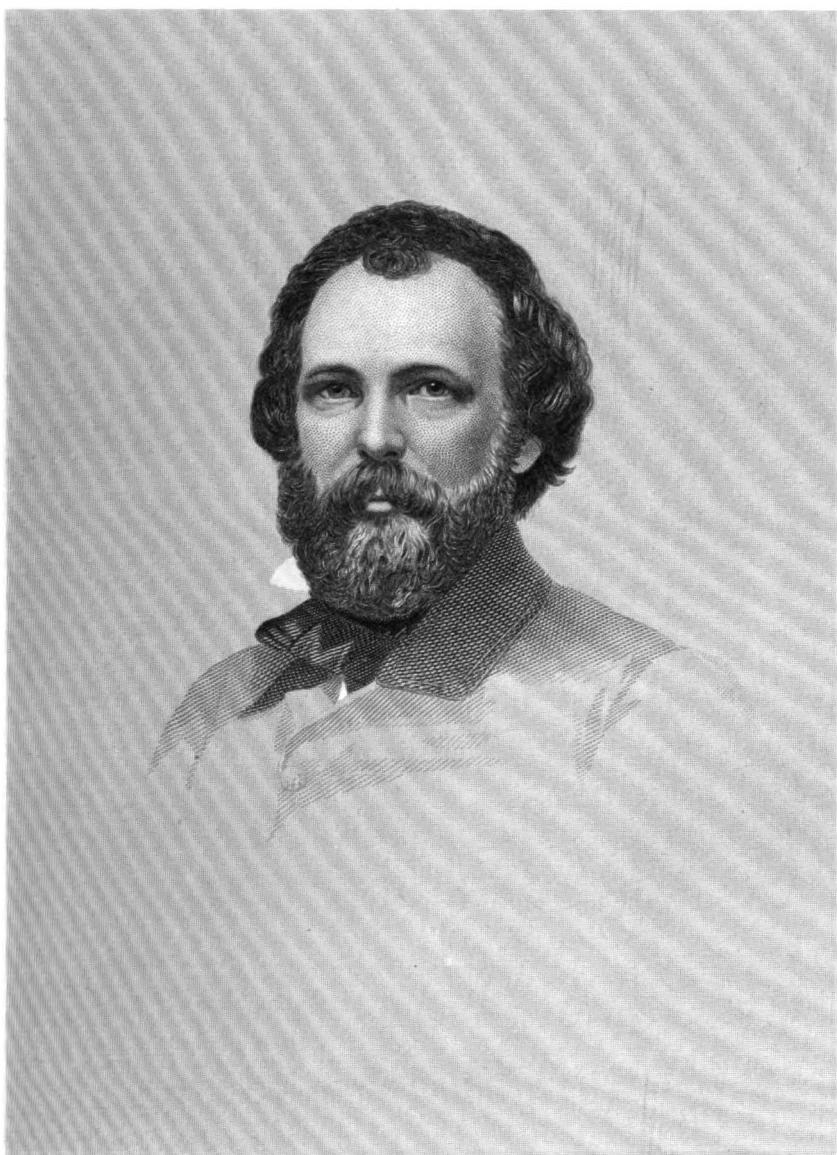
A cunning fisherman was he,
His angles all were right;
The smallest nibble at his bait
Was sure to prove "a bite!"

All day this fisherman would sit
Upon an ancient log,
And gaze into the water, like
Some sedentary frog;

With all the seeming innocence,
And that unconscious look,
That other people often wear
When they intend to "hook!"



John G. Sieve.



John G. Fawcett.

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To charm the fish he never spoke,—
Although his voice was fine,
He found the most convenient way
Was just to drop a line!

And many a gudgeon of the pond,
If they could speak to-day,

Would own, with grief, this angler had
A mighty taking way!

Alas! one day this fisherman
Had taken too much grog,
And being but a landsman, too,
He couldn't keep the log!

'Twas all in vain with might and main
He strove to reach the shore—
Down—down he went, to feed the fish
He'd baited oft before!

The jury gave their verdict that
'Twas nothing else but gin
Had caused the fisherman to be
So sadly taken in;

- Though one stood out upon a whim,
And said the angler's slaughter,
To be exact about the fact,
Was clearly, gin-and-water!

The moral of this mournful tale
To all is plain and clear,—
That drinking habits bring a man
Too often to his bier;

And he who scorns to "take the pledge,"
And keep the promise fast,
May be, in spite of fate, a stiff
Cold water-man at last!

SOCIALISM. A SCENE FROM A COMEDY.

BY J. FENIMORE COOPER. 1849.

SCENE—A Parlor. *Lovel and Frank at Breakfast.*
LOVEL. I am an *individual*, I tell you, and not a *community*.

FRANK. The besetting vice of the old opinions, my dear uncle. Serious doubts are raised whether there are, properly speaking, any individuals; the great human family being composed of communities.

LOVEL. Aye, aye, just as the Menai Bridge is formed of arches.

FRANK. This is an age of movement.

LOVEL. You never said truer words, boy. New names for old ideas. Every thing in progress. Even old age keeps in motion; and I, who was sixty-six last summer, am quite liable to be sixty-seven this.

FRANK. 'Tis the spirit of the times, sir. Progress is all in all just now.

LOVEL. Were it not for my gout—

FRANK. Neuralgia, or inflammatory rheumatism, if you please. There is no longer any gout.

LOVEL. I would be off for some other planet, and get rid of all these innovations. I hate change. There is Venus now—a very good-looking, quiet star; I think I might fancy a peaceable home under her auspices for the rest of my days.

FRANK. I am afraid, sir, it is rather late in life; and you might find the door shut in your face on your arrival, after a very fatiguing journey. Besides, the planets have *their* revolutions as well as opinions.

LOVEL. That's true, by George. I did not think of that. I dare say they have their progress; their being up to the time, and all the other non-senses of the day. You are what is called a communist, Frank.

FRANK. I reject the appellation, sir. It is true we recognise the great community principle, as opposed to a narrow, selfish, unnatural individualism; but we admit the rights of property, the relations of society, the—the—a—in short, all that, in justice and reason ought to be admitted. This it is which distinguishes the new principles from the old.

LOVEL. Ah! I begin to comprehend—you are only an *uncommon-ist*!

FRANK. Well, sir, as you have promised to attend the school, I shall soon see you added to our number, let me be what I may.

LOVEL. It is useless talking, boy. If I cannot quit the earth altogether, I have discovered—

FRANK. Discovered!—what, my dear sir?—I so doat on discoveries!

LOVEL. I wonder you never discovered that you are a confounded blockhead. You doat on my ward, too; but it's of no use; she'll never have you. She has told me as much.

FRANK. You must excuse my saying, sir, that I think your imagination has a hand in this.

LOVEL. No such thing, sir. It appears to her

to be too selfish and narrow-minded to bestow her affections on an individual, when there is a whole community to love. *She* has made a discovery, too.

FRANK. Of what, sir? I beg you'll not keep me in suspense. Discoveries are my delight.

LOVEL. Suspense!—you deserve to be suspended by the neck for your foolish manner of trifling with your own happiness. Here has Emily found out that she is a social being, and she is not disposed to throw herself away on the best *individual* that ever lived, that's all.

FRANK. I have unlimited confidence in the principles of Emily—

LOVEL. Her principles!—why, it is on this very community principle, as you call it, that she is for dividing up her heart into homeopathic doses, giving a little here, and a little there, in grains and drachms, eh?

FRANK. We will not talk of Emily, sir; I would prefer to learn this discovery of yours.

LOVEL. Yes; it is a great thought in its way. I call it Perpetual Still-ism. As every thing is in motion, looking anxiously after truth, and opinions are vibrating, I have taken a central position, as respects all the great questions of the day; the human family necessarily passing me once on each oscillation. Truth is a point, and at that point I take my stand. Finding it is a wild goose chase to run after demonstration, I have become a fixture. I'm truth, and don't mean to budge. As you are my nephew and a favorite, I'll give you a friendly word now and then, as you swing past on the great moral pendulum of movement, coming and going.

FRANK. Thank'e, sir; and as movement is the order of the day, I am off for McSocial's.

LOVEL. Who is a very great scoundrel in my judgment.

FRANK. This of one of the luminaries of the times! He and his sister are blessings to all who listen to their wisdom. But I must quit you, sir. (*Going.*)

LOVEL. Harkee, Frank.

FRANK. Your pleasure, sir.

LOVEL. My ward won't have you.

FRANK. May I ask why not, sir?

LOVEL. She's converted, at last, to your opinions; regards all mankind as brothers, yourself included, and can't think of marrying so near a relative.

FRANK. There is no community on this subject, sir. I shall continue to hope.

LOVEL. You needn't. She has found out what a narrow sentiment it is to love an individual, I tell you, and opens her heart to the whole of the great human family.

FRANK. Love is a passion and not a principle, and I shall trust to nature. My time has come, and I must really go. I shall expect you in half an hour—six, at the latest. (*Exit.*)

LOVEL. This is what he calls keeping pace with the times, I suppose, and progress, and not being behind the age. Since his mind has got filled with this nonsense, I find it hard to give him any sound advice. Poor Emily is taking his folly to heart, besides being a little jealous, I fear, of this unknown sister of McSocial's, whom she hears so much extolled. Here she comes, poor girl, looking quite serious and sad. (*Enter Emily.*)

EMILY. What has become of Mr. Frank Lovel, sir?

LOVEL. Off, like a new idea.

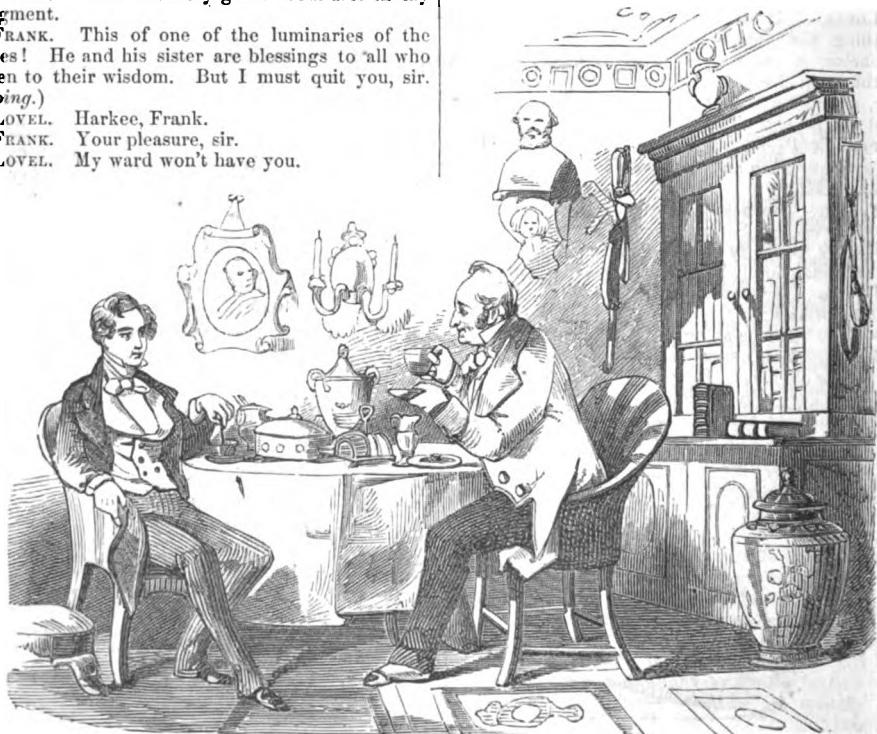
EMILY. It's very early to leave the house—where can he have gone at this hour?

LOVEL. I heard him say he had some morning call to make.

EMILY. On whom can he call at nine o'clock?

LOVEL. The great human family. They are always in, my dear. He'll be admitted.

EMILY. Few persons would deny themselves to Frank Lovel.



LOVEL. If they did, he would enter by the key-hole. No such thing as excluding the light.

EMILY. Why allude to him with such severity, my dear guardian?

LOVEL. Because he is a blockhead; and because he makes you sad.

EMILY. Sometimes he makes me very much the reverse. He is generally thought quite clever.

LOVEL. He's new fangled, and that passes for cleverness with most persons. You never can marry him, Emily.

EMILY. Quite likely, sir, as I mean never to marry any one—still, I should like to know the reason why?

LOVEL. He is your brother by the great human family; and you can't marry so near a relative. The church would not perform the ceremony over you; you come within the fifth degree. I suppose you can foresee the consequences were you to marry this *vol-au-vent*, Emily.

EMILY. Not exactly, sir; I suppose, *should* such a thing ever happen, that he would love me dearly, dearly; and that I might return the feeling as far as was proper.

LOVEL. You know that Frank is an uncom-
monist?

EMILY. Oh, Lord!—you quite frighten me, sir—what is that?

LOVEL. An improvement on the communist.

EMILY. I like the idea of improvement; but what is a communist?

LOVEL. A great social division, by means of which the goods and chattels of our neighbors, wives and children included, are to go share and share alike, as the lawyers say.

EMILY. All this is algebra to me.

LOVEL. It is only arithmetic, my dear; nothing but compound division. Here am I, a bachelor, in my sixty-sixth year, happy and free. If this project succeeds, I may wake up some morning, and find a beloved consort sharing my pillow, and six or eight turbulent members of the great human family squalling in the nursery; children whose names I never even heard—Billies, and Tommies, and Kaities. I devoutly hope there won't be any twins. They would be the death of me. I detest twins.

EMILY. But you need not marry unless you please, sir.

LOVEL. It used to be so, child; but every thing is upside down now-a-days. They may make a code to say I shall marry. You, yourself, may be enacted to marry some old fogram, just like me.

EMILY. My dear guardian!—but I would not have him.

LOVEL. Thank you, Miss Warrington. In these unsettled times one never knows what will happen. I was born an individual, have lived an individual, and did hope to die an individual; but Frank denies my identity. He says, that all individuals are exploded. Yes, Emmy, dear, I may be forced, by statute, to offer myself to you, for what I know.

EMILY. Thank you, my dearest guardian; but set your mind at rest—I'll promise not to accept you. How can they make us marry unless we see fit? By what they call the 'right of eminent domain,' I suppose. They are doing all sorts of things up at Albany by means of this right.

LOVEL. That foolish fellow, Frank, is for ever chasing novelties, when Solomon himself tells us there is nothing new under the sun. He's a very great dunce.

EMILY. In my opinion, sir, Frank knows a great deal that Solomon never dreamt of, if the truth were proclaimed. What did Solomon know of the steam engine, the magnetic telegraph, or animal magnetism?

LOVEL. And what does Frank know of the Temple, the Hebrew melodies, and the Queen of Sheba?—An ill-mannered, ill-tempered fellow, to wish to disturb elderly gentlemen in their individuality!

EMILY. Would it not be better than abusing him, sir, for you and me to pursue our scheme, by means of which Frank can be made to see the true character of these McSocials, and be brought back into his old train of opinion and feeling? As long as he thinks and acts as he does at present I am seriously resolved not to marry him—and—and—and

LOVEL. Go on, my dear; I am all ears when a young woman is seriously resolved not to marry a handsome young fellow, whom she loves as the apple of her eye.

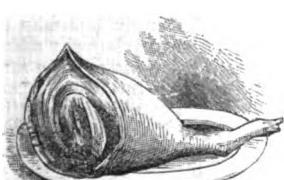
EMILY. I acknowledge the weakness, sir, if it be one; but am not weak enough to link my fortunes to those of a social madman, though I believe this Dr. McSocial has a notion to the contrary.

LOVEL. Whew!—the impudent rascal!—and he Frank's bosom friend all this time! But come this way, Emmy; I mean to go out myself this fine morning, and take a look at the great human family, with my own eyes; maybe we can concoct something to set community in motion in our own way.

[*Ezeunt.*

THE JOINT EXERTIONS OF A LARGE FAMILY.

WITH MANY CUTS.



A Leg of Mutton as it goes up.



A Leg of Mutton as it comes down.

THAT GENTLEMAN.

BY EDWARD EVERETT. 1850.

[The following articles, written several years ago, are now printed from an edition of 1850, with additions and corrections by the author.]

AMONG the passengers on board the steamer Chancellor Livingston, on one of her trips up the North River, last year, a middle-aged gentleman was observed by the captain, whose appearance attracted notice, but whose person and quality were unknown to him. The stranger was dressed in clothing of the latest style, but without being in the extreme of fashion, or conspicuous for any thing that he did or did not wear. He had not, however, availed himself of the apology of travelling, as many do, to neglect the most scrupulous care of his person, and seemed rather to be on a visit, than a journey. His equipage had been noticed by the porters to correspond in appearance with its owner. The portmanteau was made to increase or diminish in capacity, the upper part rising on the under by screws, according to the contents; the whole of it was besides enveloped in a firm canvas. A cloak-bag of the best construction; a writing apparatus, with a most inscrutable lock; an umbrella in a neat case, a hat in another, ready to take the place of the travelling seal-skin cap, which the stranger wore during the trip, were so many indications of a man, who placed the happiness of life in the enjoyment of its comforts. The greatest of all comforts is yet to be told, and was in attendance upon him, in the shape of a first-rate servant, a fellow man by complexion, taciturn, active, gentle; just not too obsequious, and just not too familiar; not above the name of servant, and well deserving that of friend.

This strange gentleman was quiet, moderate in his movements, somewhat reserved in his manners; all real gentlemen are so. A shade of melancholy settled over his face, but rather lightening into satisfaction, than dark and ominous of growing sorrow. It was a countenance, which care had slightly furrowed, but in which the springing seeds of grief were not yet planted. There was a timid look of the one, that had been deceived by appearances, and feared to trust himself to an exterior, that might betray his heart into a misplaced confidence. There was an expression, which one might almost call sly, of a man, who had at length found a secret treasure, which he would not expose, lest it should be torn from him, or he should be disturbed in its enjoyment. Of the beauties of the scene, though plainly a man of cultivated mind, he took little notice. He cast an eye of equal indifference on nature's Cyclopean masonry at the Palisades, and on the elegant erections of art on the opposite side of the river. Even the noble entrance into the Highlands scarcely fixed his attention.

With all the appearance of a perfect gentleman, there was nevertheless conspicuous about this personage, a punctuality in obeying the bell which summoned to the meals, and a satisfaction evinced while at them, which evidently proceeded from some particular association of ideas, to which the spectator wanted the key. It was not ravenous appetite; it was not for want of being accustomed at home to what are commonly, and we think correctly, called "good things;" his whole appearance negatived such an idea. But he repaired to the

table with a cheerful and active step, as if he were sure he could find things as they ought to be; and he partook of its provisions as if he had found them so. He did not praise the abundance and good quality of what he saw and enjoyed; but maintained the same rather mysterious silence here, as elsewhere on board. But the expression of calm inward satisfaction, which reigned in his face, spoke volumes. In like manner, with respect to every part of the domestic economy of the boat; the commodious berths, the conveniences of the washing apparatus, and of the barber's shop; the boot-brushing quarters, in short, all the nameless accommodations and necessaries, which will suggest themselves without being specified. In regard to them all, you might read in the stranger's looks and mien, that he was perfectly satisfied; and for some reason, which did not suggest itself for want of knowledge of his history, he evidently enjoyed this satisfaction, with a peculiar *relish*. In fact, the only words that had been heard to escape from "*that* gentleman," (for so the captain had called him, in pointing him out to the steward; and so the barber had called him in speaking of him to the cook; and so the engineer had designated him, in describing his looks to the fireman;) the only words which "*that* gentleman" had been heard to utter to any one on board, were his remarks to the captain, after having finished a tour of observation round the boat,—"Very convenient, very comfortable."

As they drew near to Albany, this air of satisfaction was evidently clouded. Nothing adverse had happened on board the boat, which was walking cheerily through the water, at the rate of eleven miles and a half per hour. Mr. Surevalve, her engineer, was heard to say that he could double her steam without coming near her proof; "but then," he added to the firemen, "what good would that do, seeing the resistance of the water increases with the velocity of the boat;" a remark, to which the fireman returned, what may be called, a very *unknowing* look. The weather was fine; the company generally exhilarated at the thought of arriving at the journey's end; and all but the stranger rising in spirits, as they drew near to the landing place. He, on the contrary, proceeded about the business of disembarking, with the only disconsolate look he had worn during the trip.

But in the crowd and hurry of landing two hundred and fifty passengers, with as many trunks, carpet-bags, and bandboxes, and the tumult of conflicting porters, draymen, hackmen, and greeting friends, the stranger was lost sight of. Several of the passengers had secretly determined to keep an eye upon him; an idea having got abroad that he was a member of parliament, or some said the Duke of Saxe Weimar, which the engineer averred with an oath to be the case, adding, that "it was hard, if he could not tell a Frenchman." But it so happened that every man on board had an object of greater interest to look after in the crowd, viz. himself; and what course the stranger took on landing, no one could say.

It was not long before the captain discovered that the stranger had not gone on shore, for he perceived him occupying a retired seat on the transom, aft in the cabin; and that he appeared to intend returning to New York the next trip. His countenance had recovered its prevailing expression, and he just opened his lips to say that he "believed he should take the boat back." Various speculations, no doubt, were made by the captain, the steward, the engineer, and the firemen, on a circumstance, upon the whole, so singular; but recollecting his clouded aspect as he approached Albany, they came to the conclusion that he had forgotten something of importance in New York; that the recollection of it did not return to him, till near the arrival of the boat, and consequently he was obliged to go down the river again. "You see *that* gentleman again," says the engineer to the fireman. "I do," replied Mr. Manyscauld. "I suppose he has forgotten something in New York," pursued the engineer; and thus closed a dialogue, which a skilful novelist would have spread over three pages.

The stranger's demeanor, on the return, was the exact counterpart of that which he had worn on the ascent; calm, satisfied, retired; perfectly at ease; a mind and senses formed to enjoy, reposing in the full possession of their objects. To describe his manner more minutely, would be merely to repeat what we have already said, in the former part of this account. But the hypothesis, by which the engineer and firemen had accounted for his return, and his melancholy looks, at Albany, was overthrown by the extraordinary fact, that as they drew near to New York, his countenance was overshadowed by the same clouds that had before darkened it. He was even more perplexed in spirit than he had before seemed; and he ordered his servant to look after the baggage, with a pettishness that contrasted strangely with his calm deportment. The engineer who had noticed this, was determined to watch him closely; and the fireman swore he would follow him up to the head of Cortlandt street. But just as the steamboat was rounding into the slip, a sloop was descending the river with wind and tide; and some danger of collision arose. It was necessary that the engineer should throw his wheels back, with all possible expedition. This event threw the fire-room into a little confusion, succeeded by some remarks of admiration at the precision with which the engine worked, and the boast of the fireman, "how sweetly she went over her centres." This bustle below was followed by that of arriving; the usual throng of friends, porters, passengers, draymen, hackmen, and barrowmen breasting each other on the deck, on the plank which led from the boat, on the slip, and in the street, completed the momentary confusion; and when the engineer and fireman had readjusted their apartment, they burst out at once on each other, with the question and reply, "Did you see which way *that* gentleman went?" "Hang it, no." The captain and the steward were much in the same predicament. "I meant to have had an eye after '*that* gentleman,'" said the captain, "but he has given me the slip."

It was, accordingly, with a good deal of surprise, that, on descending to the cabin, he again saw the stranger, in the old place; again prepared to all appearance to go back to Albany, and again heard the short remark, "I believe I shall take the boat back." But the captain was well-bred, and the stranger a good customer; so that no look escaped

the former, expressive of the sentiments which this singular conduct excited in him. The same decorum, however, did not restrain the engineer and fireman. As soon as they perceived the stranger, on his accustomed walk up and down deck, the engineer cried out, with a preliminary obtestation which we do not care to repeat, "Mr. Manyscauld, do you see *that* gentleman?" "Ay, ay," was the answer, "who can he be?" "Tell that if you can," rejoined the engineer, "it ain't every man that's willing to be known; for my own part, I believe it's Bolivar come to tap the dam over the Mohawk, and let the kanol waste out." The fireman modestly inquired his reason for thinking it was Bolivar, but the engineer, a little piqued at having his judgment questioned, merely muttered, that "it was hard if a man who had been an engineer for ten years couldn't tell a Frenchman."

During the passage, nothing escaped the stranger that betrayed his history or errand; nor yet was there any affectation of mystery or concealment. A close observer would have inferred (as is said to be the case with free masonry), that no secret escaped him, because there was none to escape; that his conduct, though not to be accounted for by those unacquainted with him, was probably consistent with the laws of human nature, and the principles of a gentleman. It is precisely, however, a case like this, which most stimulates the curiosity and awakens the suspicions of common men. They think the natural unaffected air but a deeper disguise; and it cannot be concealed, that, in the course of the third passage, very hard allusions were made by the engineer and fireman to the character of Major André, as a spy. The sight of West Point probably awakened this reminiscence in the mind of the engineer, who, in the ardor of his patriotic feeling, forgot it was time of peace. The fireman was beginning to throw out a submissive hint, that he did not know, "that in time of peace, even an Englishman could be hung for going to West Point;" but the engineer interrupted him, and expressed his belief with an oath, that "if General Jackson could catch *that* gentleman," (as he now called him with a little sneer on the word,) "he would hang him, under the second article of the rules of war." "For all me," merrily responded the fireman, as he shouldered a stick of pitch-pine into the furnace.

It is remarked by authors, who have spoken on the subject of juggling, that the very intensity with which a company eyes the juggler, facilitates his deceptions. He has but to give their eyes and their thoughts a slight misdirection, and then he may, for a moment, do almost any thing unobserved, in full view. A vague impression, growing out of the loose conversation in the fire-room, had prevailed among the attendants and others in the boat, that the gentleman was a foreigner, going to explore, if not to tap, the canal. With this view, they felt no doubt he would, on the return, land at Albany; a lookout was kept for him, and though he was unnoticed in the throng at the place of debarkation, it was ascribed to the throng that the gentleman was unnoticed. "I tell you, you'll hear mischief from *that* gentleman yet," said the engineer, throwing off his steam.

What then was their astonishment, and even that of the captain and steward, to find the stranger was still in the cabin, and prepared to all appearance for a fourth trip. The captain felt he hardly knew

how; we may call it *queer*. He stifled, however, his uneasy emotions, and endeavored to bow respectfully to the stranger's usual remark, "I think I shall take the boat back." Aware of the busy speculation which had begun to express itself in the fire-room, he requested the steward not to let it be known, that "*that gentleman*" was going down again; and it remained a secret till the boat was under way. About half an hour after it had started, the gentleman left the cabin to take one of his walks on deck, and in passing along was seen at the same instant by the engineer and fireman. For a moment they looked at each other with an expression of displeasure and resolution strongly mingled. Not a word was said by either; but the fireman dropped a huge stick of pine, which he was lifting into the furnace; and the engineer as promptly cut off the steam from the engine, and brought the wheels to a stand. The captain of course rushed forward, and inquired if the boiler had *collapsed* (the modern polite word for *bursting*), and met the desperate engineer coming up to speak for himself. "Captain," said he, with a kind of high-pressure movement of his arm, "I have kept up steam ever since there was such a thing as steam, on the river. Copper boiler or iron, high pressure or low; give me the packing of my own cylinder, and I'll knock under to no man. But if we are to have '*that gentleman*' up and down, down and up, and up and down again, like a sixty horse piston, I know one that won't raise another inch of steam if he starves for it."

The unconscious subject of this tumult had already retreated to his post in the cabin, before the scene began, and was luckily ignorant of the trouble he was causing. The captain, who was a prudent man, spoke in a conciliating tone to the engineer; promised to ask the stranger roundly who he was, and what was his business, and if he found the least cause of dissatisfaction, to set him on shore at Newburgh. The mollified engineer returned to his department; the fireman shouldered a huge stick of pine into the furnace, the steam rushed hissing into the cylinder, and the boat was soon moving her twelve knots an hour on the river.

The captain, in the extremity of the moment, had promised what it was hard to perform; and now experienced a sensible palpitation, as he drew near to the stranger, to fulfil the obligation he had hastily assumed. The gentleman, however, had begun to surmise the true state of the case; he had noticed the distrustful looks of the crew, and the dubious expressions of the captain and steward. As the former approached him, he determined to relieve the embarrassment, under which, it was plain, he was going to address him; and said, "I perceive, sir, you are at a loss to account for my remaining on board the boat for so many successive trips, and, if I mistake not, your people view me with suspicious eyes. The truth is, captain, I believe I shall pass the summer with you."

The stranger paused to notice (somewhat wickedly) the effect of this intelligence on the captain, whose eyes began to grow round at the intimation; but in a moment pursued:—"You must know, captain, I am one of those persons,—favored I will not say,—who being above the necessity of laboring for a subsistence, are obliged to resort to some extraordinary means to get through the year. I am a Carolinian, and pass my summers in travelling. I have been obliged to come by land, for the sake of seeing friends, and transacting business by the way. Did you ever, captain, travel by land from Charleston to Philadelphia?"

The captain shook his head in the negative. "You may thank Heaven for that. O! captain, the crazy stages, the vile roads, the rivers to be forded, the sands to be ploughed through, the comfortless inns, the crowd, the noise, the heat; but I must not dwell on it. Suffice it to say, I have suffered every thing, both moving and stationary. I have been overturned, and had my shoulder dislocated in Virginia; I have been robbed between Baltimore and Havre de Grace. At Philadelphia, I have had my place in the mail coach taken up by a way passenger; I have been stowed by the side of a drunken sailor in New Jersey; I have been beguiled into a fashionable boarding-house in the crowded season, in New York. Once I have had to sit on a bag of turkeys, which was going to the



stage proprietor, who was also keeper of a hotel; three rheumatic fevers have I caught, by riding in the night, against a window that would not close; near Elkton, I was washed away in a gully, and three horses drowned; at Saratoga, I have been suffocated; at Montreal, eaten of fleas; in short, captain, in the pursuit of pleasure I have suffered the pains of purgatory. For the first time in my life, I have met with comfort, ease, and enjoyment, on board the Chancellor. I was following the multitude to the Springs. As I drew near to Albany, my heart sunk within me, as I thought of the little prison in which I should be shut up, at one of the fashionable hotels. In the very moment of landing, my courage failed me, and I returned to the comforts of another trip in your excellent boat.

We went down to New York; I was about to step on shore, and saw a well-dressed gentleman run down by a swine, in my sight. I shrank back again into your cabin, where I have found such accommodations as I have never before met away from home; and if you are not unwilling to have a season passenger, I intend to pass the ensuing three months on board your boat."

The captain blushed and bowed; gratified and ashamed of his suspicions. He hurried up to put the engineer at ease, who was not less gratified at the high opinion the stranger had of the Chancellor; and as long as the boat continued to ply for the rest of the season, remarked, at least once a trip to the fireman, "*that gentleman* knows what's what."

SHAKING HANDS.

BY EDWARD EVERETT. 1850.

MR. EDITOR.—There are few things of more common occurrence than shaking hands; and yet I do not recollect that much has been speculated upon the subject. I confess, when I consider to what unimportant and futile matters the attention of writers and readers has often been directed, I am surprised that no one has been found to *handle* so important a subject as this; and attempt to give the public a rational view of the doctrine and discipline of shaking hands. It is a subject on which I have myself reflected a good deal, and I beg leave to offer you a few remarks on the origin of the practice, and the various forms in which it is exercised.

I have been unable to find among the ancients any distinct mention of *shaking hands*. They followed the heartier practice of hugging or embracing, which has not wholly disappeared among grown persons in Europe, and children in our own country, and has unquestionably the advantage on the score of cordiality. When the ancients confined the business of salutation to the hands alone, they joined but did not *shake* them. Although I find frequently such phrases as *jungere dextras hospitio*, I do not recollect to have met with that of *agitare dextras*. I am inclined to think that the practice grew up in the ages of chivalry, when the cumbrous iron mail, in which the knights were cased, prevented their embracing; and when, with fingers clothed in steel, the simple touch or joining of the hands would have been but cold welcome; so that a prolonged junction was a natural resort, to express cordiality; and as it would have been awkward to keep the hands unemployed in this position, a gentle agitation or shaking might have been naturally introduced. How long the practice may have remained in this rudimental stage, it is impossible in the silence of history to say; nor is there anything in the English chroniclers, in Philip de Comines, or the Byzantine historians, which enables us to trace the progress of the art into the forms in which it now exists among us.

Without, therefore, availing myself of the privilege of theorists to supply by conjecture the want of history or tradition, I shall pass immediately to the enumeration of these forms:

1. The *pump-handle* shake is the first which de-

serves notice. It is executed by taking your friend's hand, and working it up and down through an arc of fifty degrees, for about a minute and a half. To have its true nature, force and distinctive character, this shake should be performed with a fair, steady motion. No attempt should be made to give it grace, and still less vivacity: as the few instances in which the latter has been tried, have universally resulted in dislocating the shoulder of the person on whom it has been attempted. On the contrary, persons who are partial to the *pump-handle* shake, should be at some pains to give an equable, tranquil movement to the operation, which should, on no account, be continued after perspiration on the part of your friend has commenced.

2. The *pendulum* shake may be mentioned next, as being somewhat similar in character, but moving, as the name indicates, in a horizontal, instead of a perpendicular direction. It is executed, by sweeping your hand horizontally toward your friend's, and, after the junction is effected, rowing with it from one side to the other, according to the pleasure of the parties. The only caution in its use, which needs particularly to be given, is not to insist on performing it in a plane strictly parallel to the horizon, when you meet with a person who has been educated to the *pump-handle* shake. It is well-known that people cling to the forms in which they have been educated, even when the substance is sacrificed in adhering to them. I had two uncles, both estimable men, one of whom had been brought up in the *pump-handle* shake, and another had brought home the *pendulum* from a foreign voyage. They met, joined hands, and attempted to put them in motion. They were neither of them feeble men. One endeavored to pump, and the other to paddle; their faces reddened,—the drops stood on their foreheads; and it was at last a pleasing illustration of the doctrine of the composition of forces, to see their hands slanting into an exact diagonal; in which line they ever afterwards shook;—but it was plain to see there was no cordiality in it, and, as is usually the case with compromises, both parties were discontented.

3. The *tourniquet* shake is the next in importance. It derives its name from the instruments made use of by surgeons to stop the circulation of the blood,



in a limb about to be amputated. It is performed by clasping the hand of your friend, as far as you can, in your own, and then contracting the muscles of your thumb, fingers and palm, till you have induced any degree of compression you may propose. Particular care ought to be taken if your own hand is as hard and as big as a frying-pan, and that of your friend as small and soft as a young maiden's, not to make use of the tourniquet shake to the degree that will force the small bones of the wrist out of place. A hearty young friend of mine, who had pursued the study of geology, and acquired an unusual hardness and strength of hand and wrist, by the use of the hammer, on returning from a scientific excursion, gave his gouty uncle the tourniquet shake with such severity as reduced the old gentleman's fingers to powder, for which my friend had the satisfaction of being disinherited, as soon as his uncle got well enough to hold a pen.

4. The *cordial grapple* is a shake of some interest. It is a hearty, boisterous agitation of your friend's hand, accompanied with moderate pressure, and loud, cheerful exclamations of welcome. It is an excellent travelling shake, and well adapted to make friends. It is indiscriminately performed.

5. The *Peter Grievous touch* is opposed to the *cordial grapple*. It is a pensive, tranquil junction, followed by a mild, subsultory motion, a cast-down

look, and an inarticulate inquiry after your friend's health.

6. The *prude major* and *prude minor* are nearly monopolized by ladies. They cannot be accurately described, but are constantly noticed in practice. They never extend beyond the fingers; and the *prude major* allows you to touch even them only down to the second joint. The *prude minor* gives you the whole of the fore-finger. Considerable skill may be shown in performing these with nice variations, such as extending the left hand, instead of the right, or having a new glossy kid glove over the finger you extend.

I might go through a long list, sir, of the *gripe-royal*, the *saw-mill* shake, and the shake *with malice-prepense*; but these are only factitious combinations of the three fundamental forms already described, as the *pump-handle*, the *pendulum*, and the *tourniquet*. In like manner, the *loving pat*, the *reach romantic* and the *sentimental clasp*, may be reduced in their main movements to various combinations and modifications of the *cordial grapple*, *Peter Grievous touch*, and the *prude major* and *minor*. I should trouble you with a few remarks, in conclusion, on the mode of shaking hands, as an indication of characters, but I see a friend coming up the avenue who is addicted to the *pump-handle*. I dare not tire my wrist by further writing.

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Quits.—A coroner's inquest was held upon the body of a man who died from taking Vegetable Pills. On opening the body, the interior was discovered to be one huge cabbage, but dead, to its core, from confinement and want of water—a beverage which the patient, unfortunately, never drank. The jury returned a verdict of "quits." "Quits, gentlemen!" exclaimed the dismayed coroner—"never heard of such a thing! What do you mean?" "Why," replied the foreman, "we find that, if the cabbage killed the man—the man most certainly killed the cabbage, and if that ain't quits, blow me!"

A RELIGIOUS PRINCIPLE.—It is related that an old negro, who was generally hired out to different masters, was once asked by a white gentleman to what Church he belonged. To this interrogatory he thus responded: "When I is hired out to a master dat is a Presbyterian, I is a Presbyterian. When I is hired out to a master dat is a Mefodist, I is a Mefodist. When I is hired out to a master dat is a United Bredren, I is a United Bredren. De fact is, I is whatever ligion master is."

THE THIMBLE GAME.

BY T. W. LANE. 1850.

FORTY years ago, Augusta, Ga., presented a very different appearance from the busy and beautiful city of the present day. Its groceries stores, and extensive warehouses were few in number, and the large quantities of cotton, and other produce, which are still conveyed thither, were transported entirely by wagons. The substantial railroad, which links it with the richest and most beautiful regions of the empire state of the South, was a chimera, not yet conceived in the wild brain of fancy herself; and many of the improvements, luxuries, and refinements, which now make it the second city in the state, were then "in the shell." Yet, by the honest yeomanry of forty years ago, Augusta was looked upon as Paris and London are now viewed by us. The man who had *never* been there, was a cipher in the community—nothing killed an opinion more surely, nothing stopped the mouth of "argymy" sooner, than the sneering taunt, "Pshaw! you ha'n't been to *Augusty*." The atmosphere of this favored place was supposed to impart knowledge and wisdom to all who breathed it, and the veriest ass was a Solon and an umpire, if he could discourse fluently of the different localities, and various wonders, of *Augusty*.

The farmers of the surrounding country paid a yearly visit to Augusta, and having sold their "*crap*" of the great Southern staple, and laid in their stock of winter necessaries, returned home with something of that holy satisfaction with which the pious Mohammedan turns his face homeward from Mecca. The first step upon arriving in the city was to lay aside their "*copperas-coloured*," fabrics of the wife's or daughter's loom, and purchase a new suit of "*store-clothes*." These were immediately donned, and upon returning home, were carefully embalmed, nor again permitted to see the light until the next Sunday at "meetin'," when the farmer, with head erect and ample shirt-collar, strutted up the aisle, the lion of the occasion, the "observed of all observers" till the next Sabbath, when his neighbor returning with his new suit, plucked off his laurels and twined them green and blooming upon the crown of his own shining beaver. These annual trips were the *event* and *era* of the year, and the farmer returned to his home, big with importance and news. The dishonesty and shrewdness of "them Gimblit sellers," (Cotton-Buyers,) the extortions of hotel-keepers, the singular failures of warehouse steelyards to make cotton-bales weigh as much in Augusta as at home, the elegant apparel of the city belles and beaux, and the sights and scenes which greeted their astonished gaze, formed the year's staple of conversation and discussion; and it would be difficult to say who experienced the greater delight—the farmer in relating his wondrous adventures, or his wife and daughters in listening to them with open mouths, uplifted hands, and occasional breathless ejaculations of "Good Lord, look down!" "O! go away!" or "Shut up!" "You don't see so!"

Early in the fall of 18—, Farmer Wilkins announced to his son Peter, that as he, "his daddy," would be too busy to make the usual trip in "*propria persona*," he, Peter, must get ready to go down to *Augusty* and sell the "first load." Now,

Peter Wilkins, Jr., a young man just grown, was one of the celebrities of which his *settlement* (neighborhood) boasted. He was supposed to have cut his eye-teeth—to have shaken off that verdancy so common to young men; and while he filled up more than half his father's capacious heart, to the discomfiture of Mahaly (his mother), and Suke and Poll (his sisters), he was the pet and darling of the whole neighborhood. An only son, the old man doted upon him as a chip of the old block, and was confident that Peter, in any emergency of trade, traffic, or otherwise, would display that admirable tact, and that attentive consideration for "No. One," for which Mr. P. Wilkins, Sr., was noted. A horse-swap with a Yankee, in which Peter, after half an hour's higgling, found himself the undisputed owner of both horses and ten dollars' boot, was the cornerstone of his fame. Every trip to Augusta added another block; and by the time Peter arrived at the years of discretion, he stood upon a lofty structure with all the green rubbed off, the pride of his family, and the universal favorite of his acquaintances. The night before his departure, the family were all gathered around the roaring fire, Mrs. and the Misses Wilkins engaged in ironing and mending our hero's Sunday apparel, the old man smoking his pipe, and occasionally preparing Peter for the ordeal in Augusta, by wholesome advice, or testing his claim to the tremendous confidence about to be reposed in him, by searching questions, as to how he would do in case so-and-so was to turn up. To this counsel, however, our hero paid less attention than to the preparations making around him for his comely appearance in the city. Nor, until he got upon the road, did he revolve in his mind the numerous directions of his father, or resolve to follow to the letter his solemn parting injunction to "beware of them gimblit sellers down to *Augusty*." "Durn it," said he to himself, as the thought of being "*sold*" crossed his mind, "durn it, they'll never made gourds out o' me. I've ben to *Augusty* before, and ef I don't git as much fur that thur cotton as anybody else does fur thurn, then my name aint Peter Wilkins, and that's what the old 'oman's slam book says it is."

Arrived in the city, he drove around to one of the warehouses, and stood against the brick wall, awaiting a purchaser. Presently, a little man with a long gimlet in his hand came out, and bade our hero a polite "Good morning."

"Mornin'," said Peter, with admirable coolness, as he deliberately surveyed the little man from head to foot, and withdrew his eyes as if not pleased with his appearance. The little man was dressed in the "shabby-genteel" style, a costume much in vogue at that day among men of his cloth, as combining plainness enough for the country-folk, with sufficient gentility to keep them on speaking terms with the more fashionable denizens of the then metropolis. The little man seemed in no way disconcerted by Peter's searching gaze, and a close observer might have perceived a slight smile on his lip, as he read the thoughts of our hero's bosom. His self-confidence, his pride, his affected ease and knowing air, were all comprehended, and ere a word had passed, the lion knew well the character of his

prey. In the purchase of the cotton, however, the little man sought no advantage, and even offered our hero a better price than any one else in the city would have given him. To our hero's credit be it said, he was not loth to accept the offer; 15½ cents was above the market, by at least a quarter, and the old man had told him to let it slide at fifteen rather than not sell, so the bargain was closed, and our hero and the "Gimblit-man" went out into the yard to settle.

Seating himself on a cotton bale, the buyer counted out the money, which our hero made safe in his pocket, after seeing that it was "giniwine," and tallied with the amount stated in the bill of sale. A few sweet pills of flattery administered to our hero, soon made him and the Gimblit-man sworn friends; and it was in consideration of his high regard, that the Gimblit-man consented to initiate him into the mysteries of a certain game, yclept "Thimble Rig," a game which, our hero was told, would yield him much sport, if successfully played up at home among the boys; and would, when properly managed, be to him a never-failing source of that desirable article, "pocket-change." To this proposition our hero readily assented, delighted with the idea of playing off upon the boys up at home, who hadn't been to Augusty: and already began to revel in the visions of full pockets, when, to his silent horror, the little man took from his pocket a hundred-dollar bill, and very irreverently rolled it into a small round ball.

Three thimbles were next produced, and the game began.

"Now," said the little man, "I am going to hide this little ball under one of these thimbles, all before your eyes, and I want you to guess where it is."

"Well," said Peter, "go it—I'm ready," and the shifting game began. To the apparent astonishment of the little man, our hero guessed right every time. No matter how rapid the changes, Peter invariably lifted the thimble from the ball, and had begun to grow disgusted with the game, little dreaming how soon he was to prove its efficacy as a source of revenue, when the little man suddenly checked his hand.

"Wrong," said he, with a friendly smile; "the ball is not under the middle thimble, but under that next you."

"Darned ef it is though!" responded Peter; "I ain't as green as you Gusty folks thinks. Blamed ef I don't know whar that ball is just as well as you does, and doddrapped ef I don't bet four hundred and fifty-one dollars no cents (the price of the cotton) agin the load o' cotton, that it's under the middle thimble."

"No, sir," said the little man, with another smile, "you are wrong, and I'd hate to win your money." That smile deceived Peter—it manifested a friendly consideration for his welfare, which he felt he did not need, and after bullying the "Gimlet-man" for a few minutes, he succeeded in inveigling him (as he thought) into a bet, which was duly closed and sealed, to the entire satisfaction of his friend! Alas for poor Peter! he had awakened the wrong passenger. But the idea of being too smart for an Augusty feller, and he was sure he had cornered one this time, was too great a temptation for him to withstand. "Drot it," said he to himself, "I seen him put it under that ere middle thimble, I seen it myself, and I know it's thar, and why not win the old man's cotton buck when it's jest as easy

as nothin'? And ef I do win it, why in course the old man can't claim more'n four hundred and fifty-one dollars, no how. (Peter forgot that the profits to be realized ought, of course, to belong to the owner of the capital invested.) The time me and that Yankee swapped critters, warn't I thar? Hain't I got my gums? Don't the old man, yes, and all the settlement, say I'm smart, and then thar's Kitty Brown, I reckon she ort to know, and don't she say I'm the peerest feller in our parts? I're bin to Augusty, and this time, dod-drapped ef I don't leave my mark."

The result we need hardly relate. Peter was tempted—tempted sorely—and he fell. Sick at heart, he ordered Bob, the driver, to turn his mules homeward, and late on Saturday evening he entered the lane which led to his father's house. The blow was now to come; and some time before the wagon got to the house, Peter saw his father, and mother, and sisters, coming out to meet him. At last they met.

"Well, son," said the old man, "I s'pose you've been well." Here Mrs. Wilkins and the gals commended hugging and kissing Peter, which he took very coolly, and with the air of a man who felt he was getting a favor which he didn't deserve.

"Reasonably well," said Peter, in reply to his father's question; "but I've lost it."

"Lost what?" said his father.

"Lost it."

"Lost the dockyments?" said the old man.

"No, here they are," said Peter, handing the papers containing the weights of his cotton to his father, who began to read, partly aloud, and partly to himself—

"Eight bags of cotton—350—400—448—550—317—15½ cents a pound—sold to Jonathan Barker. Very good sale," said he; "I know'd you'd fix things rite, Peter."

The wagon by this time had reached the house, and, turning to Bob, the old man told him to put the molasses in the cellar, and the sugar and coffee in the house.

"Ain't got no lasses, massa," said Bob, grinning from ear to ear.

"No," said Peter, "we havn't got none; we lost it."

"Lost it! How on airth could you lose a barrel of molasses?"

"We never had it," said Bob.

"Heavens and airth!" said the old man, turning first to Bob and then to Peter, "what do you mean? What do you mean? What, what, w-h-a-t in the d-e-v-i-l do you mean?"

"Gracious, marster! Mr. Wilkins, don't swar so," said his wife, by way of helping Peter out.

"Sear!" said the farmer, "do you call that swaring? Darned ef I don't say wussin that d'recley, ef they don't tell me what they mean."

"Why, father," said Peter, "I've lost it. I've lost the money."

"Well, and couldn't you find it?"

"I didn't lose it that way," said Peter.

"You ain't been a gamblin', I hopes," said the old man; "you ain't been a runnin' agin none of them Pharo banks down to Augusty, is you?"

"Bring me three thimbles," said Peter, "and I'll show you how I lost it."

The thimbles were brought, and Peter sat down to explain. It was a scene for a painter: there sat our hero, fumbling with the thimbles and the ball,



but too much frightened to have performed the trick if he had known how; his father sat next him, with his chin upon his hands, looking as if undecided whether to reprimand him at once, or to give him a "fair showin'." Mrs. Wilkins stood just behind her husband, winking and smiling, gesturing and hemming, in order to attract Peter's attention, and indicate to him her willingness to stand between him and his father. The girls, who always sided with their mother, followed her example in this case. But their efforts to attract his attention were useless; they could not even catch his eye, so busy was he in trying to arrange the ball and thimbles; but every time he got them fixed, and told his father to guess, the old man would guess right, which, while it astonished Peter, incensed the old man against him. It looked so easy to him, that he could not help "blaming Pete fur bein' sich a fool."

"Shorely," said the farmer, after Peter had finished his explanation, "shorely, it ain't possible that you've bin to Augusta so often and didn't know no better. Didn't I tell you not to have nothin' to do with them *Gimblit fellers!* Ther ain't one of 'em honest, not one. Like a fool, you've gone and lost jest four hundred and fifty-one dollars no cents. It ain't the munny that I keers for, Peter, it's you bein' sich a fool—*four hundred and fifty-one dollars no cents!* I'll go rite down to Augusta next Monday, and find this here Barker, and ef he don't give up the munny I'll have a *say so* (ca. sa.) taken agin him, and march him rite off to jail—no deaf-aflication about that. The theavin' rascal, gwine about cheatin' people's sons outin' four hundred and fifty-one dollars no cents! How often is you bin to Augusta, Peter?"

"Sixteen times," said Peter.

"Well, I declare," said the old man, "bin to Augusta sixteen times, and didn't know no better than to go ther agin and lose four hundred and fifty-one dollars no cents."

Early on Monday morning, the old man started to Augusta with another load of cotton. Bob driv-

ing as before, and his master riding his gray mare, "Betsa." Mr. Wilkins had a great many little commissions to execute for his wife and the "gals." The old lady wanted a pair of spectacles, and the gals a bonnet each—ribbons and flowers, thread, buttons, etc., had to be purchased, and the good farmer was nearly crazed by the loss he had met with, and the multiplicity of things to be attended to. Ever and anon, as he trotted along the road, he would mutter to himself something as follows:

"Leghorn bonnet for Sal—12 skeins of flax thread—2 dozen pearl buttons for pants—one gross horn buttons for shirts—5 grass petticoats—100 pounds coffee—451 dollars no cents—Jonathan Barker—bin to Augusta sixteen times—1 bolt kaliker—Pete's a fool—lost one barrel of molasses and 451 dollars no cents." With such words as these he would while away the time, apparently unconscious of the presence of Bob, who was much diverted by his master's soliloquy. As they approached Augusta, his wrath seemed to increase, and he vented his spleen on his old mare and Bob. "Bob," said he, "you dad-draffed rascal, why don't you drive up—you don't do nothin' but set thar and sleep. Take that, and that, and that," he would say to his mare, accompanying each word with a blow; "*git up, Miss, and go long to Augusta.*"

When they had come in sight of Augusta, Bob struck a camp, and his master rode on into town. Having eaten his supper, and put up his horse, he retired for the night, and early in the morning started out to look for Jonathan Barker. He caused not a little laughter as he walked along the streets, relating his troubles, and inquiring of everybody for Jonathan Barker.

"Where's Jonathan Barker?" he would cry out, "The Gimblit Feller what cheeted Pete out'n 451 dollars no cents. Jes show me Jonathan Barker."

As a last hope, he went around to the warehouse, where his son had lost the cotton. Walking out into the yard, he bawled out the name of Jonathan Barker. A little man with a long gimlet in his hand, answered to the name, and our farmer attacked him as follows:

"Look a here, Mr. Barker, I wants that money."

"What money?" said Barker, who had no acquaintance whatever with the farmer, "what money is it, sir?"

"Oh, no," said the old man, perfectly furious at such barefaced assurance, "Oh, no! you don't know NUTHIN now. Blame your picter, you're as innercent as a lam'. Don't know what munny I MEEN? It's that four hundred and fifty-one dollars, and no cents, what you cheeted Pete out'n."

"I recollect now," said Barker, "that was fairly done, sir—if you'll just step this way I'll show you how I got it, sir."

A bright idea struck the old man. I've seen Pete play it, thought he to himself, and I guessed *rite every time*. "Well," said he, "I'll go and see how it was dun, enny how." The two walked along to the same bale of cotton which had witnessed the game before, and the gimlet-man took the identical thimbles and ball which had served him before, from his pocket, and sat down, requesting the farmer to be seated also.

"Now, sir," said Barker, "when your son was here, I bought his cotton and paid him for it—just as he was going away, I proposed showing him a trick worth seeing. I took this little ball and put it under this middle thimble; now, said I to him,

you see it, and now you don't see it, and I'll bet you you can't tell where the little joker is."

"Well," said the farmer, "all's rite—the ball's now under the middle thimble."

"When I had put it under there," continued Barker, "your son wanted to bet me that it was under the middle thimble."

"So it is," said the old man, interrupting him.

"No," returned Barker, "it's under the one next you."

"I tell you it ain't," said Mr. Wilkins, who strongly advocated the doctrine that 'seeing is believing.' He was sure he was right, and now a chance presented itself of regaining his former load of cotton. "I tell you it ain't. I'm harder to head than Pete wus, and blamed ef I don't bet another load o' cotton that's at the dore by this time."

"You are mistaken," said Barker, smiling; "but if you wish it, I'll bet."

"Let's understand one nuther fust," said the farmer. "You say that ere little ball you had jes now, ain't under the little thimble in the middle—I say it is. Ef it ain't, I'm to give you the load o' cotton—ef it is, you're to give me four hundred and fifty-one dollars no cents."

"Exactly so," said Barker.

"Well, I'll bet," said the farmer, "and here's my hand."

The bet was sealed, and with a triumphant air which he but poorly concealed, the farmer snatched up the middle thimble, but no ball was there.

"Well, I'll be dod drapt!" he exclaimed, at the same time drawing a long breath, and dropping the thimble. "Derned ef it's *tha!* Four hundred and fifty-one dollars and no cents gone *agin!* Heven and airth, what'll Mahaly and the gals say! I'll never heer the eend of it tel I'm in my grave. Then *tha's* Pete! *Gee-mi-ny! jest* to think o' Pete—*sue him* to know his ole daddy wus made a fool o' too! four hundred and fifty-one dollars and no cents! but I wouldn't keer *that* for it," snapping his fingers, "ef it wern't fur Pete."

The Gimlet-man reminded our friend of the re-

sult of his bet, by telling him that the sooner he unloaded the better.

"Now you ain't, shore nuff, in *yearnest*," said the old man.

"Dead earnest," returned Barker.

"Well, stranger," added our friend "I'se a honest man, and stands squar' up to my contract."

With this he had his cargo discharged into the street, and ordering Bob to drive on, he mounted his mare, and set out for home with a heavier heart than he had ever known before. 'Twere useless to attempt a description of the scene which transpired on the farmer's return home. The first words he uttered were, "Pete, durned ef I hain't lost it too." The misfortunes of his trip were soon all told, after which Peter and his father wisely resolved never to bet on any thing again, especially "them blamed Yankee Thimbles." It is not to be supposed that Mrs. Wilkins, Pete, or the gals, could help teasing the old man occasionally on the result of his trip. Whenever he became refractory, his wife would stick her thimble on the end on her finger, and hold it up for him to look at—it acted like a charm! His misadventure, too, raised higher than ever his opinion of the cunning and sagacity of "*them Aughty Fellers!*"

A few years succeeding the events which we have attempted to narrate, and Farmer Wilkins was gathered to his fathers; but his trip to Augusta is still preserved as a warning to all honest and simple-hearted people. The last words of the old man to his son were, "Peter, Peter, my son, always be honest, never forgit your ole daddy, and *allers bewar* of them Gimblit Fellers, *down to Augusta.*"

Reader! every tale has its moral, nor is ours without one. Not only did Peter learn from his adventure in Augusta, the evils of betting, but ever since the time to which we have alluded, he always allows his factor to sell his cotton for him. Whatever you may think of it, both Peter and his father came to the conclusion that there was "no use in tryin' to git the upper hand of one o' them Gimblit Fellers *down to Augusta.*"

THE PARSON AND WIDOW.

From the Hampshire Gazette.

A WORTHY, pious clergyman of late,
Who ranked it with his gospel labors
To guard his flocks, and visit oft his neighbors;—
(A practice now grown something out of date :)

Good faithful man, with unremitting zeal,
From house to house would daily go ;
Eager his Master's duty to fulfill,
And curious his parishioners to know.

Full oft the cot of wretchedness he sought
When death or pale disease had brought distress,
With many a balmy consolation fraught,
To cheer the widow and the fatherless.

A broad, o'er mug of cider or his pipe,
Would he inculcate lessons moral;
From misery's cheek the tear of anguish wipe,
Decide a cause, or terminate a quarrel.

One day, on his important charge intent,
His mind to unburthen and his man to feast,
To a poor widow's house the Parson went
Whose spouse had recently deceased.

John to a small estate was rightful heir,
But lived an idle, dissipated life ;
Would fight, get drunk, and rave, and swear,
Abuse his family and maul his wife ;
Indulged his vices, till his all was spent,
Got drunk, and died a vile impenitent.

Down sat his reverence and began his theme—
"Afflictions, woman, spring not from the dust ;
Our life's a vapor—tis an airy dream ;
Death is the lot of all, but God is just.

"Your husband's gone, alas ! we know not where ;
The yawning grave doth every man await ;
Pray, can you tell me, did he not despair ?
Was he concerned about his *future state!*"

"*Future state!*" exclaimed poor Joan,
With squeaking tone ;
Then wiped her eyes and sighed ;
"Future estate ! why, ducky man, he'd none,
He spent it long enough before he died!"

OVER A CIGAR.

FROM "BEVERIES OF A BACHELOR." BY DONALD G. MITCHELL. 1850.

LIGHTED WITH A COAL.

I take up a coal with the tongs, and setting the end of my cigar against it, puff—and puff again; but there is no smoke. There is very little hope of lighting from a dead coal,—no more hope, thought I, than of kindling one's heart into flame, by contact with a dead heart.

To kindle, there must be warmth and life; and I sat for a moment thinking—even before I lit my cigar—on the vanity and folly of those poor, purblind fellows, who go on puffing for half a lifetime, against dead coals.

The thought of this image made me search for a new coal that should have some brightness in it. There may be a white ash over it indeed—as you will find tender feelings covered with the mask of courtesy, or with the veil of fear; but with a breath it all flies off, and exposes the heat, and the glow that you are seeking.

At the first touch, the delicate edges of the cigar crinkle, a thin line of smoke rises, doubtfully for a while, and with a coy delay; but after a hearty respiration or two, it grows strong, and my cigar is fairly lighted.

That first taste of the new smoke, and of the fragrant leaf, is very grateful; it has a bloom about it, that you wish might last. It is like your first love,—fresh, genial, and rapturous. Like that, it fills up all the craving of your soul; and the light, blue wreaths of smoke, like the roseate clouds that hang around the morning of your heart life, cut you off from the chill atmosphere of mere worldly companionship, and make a gorgeous firmament for your fancy to riot in.

I do not speak now of those later, and manlier passions, into which judgment must be thrusting its cold tones, and when all the sweet tumult of your heart has mellowed into the sober ripeness of affection. But I mean that boyish burning, which belongs to every poor mortal's lifetime, and which bewilders him with the thought that he has reached the highest point of human joy, before he has tasted any of that bitterness, from which alone our highest human joys have sprung. I mean the time when you cut initials with your jack-knife on the smooth bark of beech trees; and went moping under the long shadows at sunset; and thought Louise the prettiest name in the wide world; and picked flowers to leave at her door; and stole out at night to watch the light in her window; and read such novels as those about Helen Mar, or Charlotte, to give some adequate expression to your agonized feelings.

At such a stage, you are quite certain that you are deeply and madly in love; you persist in the face of heaven and earth. You would like to meet the individual who dared to doubt it.

You think she has got the tidiest and jauntiest little figure that ever was seen. You think back upon some time, when, in your games of forfeit, you gained a kiss from those lips; and it seems as if the kiss was hanging on you yet, and warming you all over. And then again, it seems so strange that your lips did really touch hers! You half question if it could have been actually so—and how you could have

dared; and you wonder if you would have courage to do the same thing again? and, upon second thought, are quite sure you would—and snap your fingers at the thought of it.

What sweet little hats she does wear; and in the school-room, when the hat is hung up, what curls, golden curls, worth a hundred Golcondas! How bravely you study the top lines of the spelling-book, that your eyes may run over the edge of the cover, without the schoolmaster's notice, and feast upon her!

You half wish that somebody would run away with her, as they did with Amanda, in the Children of the Abbey; and then you might ride up on a splendid black horse, and draw a pistol, or blunderbuss, and shoot the villains, and carry her back, all in tears, fainting and languishing, upon your shoulder; and have her father (who is Judge of the County Court) take your hand in both of his, and make some eloquent remarks. A great many such re-captures you run over in your mind, and think how delightful it would be to peril your life, either by flood or fire; to cut off your arm, or your head, or any such trifles, for your dear Louise.

You can hardly think of any thing more joyous in life, than to live with her in some old castle, very far away from steamboats and post-offices, and pick wild geraniums for her hair, and read poetry with her, under the shade of very dark ivy vines. And you would have such a charming boudoir in some corner of the old ruin, with a harp in it, and books bound in gilt, with cupids on the cover; and such a fairy couch, with the curtains hung—as you have seen them hung in some illustrated Arabian stories—upon a pair of carved doves!

And when they laugh at you about it, you turn it off perhaps with saying—"it isn't so;" but afterward, in your chamber, or under the tree where you have cut her name, you take Heaven to witness, that it is so; and think, what a cold world it is, to be so careless about such holy emotions! You perfectly hate a certain stout boy, in a green jacket, who is for ever twitting you, and calling her names; but when some old maiden aunt teases you in her kind, gentle way, you bear it very proudly; and with a feeling as if you could bear a great deal more for her sake. And when the minister reads off marriage announcements in the church, you think how it will sound one of these days, to have your name and hers read from the pulpit; and how the people will all look at you, and how prettily she will blush; and how poor little Dick, who you know loves her, but is afraid to say so, will squirm upon his bench.

Heigh-ho! mused I, as the blue smoke rolled up around my head, these first kindlings of the love that is in one are very pleasant—but will they last?

You love to listen to the rustle of her dress, as she stirs about the room. It is better music than grown-up ladies will make upon all their harpsichords, in the years that are to come. But this, thank Heaven, you do not know.

You think you can trace her foot-mark, on your way to the school; and what a dear little foot-mark it is! And from that single point, if she be out of



your sight for days, you conjure up the whole image—the elastic, lithe, little figure, the springy step, the dotted muslin so light and flowing, the silk kerchief, with its most tempting fringe playing upon the clear white of her throat; how you envy that fringe! And her chin is as round as a peach; and the lips—such lips!—and you sigh and hang your head, and wonder when you *shall* see her again!

You would like to write her a letter; but then people would talk so coldly about it; and beside, you are not quite sure you could write such billets as Thaddeus of Warsaw used to write; and any thing less warm or elegant would not do at all. You talk about this one, or that one, whom they call pretty, in the coolest way in the world; you see very little of their prettiness; they are good girls, to be sure, and you hope they will get good husbands some day or other; but it is not a matter that concerns you very much. They do not live in your world of romance; they are not the angels of that sky which your heart makes rosy, and to which I have likened the blue waves of this rolling smoke.

You can even joke as you talk of others; you can smile, as you think, very graciously; you can say laughingly that you are deeply in love with them, and think it a most capital joke; you can touch their hands, or steal a kiss from them in your games, most imperturbably—they are very dead coals.

But the live one is very lively. When you take the name on your lip, it seems, somehow, to be made of different materials from the rest; you cannot half so easily separate it into letters; write it, indeed, you can, for you have had practice—very much private practice on old scraps of paper, and on the fly-leaves of Geographies, and of your Natural Philosophy. You know perfectly well how it looks; it seems to be written, indeed, somewhere behind your eyes; and in such happy position with respect to the optic nerve, that you see it all the time, though you are looking in an opposite direction; and so distinctly, that you have great fears lest people looking into your eyes, should see it too!

My cigar is burning with wondrous freeness; and

from the smoke flash forth images bright and quick as lightning, with no thunder but the thunder of the pulse. But will it all last? Damp will deaden the fire of a cigar; and there are hellish damps—alas, too many—that will deaden the early blazing of the heart.

She is pretty—growing prettier to your eye, the more you look upon her, and prettier to your ear, the more you listen to her. But you wonder who the tall boy was whom you saw walking with her two days ago? He was not a bad-looking boy; on the contrary, you think (with a grit of your teeth) that he was infernally handsome! You look at him very shyly, and very closely, when you pass him, and turn to see how he walks, and to measure his shoulders, and are quite disgusted with the very modest, and gentlemanly way, with which he carries himself. You think you would like to have a fisticuff with him, if you were only sure of having the best of it. You sound the neighborhood coyly, to find out who the strange boy is; and are half ashamed of yourself for doing it.

You gather a magnificent bouquet to send her, and tie it with a green ribbon, and a love knot, and get a little rosebud in acknowledgment. That day, you pass the tall boy with a very patronizing look, and wonder if he would not like to have a sail in *your* boat?

But by and by you find the tall boy walking with her again; and she looks sideways at him, and with a kind of grown-up air, that makes you feel very boy-like, and humble, and furious. And you look daggers at him when you pass; and touch your cap to her, with quite uncommon dignity, and wonder if she is not sorry, and does not feel very badly, to have got such a look from you?

On some other day, however, you meet her alone; and the sight of her makes your face wear a genial sunny air; and you talk a little sadly about your fears and your jealousies; she seems a little sad, and a little glad together, and is sorry she has made you feel badly—and you are sorry too. And with this pleasant twin sorrow you are knit together again

closer than ever. That one little tear of hers has been worth more to you than a thousand smiles. Now you love her madly; you could swear it—swear it to her, or swear it to the universe. You even say as much to some kind old friend at nightfall; but your mention of her is tremulous and joyful, with a kind of bound in your speech, as if the heart worked too quick for the tongue; and as if the lips were ashamed to be passing over such secrets of the soul, to the mere sense of hearing. At this stage, you cannot trust yourself to speak her praises; or, if you venture, the expletives fly away with your thought, before you can chain it into language; and your speech, at your best endeavor, is but a succession of broken superlatives, that you are ashamed of. You strain for language that will scald the thought of her; but hot as you can make it, it falls back upon your heated fancy like a cold shower.

Heat so intense as this consumes very fast; and the matter it feeds fastest on is—judgment; and, with judgment gone, there is room for jealousy to creep in. You grow petulant at another sight of that tall boy; and the one tear which cured your first petulance will not cure it now. You let a little of your fever break out in speech—a speech which you go home to mourn over. But she knows nothing of the mourning, while she knows very much of the anger. Vain tears are very apt to breed pride; and when you go again with your petulance, you will find your rosy-lipped girl taking her first studies in dignity.

You will stay away, you say—poor fool, you are feeding on what your disease loves best! You wonder if she is not sighing for your return, and if your name is not running in her thought, and if tears of regret are not moistening those sweet eyes.

And wondering thus, you stroll moodily and hopefully toward her father's home; you pass the door once—twice; you loiter under the shade of an old tree, where you have sometimes bid her adieu; your old fondness is struggling with your pride, and has almost made the mastery; but, in the very moment of victory, you see yonder your hated rival, and beside him, looking very gleeful and happy, your perfidious Louise.

How quick you throw off the marks of your struggle, and put on the boldest air of boyhood; and what a dexterous handling to your knife, and a wonderful keenness to the edge, as you cut away from the bark of the beech tree all trace of her name! Still there is a little silent relenting, and a few tears at night, and a little tremor of the hand, as you tear out, the next day, every fly-leaf that bears her name. But, at sight of your rival, looking so jaunty, and in such capital spirits, you put on the proud man again. You may meet her, but you say nothing of your struggles—oh no, not one word of that!—but you talk with amazing rapidity about your games, or what not; and you never, never give her another peep into your boyish heart!

For a week you do not see her—nor for a month—not two months—not three.

Puff—puff once more; there is only a little nauseous smoke; and now—my cigar has gone out altogether. I must light again.

WITH A WISP OF PAPER.

There are those who throw away a cigar when once gone out; they must needs have plenty more. But nobody, that I ever heard of, keeps a cedar box

of hearts, labelled at Havana. Alas, there is but one to light!

But can a heart once lit be lighted again? Authority on this point is worth something; yet it should be impartial authority. I should be loth to take in evidence for the fact—however it might tally with my hope—the affidavit of some rakish old widower, who had cast his weeds, before the grass had started on the mound of his affliction; and I should be as slow to take, in way of rebutting testimony, the oath of any sweet young girl, just becoming conscious of her heart's existence, by its loss.

And, with a little suddenness of manner, I tear off a wisp of paper, and holding it in the blaze of my lamp, relight my cigar. It does not burn so easily perhaps as at first; it wants warming before it will catch; but presently, it is in a broad, full glow, that throws light into the corners of my room.

Just so, thought I, the love of youth, which succeeds the crackling blaze of boyhood, makes a broader flame, though it may not be so easily kindled. A mere dainty step, or a curling lock, or a soft blue eye are not enough; but in her, who has quickened the new blaze, there is a blending of all these, with a certain sweetness of soul, that finds expression in whatever feature or motion you look upon. Her charms steal over you gently, and almost imperceptibly. You think that she is a pleasant companion—nothing more; and you find the opinion strongly confirmed day by day—so well confirmed, indeed, that you begin to wonder why it is that she is such a delightful companion? It cannot be her eye, for you have seen eyes almost as pretty as Nelly's; nor can it be her mouth, though Nelly's mouth is certainly very sweet. And you keep studying what on earth it can be that makes you so earnest to be near her, or to listen to her voice. The study is pleasant. You do not know any study that is more so; or which you accomplish with less mental fatigue.

Upon a sudden, some fine day, when the air is balmy, and the recollection of Nelly's voice and manner more balmy still, you wonder—if you are in love? When a man has such a wonder, he is either very near love, or he is very far away from it: it is a wonder that is either suggested by his hope, or by that entanglement of feeling which blunts all his perceptions.

But if not in love, you have at least a strong fancy—so strong, that you tell your friends carelessly, that she is a nice girl; nay, a beautiful girl; and if your education has been bad, you strengthen the epithet on your own tongue, with a very wicked expletive, of which the mildest form would be—“deuced fine girl!” Presently, however, you get beyond this; and your companionship and your wonder relapse into a constant, quiet habit of unmistakable love—not impulsive, quick, and fiery, like the first, but mature and calm. It is as if it were born with your soul; and the recognition of it was rather an old remembrance than a fresh passion. It does not seek to gratify its exuberance and force with such relief as night serenades, or any Jacques-like meditations in the forest; but it is a quiet, still joy, that floats on your hope into the years to come, making the prospect all sunny and joyful.

It is a kind of oil and balm for whatever was stormy or harmful; it gives a permanence to the smile of existence. It does not make the sea of your life turbulent with high emotions, as if a strong wind

were blowing; but it is as if an Aphrodite had broken on the surface, and the ripples were spreading with a sweet, low sound, and widening far out to the very shores of time.

There is no need now, as with the boy, to bolster up your feelings with extravagant vows: even should you try this in her presence, the words are lacking to put such vows in. So soon as you reach them they fail you; and the oath only quivers on the lip, or tells its story by a pressure of the fingers. You wear a brusque, pleasant air with your acquaintances, and hint, with a sly look, at possible changes in your circumstances. Of an evening you are kind to the most unattractive of the wall-flowers, if only your Nelly is away; and you have a sudden charity for street beggars with pale children. You catch yourself taking a step in one of the new polkas, upon a country walk; and wonder immensely at the number of bright days which succeed each other, without leaving a single stormy gap for your old melancholy moods. Even the chambermaids at your hotel, never did their duty one-half so well; and as for your man, Tom, he is become a perfect pattern of a fellow.

My cigar is in a fine glow; but it has gone out once, and it may go out again.

You begin to talk of marriage; but some obstinate papa or guardian uncle thinks it will never do—that it is quite too soon; or that Nelly is a mere girl. Or some of your wild oats—quite forgotten by yourself—shoot up on the vision of a staid mamma, and throw a very damp shadow on your character. Or the old lady has an ambition of another sort, which you, a simple, earnest, plodding bachelor can never gratify; being of only passable appearance, and unschooled in the fashions of the world, you will be eternally rubbing the elbows of the old lady's pride.

All this will be strangely afflictive to one who has been living for quite a number of weeks, or months, in a pleasant dream land, where there were no five per cents. or reputations, but only a very full and delirious flow of feeling. What care you for any position, except a position near the being that you love? What wealth do you prize, except a wealth of heart that shall never know diminution—or for reputation, except that of truth and of honor? How hard it would break upon these pleasant idealities, to have a weazened-faced old guardian set his arm in yours, and tell you how tenderly he has at heart the happiness of his niece; and reason with you about your very small and spare dividends, and your limited business; and caution you—for he has a lively regard for your interests—about continuing your addresses!

The kind old curmudgeon!

Your man, Tom, has grown suddenly a very stupid fellow; and all your charity for withered wall-flowers is gone. Perhaps in your wrath the suspicion comes over you, that she too wishes you were something higher, or more famous, or richer, or any thing but what you are!—a very dangerous suspicion; for no man with any true nobility of soul can ever make his heart the slave of another's condescension.

But no; you will not, you cannot believe this of Nelly; that face of hers is too mild and gracious; and her manner, as she takes your hand, after your heart is made sad, and turns away those rich blue eyes, shadowed more deeply than ever by the long and moistened fringe, and the exquisite softness and meaning of the pressure of those little fingers; and the low half sob, and the heaving of that bosom, in

its struggles between love and duty, all forbid. Nelly, you could swear, is tenderly indulgent, like the fond creature that she is, toward all your shortcomings; and would not barter your strong love, and your honest heart, for the greatest magnate in the land.

A clandestine meeting from time to time, and a note or two tenderly written, keep up the blaze in your heart. But presently, the lynx-eyed old guardian—so tender of your interests and hers—forbids even this irregular and unsatisfying correspondence. Now you can feed yourself only on stray glimpses of her figure, as full of sprightliness and grace as ever; and that beaming face, you are half sorry to see from time to time, still beautiful. You struggle with your moods of melancholy, and wear bright looks yourself—bright to her, and very bright to the eye of the old curmudgeon, who has snatched your heart away. It will never do to show your weakness to a man.

At length, on some pleasant morning you learn that she is gone—too far away to be seen, too closely guarded to be reached. For a while you throw down your books, and abandon your toil in despair, thinking very bitter thoughts, and making very helpless resolves.

My cigar is still burning; but it will require constant and strong respiration to keep it in a glow.

A letter or two, despatched at random, relieve the excess of your fever; until, with practice, these random letters have even less heat in them than the heat of your study, or of your business. Grief, thank God, is not so progressive or so cumulative as joy. For a time there is a pleasure in the mood, with which you recall your broken hopes, and with which you selfishly link her to the shattered wreck; but absence and ignorance tame the point of your woe. You call up the image of Nelly, adorning other and distant scenes. You see the tearful smile give place to a blithsome cheer; and the thought of you that shaded her fair face so long, fades under the sunshine of gayety; or, at best, it only seems to cross that white forehead like a playful shadow, that a fleecy cloud-remnant will fling upon a sunny lawn.

* * * * *

And when, years after, you learn that she has returned, a woman, there is a slight glow, but no tumultuous bound of the heart. Life and time have worried you down like a spent hound. The world has given you a habit of easy and unmeaning smiles. You half accuse yourself of ingratitude and forgetfulness; but the accusation does not oppress you. It does not even distract your attention from the morning journal. You cannot work yourself into a respectable degree of indignation against the old gentleman, her guardian.

You sigh, poor thing!—and in a very flashy waistcoat you venture a morning call.

She meets you kindly—a comely, matronly dame in gingham, with her curls all gathered under a high-topped comb; and she presents to you two little boys in smart crimson jackets, dressed up with braid. And you dine with Madame—a family party; and the weazened-faced old gentleman meets you with a most pleasant shake of the hand, hints that you were among his niece's earliest friends, and hopes that you are getting on well?

—Capitally well!

And the boys toddle in at dessert, Dick to get a plum from your own dish, Tom to be kissed by his rosy-faced papa. In short, you are made perfectly at home; and you sit over your wine for an hour, in

a cozy smoke with the gentlemanly uncle, and with the very courteous husband of your second flame.

It is all very jovial at the table; for good wine is, I find, a great strengthener of the bachelor heart. But afterward, when night has fairly set in, and the blaze of your fire goes flickering over your lonely quarters, you heave a deep sigh. And as your thought runs back to the perfidious Louise, and calls up the married and matronly Nelly, you sob over that poor dumb heart within you, which craves so madly a free and joyous utterance! And as you lean over with your forehead in your hands, and your eyes fall upon the old hound slumbering on the rug, the tears start, and you wish that you had married years ago; and that you too had your pair of prattling boys to drive away the loneliness of your solitary hearth-stone.

My cigar would not go; it was fairly out. But with true bachelor obstinacy I vowed that I would light again.

LIGHTED WITH A MATCH.

I hate a match. I feel sure that brimstone matches were never made in heaven; and it is sad to think that, with few exceptions, matches are all of them tipped with brimstone.

But my taper having burned out, and the coals being all dead upon the hearth, a match is all that is left to me.

All matches will not blaze on the first trial; and there are those, that with the most indefatigable coaxings, never show a spark. They may indeed leave in their trail phosphorescent streaks; but you can no more light your cigar at them, than you can kindle your heart at the covered wife-trails, which the infernal, gossiping, old match-makers will lay in your path.

Was there ever a bachelor of seven and twenty, I wonder, who has not been haunted by pleasant old ladies, and trim, excellent, good-natured, married friends, who talk to him about nice matches—"very nice matches,"—matches which never go off? And who, pray, has not had some kind old uncle, to fill two sheets for him (perhaps in the time of heavy

postages) about some most eligible connection—"of highly respectable parentage?"

What a delightful thing surely, for a withered bachelor, to bloom forth in the dignity of an ancestral tree! What precious surprise for him, who has all his life worshipped the wing-heeled Mercury, to find on a sudden, a great stock of preserved and most respectable Penates!

Heaven help the man who having wearied his soul with delays and doubts, or exhausted the freshness and exuberance of his youth, by a hundred little dallings of love, consigns himself at length to the issues of what people call a nice match, whether of money or of family.

Heaven help you (I brushed the ashes from my cigar) when you begin to regard marriage as only a respectable institution, and under the advices of staid old friends, begin to look about you for some very respectable wife. You may admire her figure, and her family, and bear pleasantly in mind the very casual mention which has been made by some of your penetrating friends—that she has large expectations. You think that she would make a very capital appearance at the head of your table; nor in the event of your coming to any public honor, would she make you blush for her breeding. She talks well, exceedingly well; and her face has its charms, especially under a little excitement. Her dress is elegant and tasteful, and she is constantly remarked upon by all your friends as a "nice person." Some good old lady, in whose pew she occasionally sits on a Sunday, or to whom she has sometimes sent a papier maché card-case for the show-box of some Dorcas benevolent society, thinks, with a sly wink, that she would make a fine wife for—somebody.

She certainly *has* an elegant figure; and the marriage of some half dozen of your old flames warn you that time is slipping and your chances failing. And in the pleasant warmth of some after-dinner mood, you resolve, with her image in her prettiest pelisse drifting across your brain, that you will marry. Now comes the pleasant excitement of the chase; and whatever family dignity may surround her, only adds to the pleasurable glow of the pursuit. You



give an hour more to your toilette, and a hundred or two more a year to your tailor. All is orderly, dignified, and gracious. Charlotte is a sensible woman, every body says; and you believe it yourself. You agree in your talk about books, and churches, and flowers. Of course she has good taste—for she accepts you. The acceptance is dignified, elegant, and even courteous.

You receive numerous congratulations; and your old friend Tom writes you, that he hears you are going to marry a splendid woman; and all the old ladies say, what a capital match! And your business partner, who is a married man, and something of a wag, "sympathizes sincerely." Upon the whole, you feel a little proud of your arrangement. You write to an old friend in the country, that you are to marry, presently, Miss Charlotte of such a street, whose father was something very fine, in his way; and whose father before him was very distinguished; you add, in a postscript, that she is easily situated, and has "expectations." Your friend, who has a wife that he loves, and that loves him, writes back kindly, "hoping you may be happy;" and hoping so yourself, you light your cigar—one of your last bachelor cigars—with the margin of his letter.

The match goes off with a brilliant marriage, at which you receive a very elegant welcome from your wife's spinster cousins, and drink a great deal of champagne with her bachelor uncles. And as you take the dainty hand of your bride—very magnificent under that bridal wreath, and with her face lit up by a brilliant glow—your eye and your soul, for the first time, grow full. And as your arm circles that elegant figure, and you draw her toward you, feeling that she is yours, there is a bound at your heart, that makes you think your soul-life is now whole and earnest. All your early dreams and imaginations come flowing on your thought, like bewildering music; and as you gaze upon her—the admiration of that crowd—it seems to you, that all that your heart prizes is made good by the accident of marriage.

Ah, thought I, brushing off the ashes again, bridal pictures are not home pictures; and the hour at the altar is but a poor type of the waste of years!

Your household is elegantly ordered; Charlotte has secured the best of housekeepers, and she meets the compliments of your old friends who come to dine with you, with a suavity that is never at fault. And they tell you—after the cloth is removed, and you sit quietly smoking, in memory of the old times—that she is a splendid woman. Even the old ladies who come for occasional charities, think Madame a

pattern of a lady; and so think her old admirers, whom she receives still with an easy grace that half puzzles you. And as you stand by the ball-room door, at two of the morning, with your Charlotte's shawl upon your arm, some little panting fellow will confirm the general opinion, by telling you that Madame is a magnificent dancer; and Monsieur le Comte will praise extravagantly her French. You are grateful for all this; but you have an uncom-
monly serious way of expressing your gratitude.

You think you ought to be a very happy fellow; and yet long shadows do steal over your thought; and you wonder that the sight of your Charlotte in the dress you used to admire so much, does not scatter them to the winds, but it does not. You feel coy about putting your arm around that delicately robed figure; you might derange the plaitings of her dress. She is civil towards you, and tender towards your bachelor friends. She talks with dignity; adjusts her lace cape, and hopes you will make a figure in the world for the sake of the family. Her cheek is never soiled with a tear; and her smiles are frequent, especially when you have some spruce young fellows at your table.

You catch sight of occasional notes, perhaps, whose superscription you do not know; and some of her admirers' attentions become so pointed and constant, that your pride is stirred. It would be silly to show jealousy; but you suggest to your "dear," as you sip your tea, the slight impropriety of her action.

Perhaps you fondly long for some little scene, as a proof of wounded confidence; but no, nothing of that; she trusts (calling you "my dear,") that she knows how to sustain the dignity of her position.

You are too sick at heart for comment or for reply.

And is this the intertwining of soul of which you had dreamed in the days that are gone? Is this the blending of sympathies that was to steal from life its bitterness, and spread over care and suffering the sweet, ministering hand of kindness and of love? Aye, you may well wander back to your bachelor club, and make the hours long at the journals, or at play, killing the flagging lapse of your life! Talk sprightly with your old friends, and mimic the joy you have not, or you will wear a bad name upon your hearth and head. Never suffer your Charlotte to catch sight of the tears, which in bitter hours may start from your eye; or to hear the sighs, which in your times of solitary musings may break forth sudden and heavy. Go on counterfeiting your life, as you have begun. It was a nice match; and you are a nice husband!

KISSING IN THE UNITED STATES.—When a wild lark attempts to steal a kiss from a Nantucket girl, she says, "Come sheer off, or I'll split your mainsail with a typhoon." The Boston girls hold still until they are well kissed, when they flare up and say, "I think you ought to be ashamed."—*Boston Transcript*. When a young chap steals a kiss from an Alabama girl, she says, "I reckon it's my time now," and gives him a box on the ear that he don't forget in a week.—*Ircinton Herald*. When a clever fellow steals a kiss from a Louisiana girl, she smiles, blushes deeply, and says—nothing. We think our girls have more taste and sense than those of down-east and Alabama. When a man is smart enough to steal the divine luxury from them, they

are perfectly satisfied.—*N. O. Picayune*. When a female is here saluted with a buss, she puts on her bonnet and shawl, answereth thus,—"I am astonished at thy assurance, Jedediah; for this indignity I will sew thee up."—*Lynn Record*. The ladies in this village receive a salute with Christian meekness: they follow the Scripture rule,—When smitten on the one cheek they turn the other also.—*Bungtown Chronicle*. When a Bergen girl gets kissed she very calmly remarks, "Hans, tat ish good;" and when a Block Island girl receives a buss, she exclaims with considerable animation, "Well, John, you've wiped my chaps off beautiful."—*N. Y. Evening Star*.

MY LITTLE DAUGHTER'S SHOES.

BY CHARLES JAMES SPRAGUE. 1850.

Two little rough-worn, stubbed shoes,
A plump, well-trodden pair;
With striped stockings thrust within,
Lie just beside my chair.

Of very homely fabric they,
A hole is in each toe,
They might have cost, when they were new,
Some fifty cents or so.

And yet, this little worn-out pair
Is richer far to me
Than all the jewelled sandals are
Of Eastern luxury.

This mottled leather, cracked with use,
Is satin in my sight;
These little tarnished buttons shine
With all a diamond's light.

Search through the wardrobe of the world!
You shall not find me there,
So rarely made, so richly wrought,
So glorious a pair.

And why? Because they tell of her,
Now sound asleep above,

Whose form is moving beauty, and
Whose heart is beating love.

They tell me of her merry laugh;
Her rich, whole-hearted glee;
Her gentleness, her innocence,
And infant purity.

They tell me that her wavering steps
Will long demand my aid;
For the old road of human life
Is very roughly laid.

High hills and swift descents abound;
And, on so rude a way,
Feet that can wear these coverings
Would surely go astray.

Sweet little girl! be mine the task
Thy feeble steps to tend!
To be thy guide, thy counsellor,
Thy playmate and thy friend!

And when my steps shall faltering grow,
And thine be firm and strong,
Thy strength shall lead my tottering age
In cheerful peace along!

THE YANKEE ZINCALI.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER. 1850.

HARK! a rap at my door. Welcome any body, just now. One gains nothing by attempting to shut out the sprites of the weather. They come in at the key-hole; they peer through the dripping panes; they insinuate themselves through the crevices of the casement, or plump down the chimney astride of the rain-drops.

I rise and throw open the door. A tall, shambling, loose-jointed figure; a pinched, shrewd face, sun-brown and wind-dried; small, quick-winking, black eyes. There he stands, the water dripping from his pulpy hat and ragged elbows.

I speak to him, but he returns no answer. With a dumb show of misery, quite touching, he hands me a soiled piece of parchment, whereon I read what purports to be a melancholy account of shipwreck and disaster, to the particular detriment, loss and damnification of one Pietro Frugoni, who is, in consequence, sorely in want of the alms of all charitable Christian persons, and who is, in short, the bearer of this veracious document, duly certified and endorsed by an Italian consul in one of our Atlantic cities, of a high-sounding, but, to Yankee organs, unpronounceable name.

Here commences a struggle. Every man, the Mahometans tell us, has two attendant angels, the good one on his right shoulder, the bad on his left. "Give," says Benevolence, as with some difficulty I fish up a small coin from the depths of my pocket. "Not a cent," says selfish Prudence, and I drop it from my fingers. "Think," says the good angel, "of the poor stranger in a strange land, just

escaped from the terrors of the sea-storm, in which his little property has perished, thrown half naked and helpless on our shores, ignorant of our lan-



guage, and unable to find employment suited to his capacity." "A vile impostor!" replies the left-hand sentinel. "His paper, purchased from one of those ready writers in New York, who manufacture beggar credentials at the low price of one dollar per copy, with earthquakes, fires, or shipwrecks, to suit customers."

Amidst this confusion of tongues, I take another survey of my visitant. Ha! a light dawns upon me. That shrewd, old face, with its sharp, winking eyes, is no stranger to me. Pietro Frugoni, I have seen thee before! *Si, Señor*, that face of thine has looked at me over a dirty white neck-cloth, with the corners of that cunning mouth drawn downwards, and those small eyes turned up in sanctimonious gravity, while thou wast offering to a crowd of half-grown boys an extemporeaneous exhortation, in the capacity of a travelling preacher. Have I not seen it peering out from under a blanket, as that of a poor Penobscot Indian, who had lost the use of his hands while trapping on the Madawaska? Is it not the face of the forlorn father of six small children, whom the "mercury doctors" had "pisened" and crippled? Did it not belong to that down-east unfortunate, who had been out to the "Genesee country," and got the "fever-nager," and whose hand shook so pitifully when held out to receive my poor gift? The same, under all disguises—Stephen Leathers of Barrington—him and none other! Let me conjure him into his own likeness.

"Well, Stephen, what news from old Barrington?"

"O, well I thought I knew ye," he answers, not the least disconcerted. "How do you do, and how's your folks? All well, I hope. I took this 'ere paper, you see, to help a poor furriner, who couldn't make himself understood any more than a wild goose. I thought I'd just start him for'ard a little. It seemed a mearly to do it."

Well and shiftily answered, thou ragged Proteus. One cannot be angry with such a fellow. I will just inquire into the present state of his gospel mission, and about the condition of his tribe on the Penobscot; and it may not be amiss to congratulate him on the success of the steam-doctors in sweating the "pisen" of the regular faculty out of him. But he evidently has no wish to enter into idle conversation. Intent upon his benevolent errand, he is already clattering down stairs. Involuntarily I glance out of the window, just in season to catch a single glimpse of him ere he is swallowed up in the mist.

He has gone; and, knave as he is, I can hardly help exclaiming, "Lucky go with him!" He has broken in upon the sombre train of my thoughts, and called up before me pleasant and grateful recollections. The old farm-house nestling in its valley; hills stretching off to the south, and green meadows to the east; the small stream, which came noisily down its ravine, washing the old garden wall, and softly lapping on fallen stones and mossy roots of beeches and hemlocks; the tall sentinel poplars at the gateway; the oak forest, sweeping unbroken to the northern horizon; the grass-grown carriage path, with its rude and crazy bridge; the dear old landscape of my boyhood lies outstretched before me like a daguerreotype from that picture within, which I have borne with me in all my wanderings. I am a boy again; once more conscious of the feeling, half terror, half exultation, with which I used to announce the approach of this very vagabond, and his "kindred after the flesh."

The advent of wandering beggars, or "old stragglers," as we were wont to call them, was an event of no ordinary interest in the generally monotonous quietude of our farm-life. Many of them were well known; they had their periodical revolutions and transits; we could calculate them like eclipses or new moons. Some were sturdy knaves, fat and saucy; and, whenever they ascertained that the "men-folks" were absent, would order provisions and cider like men who expected to pay for it, seating themselves at the hearth or table with the air of Falstaff—"Shall I not take mine ease in mine own inn?" Others, poor, pale, patient, like Sterne's monk, came creeping up to the door, hat in hand, standing there in their gray wretchedness with a look of heart-break and forlornness, which was never without its effect on our juvenile sensibilities. At times, however, we experienced a slight revulsion of feeling, when even these humblest children of sorrow somewhat petulantly rejected our proffered bread and cheese, and demanded instead a glass of cider. Whatever the temperance society might in such cases have done, it was not in our hearts to refuse the poor creatures a draught of their favorite beverage—and wasn't it a satisfaction to see their sad melancholy faces light up as we handed them the full pitcher, and, on receiving it back empty from their brown, wrinkled hands, to hear them, half breathless from their long, delicious draught, thanking us for the favor, as "dear, good children!" Not unfrequently these wandering tests of our benevolence made their appearance in interesting groups of man, woman and child, picturesque in their equalidess, and manifesting a maudlin affection, which would have done honor to the revellers at Poosie-Nansies,—immortal in the cantata of Burns. I remember some who were evidently the victims of monomania, haunted and hunted by some dark thought, possessed by a fixed idea. One, a black-eyed, wild-haired woman, with a whole tragedy of sin, shame, and suffering written in her countenance, used often to visit us, warm herself by our winter fire, and supply herself with a stock of cakes and cold meat, but was never known to answer a question or to ask one. She never smiled; the cold, stony look of her eye never changed; a silent impassive face, frozen rigid by some great wrong or sin. We used to look with awe upon the "still woman," and think of the demoniac of Scripture, who had a "dumb spirit."

One—(I think I see him now, grim, gaunt, and ghastly, working his slow way up to our door)—used to gather herbs by the wayside, and call himself Doctor. He was bearded like a he-goat, and used to counterfeit lameness; yet when he supposed himself alone, would travel on lustily as if walking for a wager. At length, as if in punishment of his deceit, he met with an accident in his ramble, and became lame in earnest, hobbling ever after with difficulty on his gnarled crutches. Another used to go stooping, like Bunyan's pilgrim, under a pack made of an old bed-sacking, stuffed out into most plethoric dimensions, tottering on a pair of small meagre legs, and peering out with his wild, hairy face from under his burden like a big-bodied spider. That "Man with the pack" always inspired me with awe and reverence. Huge, almost sublime in its tense rotundity—the father of all packs—never laid aside and never opened, what might not be within it? With what flesh-creeping curiosity I used to walk round about it at a safe distance, half



R. CRUMB. 2e

expecting to see its striped covering stirred by the motions of a mysterious life, or that some evil monster would leap out of it, like robbers from Ali Baba's jars, or armed men from the Trojan horse.

Often, in the gray of the morning, we used to see one or more of these "gaberlunzie men," pack on shoulder and staff in hand, emerging from the barn or other outbuildings, where they had passed the night. I was once sent to the barn to fodder the cattle late in the evening, and climbing into the mow to pitch down hay for that purpose, I was startled by the sudden apparition of a man rising up before me, just discernible in the dim moonlight streaming through the seams of the boards. I made a rapid retreat down the ladder; and was only reassured by hearing the object of my terror calling after me, and recognizing his voice as that of a harmless old pilgrim whom I had known before. Our farm-house was situated in a lonely valley, half surrounded with woods, with no neighbors in sight. One dark, cloudy night, when our parents chanced to be absent, we were sitting with our aged grandmother in the fading light of the kitchen fire, working ourselves into a very satisfactory state of excitement and terror, by recounting to each other all the dismal stories we could remember of ghosts, witches, haunted houses, and robbers, when we were suddenly startled by a loud rap at the door. A stripling of fourteen, I was very naturally regarded as the head of the household; and with many misgivings I advanced to the door, which I slowly opened, holding the candle tremulously above my head, and peering out into the darkness. The feeble glimmer played upon the apparition of a gigantic horseman, mounted on a steed of a size for such a rider—colossal, motionless, like images cut out of the solid night. The strange visitant gruffly saluted me; and after making several ineffectual efforts to urge his horse in at the door, dismounted, and followed me into the room, evidently enjoying the terror which his huge presence excited. Announcing himself as "Dr. Brown, the great Indian

doctor," he drew himself up before the fire, stretched his arms, clenched his fists, struck his broad chest, and invited our attention to what he called his "mortal frame." He demanded in succession all kinds of intoxicating liquors; and, on being assured that we had none to give him, he grew angry, threatened to swallow my younger brother alive, and seizing me by the hair of my head, as the angel did the prophet at Babylon, he led me about from room to room. After an ineffectual search, in the course of which he mistook a jug of oil for one of brandy, and, contrary to my explanation and remonstrances, insisted upon swallowing a portion of its contents, he released me, fell to crying and sobbing, and confessed that he was so drunk already that his horse was ashamed of him. After bemoaning and pitying himself to his satisfaction, he wiped his eyes, sat down by the side of my grandmother, giving her to understand, that he was very much pleased with her appearance; adding, that, if agreeable to her, he should like the privilege of paying his addresses to her. While vainly endeavoring to make the excellent old lady comprehend his very flattering proposition, he was interrupted by the return of my father, who, at once understanding the matter, turned him out of doors without ceremony.

On one occasion, a few years ago, on my return from the field at evening, I was told that a foreigner had asked for lodgings during the night; but that, influenced by his dark, repulsive appearance, my mother had very reluctantly refused his request. I found her by no means satisfied by her decision. "What if a son of mine was in a strange land?" she inquired, self-reproachfully. Greatly to her relief, I volunteered to go in pursuit of the wanderer, and, taking a cross-path over the fields, soon overtook him. He had just been rejected at the house of our nearest neighbor, and was standing in a state of dubious perplexity in the street. His looks quite justified my mother's suspicions. He was an olive-complexioned, black-bearded Italian, with an eye like a live coal—such a face as perchance looks out on the traveller in the passes of the Abruzzo—one of those bandit visages which Salvator has painted. With some difficulty I gave him to understand my errand, when he overwhelmed me with thanks, and joyfully followed me back. He took his seat with us at the supper-table; and when we were all seated around the hearth that cold autumnal evening, he told us, partly by words and partly by gestures, the story of his life and misfortunes, amused us with descriptions of his grape gatherings and festivals of his sunny clime, edified my mother with a recipe for making bread of chestnuts; and in the morning, when, after breakfast, his dark, sullen face lighted up, and his fierce eye moistened with grateful emotion, as in his own silvery Tuscan accent he poured out his thanks, we marvelled at the fears which had so nearly closed our door against him; and, as he departed, we all felt that he had left with us the blessing of the poor.

It was not often that, as in the above instance, my mother's prudence got the better of her charity. The regular "old stragglers" regarded her as an unfailing friend; and the sight of her plain cap was to them an assurance of forthcoming creature comforts. There was indeed a tribe of lazy strollers, having their place of rendezvous in the town of Barrington, N. H., whose low vices had placed them beyond even the pale of her benevolence. They were not unconscious of their evil reputation, and

experience had taught them the necessity of concealing, under well contrived disguises, their true character. They came to us in all shapes, and with all appearances save the true one, with most miserable stories of mishap and sickness, and all "the ills which flesh is heir to." It was particularly vexatious to discover, when too late, that our sympathies and charities had been expended upon such graceless vagabonds as the "Barrington beggars." An old withered hag, known by the appellation of "Hipping Pat,"—the wise woman of her tribe—was in the habit of visiting us, with her hopeful grandson, who had "a gift for preaching," as well as for many other things not exactly compatible with holy orders. He sometimes brought with him a tame crow, a shrewd, knavish looking bird, who,

when in humor for it, could talk like Barnaby Rudge's raven. He used to say, he could "do nothin' at extortin' without a white handkercher on his neck and money in his pocket;" a fact going far to confirm the opinions of the Bishop of Exeter and the Puseyites generally, that there can be no priest without tithes and surplice.

These people have for several generations lived distinct from the great mass of the community, like the gypsies of Europe, whom in many respects they closely resemble. They have the same settled aversion to labor, and the same disposition to avail themselves of the fruits of the industry of others. They love a wild, out-of-door life, sing songs, tell fortunes, and have an instinctive hatred of "missionaries and cold water."

THE MANAGER AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

A Ballad.

BEING A VOICE FROM THE HO(L)MES OF THE POETS.

FROM "BARNUM'S PARNASSUS." BY WILLIAM A. BUTLER. 1850.

"I'm a famous Cantatrice, and my name it is Miss Jenny,
And I've come to these United States to turn an honest penny.
Says Barnum, "If you'll cross to the mighty Yankee nation,
We can make in that Republic, a royal speculation;
Just resign yourself to me, and we will raise the wind,
As sure as my name's Barnum, and yours is Jenny Lind!"

"I'm proprietor," says he, "of a splendid institution,
Ahead of all that's English, French, Austrian, or Russian;
It's nearly half a century since first it was created,
And just below the Park the building is located;
A marble structure, proof 'gainst lightning, rain, or wind,
As sure as my name's Barnum, and yours is Jenny Lind!"

"Tis our country's proudest boast—the American Museum!
Its flags are all day floating; a mile off you can see 'em;
It's the refuge of the Drama, both moral and domestic,
The home of Nature's works, rare, monstrous, and majestic,
Including every wonder, from poles to hottest Ind,
As sure as my name's Barnum, and yours is Jenny Lind!"

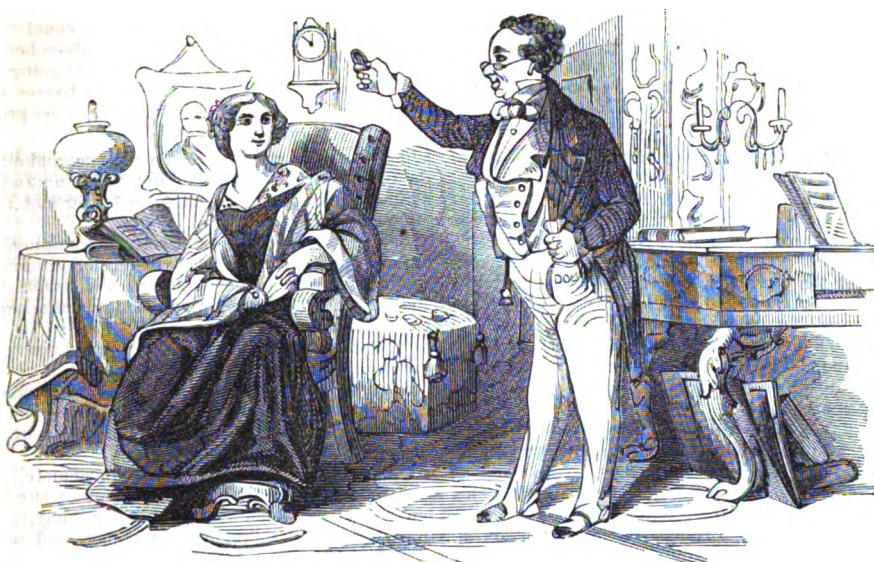
"I've got the public sympathies; there's not another man,
Can get up entertainments on my peculiar plan,
Some folks pronounce it *hunbug*, but that I reckon praise,
Because they have to add,—how monstrously it pays.
And the *end* is still the *salvo*, tho' in the *means* you've sinned,
As sure as my name's Barnum, and yours is Jenny Lind!"

"But in the last few months there's been a slight decline,
In the living Alligator and Anaconda line;
Even Tom Thumb exhibitions are getting rather slow,
And my factory for Whales was burnt a while ago,
And the Mammoth Boy and Girl are getting rather thinnd,
As sure as my name's Barnum, and yours is Jenny Lind!"

"I must provide the public with some new Exhibition,
For I hold my popularity on that express condition;
So I thought of you, Miss Jenny, the Swedish Nightingale,
And I said, she's used up Europe, and some day her voice may fail,
The chance must not be lost, my sails must catch the wind,
As sure as my name's Barnum, and yours is Jenny Lind!"

"So Jenny, come along! you're just the card for me,
And quit these kings and queens, for the country of the free.
They'll welcome you with speeches, and serenades, and rockets,
And you will touch their hearts, and I will tap their pockets;
And if between us both, the public isn't skinned,
Why my name isn't Barnum, nor your name Jenny Lind!"

"All very well, Meinherr," says I, "but then Meinherr, you see,
I shall have to ask at first, a trifling guaranty,
Because a poor lone woman, that earns her daily bread
By singing songs in public, must see that she gets fed,
And on my own exertions you know my fortune's pinned,
As sure as your name's Barnum, and mine is Jenny Lind!"



"Just now I get a living that keeps me from distress,
But then to cross the water to a sort of wilderness,
Why that's a different matter, and before I budge
an inch,
I must save myself the risk of getting in a pinch,
And close with you a bargain that neither may re-
scind,
As sure as your name's Barnum, and mine is Jenny
Lind!"

"First of all, then, my expenses, and a suite of two-and-twenty,
Who must board at first-rate houses where every
thing is plenty;
For myself a stylish mansion, or a neat suburban
villa,
With a coach and four in hand, and a service all of
"siller;"
And a pony for my riding, to be warranted in wind,
As sure as your name's Barnum, and mine is Jenny
Lind!"

Then the privilege of singing whenever I've a mind
to,
And just the sort of songs I chance to feel inclined
to,
For which I should expect (to make the terms quite
light)
At least a thousand pounds in cash for every night;
On these terms I am yours, if you can raise the
wind,
As sure as your name's Barnum, and mine is Jenny
Lind!"

Says he, "That's mighty liberal, and added to it
all,
I'll go and build for you a new and splendid hall,
And then," says he, "I'm thinking that my next
haul will be,
Upon the 'liberal public' of high and low degree;
And if between us both their purses are not thinned,
Why my name isn't Barnum, nor your name Jenny
Lind."

A CARPET IN THE BACKWOODS.—About this time an incident occurred which was somewhat amusing, and will serve to give a further illustration of the backwoods. Colonel Crockett's opponent was an honorable man, but proud and lofty in his bearing. This of course was laid aside, as much as practicable, while he was electioneering. Standing one day at his window, he observed several of his friends passing along the road, and familiarly hailed them to call in and take a drink. They called, and upon going into the house, there was a handsome tray, with choice liquors, set out on a table standing in the middle of the room, which was furnished with a new carpet, not large enough to cover the floor, but leaving on each side a vacant space around the room. On this vacant space walked B——'s friends without ever daring to approach the table. After

many and frequent solicitations, and seeing B—— upon the carpet, they went up and drank; but left him manifestly with displeasure. Calling at the next house to which they came, where happened to live one of Crockett's friends, they asked what kind of a man was the great bear-hunter; and received for answer that he was a good fellow, but very poor, and lived in a small log cabin, with a dirt floor. They all cried out he was the man for them, and swore they would be licked sooner than support a man as proud as B——. Never having seen a carpet before, they swore that B—— had invited them to his house to take a drink, and had spread down one of his best bed quilts for them to walk upon, and that it was nothing but a piece of pride.

"DOING" A SHERIFF.

A Georgia Sketch.

BY T. A. BURKE. 1851.

MANY persons in the county of Hall, State of Georgia, recollect a queer old customer who used to visit the county site regularly on "General Muster" days and Court week. His name was Joseph Johnson, but he was universally known as Uncle Josey. The old man, like many others of that and the present day, loved his dram, and was apt, when he got among "the boys" in town, to take more than he could conveniently carry. His inseparable companion on all occasions was a black pony, who rejoiced in the name of "General Jackson," and whose diminutiveness and sagacity were alike remarkable.

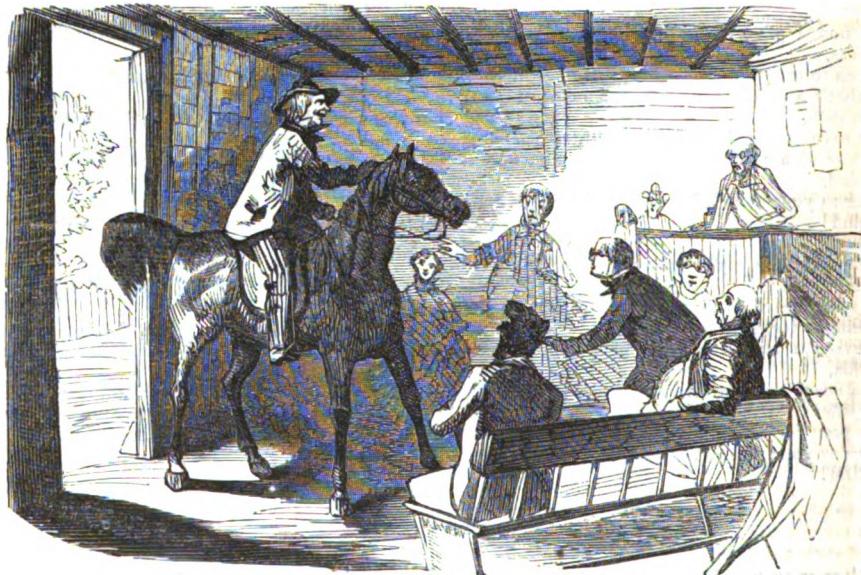
One day, while court was in session in the little village of Gainesville, the attention of the Judge and bar was attracted by a rather unusual noise at the door. Looking towards that aperture, "his honor" discovered the aforesaid pony and rider deliberately entering the Hall of Justice. This, owing

had that much money in a coon's age, and as for the Gin'r'l here, I know he don't deal in no kind of quine, which he hain't done, 'cept fodder and corn, for these many years."

"Very well, then, Mr. Sheriff," continued his honor, "in default of the payment of the fine, you will convey the body of Joseph Johnson to the county jail, there to be retained for the space of twenty-four hours."

"Now, Judge, you ain't in right down good yearnest, is you? Uncle Josey hain't never been put into that there boardin' house yet, which he don't want to be, neither," appealed the old man, who was apparently too drunk to know whether it was a joke or not.

"The sheriff will do his duty immediately," was the Judge's stern reply, who began to tire of the old man's drunken insolence. Accordingly, Uncle Josey and the "Gin'r'l" were marched off towards



to the fact that the floor of the court house was nearly on a level with the ground, was not difficult. "Mr. Sheriff," said the Judge, "see who is creating such a disturbance of this court?"

"It's only Uncle Josey and Gin'r'l Jackson, Judge," said the intruder, looking up with a drunken leer, "jest me an' the Gin'r'l come to see how you an' the boys is gettin' along."

"Well, Mr. Sheriff," said the Judge, totally regardless of the interest manifested in his own and the lawyers' behalf, by Uncle Josey, "you will please collect a fine of ten dollars from Uncle Josey and the General, for contempt of court."

"Look-a-here, Judge, old feller," continued Uncle Josey, as he stroked the "Gin'r'l's" mane, "you don't mean to say it, now do yer? This child hain't

the county prison, which stood in a retired part of the village. Arriving at the door, the prisoner was commanded by the sheriff to "light."

"Look-a-here, Jess, horse-fly, you ain't a gwine to put yer old Uncle Josey in there, is yer?"

"Bliged to do it, Uncle Josey," replied the sheriff, "ef I don't, the old man (the Judge) will give me goss when I go back. I hate it powerful, but I must do it."

"But, Jess, couldn't you manage to let the old man git away? Thar ain't nobody here to see you. Now do, Jess, you know how I fit for you, in that last run you had 'long er Jim Smith, what like to a beat you for sheriff, which he would a done it, if it hadn't been for yer Uncle Josey's influence."

"I know that, Uncle Josey, but thar ain't no

chance. My oath is very pintered against allowin' any body to escape. So you must go in, cos thar ain't no other chance."

"I tell you what it is, Jess, I'm afeard to go in thar. Looks too dark and dismal."

"Thar ain't nothing in thar to hurt you, Uncle Josey, which thar hain't been for nigh about six months."

"Yes, thar is, Jess, you can't fool me that a-way. I know thar is somethin' in thar to ketch the old man."

"No thar ain't, I pledge you my honor thar ain't."

"Well, Jess, if thar ain't, you jest go in and see, and show Uncle Josey that you ain't afeard."

"Certainly, I ain't afeard to go in."

Saying which, the sheriff opened the door, leaving the key in the lock. "Now, Uncle Josey, what did I tell you? I know'd thar wan't nothing' in thar."

"May be thar ain't where you are standin', but jest le'see you go up into that dark place, in the corner."

"Well, Uncle Josey," said the unsuspecting sheriff, "I'll satisfy you thar ain't nothin' thar either," and he walked towards the "dark corner." As he did so, the old man dexterously closed the door and locked it.

"Hello! thar," yelled the frightened officer,

"none o' yer tricks, Uncle Josey; this is carryin' the joke a cussed sight too fur."

"Joke! I ain't a jokin', Jess; never was more in yearnest in my life. Thar ain't nothin' in thar to hurt you though, that's one consolation. Jest hold on a little while, and I'll send some of the boys down to let you out."

And before the "sucked in" sheriff had recovered from his astonishment, the pony and his master were out of hearing.

Uncle Josey, who was not as drunk as he appeared, stopped at the grocery, took a drink, again mounted the Gin'r'al, and called the keeper of the grocery to him—at the same time drawing the key of the jail from his pocket. "Here, Jeems, take this ere key, and ef the old man or any them boys up thar at the Court-House inquires after Jess Runion, the sheriff, jest you give 'em this key and my compliments, and tell 'm Jess is safe. Ketch 'em takin' in old Uncle Josey, will yer? Git up, Gin'r'al, these boys here won't do to trust; so we'll go into the country, whar people's honest if they is poor."

The sheriff, after an hour's imprisonment, was released, and severely reprimanded by the judge, but the sentence of Uncle Josey was never executed, as he never troubled the Court again, and the judge thought it useless to imprison him with any hope of its effecting the slightest reform.

THE YOUNG TRAGEDIAN.

FROM "NOUVELETTES OF THE MUSICIANS." BY ELIZABETH F. ELLET. 1851.

One morning, in the summer of 1812, the busy manager of an Italian theatrical company returned to his lodgings in a hotel in one of the principal streets of Naples. His brow was contracted, and an air of disquietude spread over his whole countenance. He announced to the landlord that he was in an hour to leave the city with his company. Mine host divined that he would not depart in the sunniest of humors.

"So, you have not been successful in your search, Master Benevolo?" he asked.

"Mille diavoli! there never was such luck!" was the petulant reply. "Here I have stayed three days beyond my time, in the hope of finding what Naples, it seems, does not afford; and now I must begone to play at Salerno, without an actor of tragedy in my company!"

"And such a company!" echoed Boniface.

"Such a one, indeed! though I say it, it is the pride of Italy! a magnificent princess! Did not the Duke of Anhalt swear she was as ravishing in beauty as exquisite in performance—with eyes like diamonds, and a figure superb as that of Juno herself?"

"Enough to make the fortune of a whole troupe!" cried the landlord.

"Well—and then such an admirable comic actor; with a figure that is all one laugh, and a wit like Sancho Panza's! A genius, too, for the pathetic; he will make you sigh an instant after a convulsion of mirth; and he weeps to enchantment. He is Heraclitus and Democritus in one."

"He is an angel!" cried the landlord with enthusiasm.

"An unrivalled troupe—a perfect coronet of gems

—with but one wanting—the tragic. Ah, me! what shall I do without a Geronimo, or a Falero?" and the Impressario wrung his hands.

"Do not despair, maestro," said the good-natured host; "you may find one yet to your mind."

"And whence is he to come? from the clouds? He must fall directly; for in two hours I must be on my way to Salerno. Some of my friends are there already; and the performance has been twice postponed, waiting for me. I might have made such sume of money! Saint Antonio! how provoking to think of it!"

"You are disturbed, Signor Impressario," said the fat hostess, who had stood in the door during the preceding conversation, and now waddled forward, her hands placed on her hips, with an air of importance,—"because you have not been able to find a tragedian for your excellent company?"

"Assuredly, buona mia donna."

"And you have tired yourself out with running about the city in search of one; and now are going to leave us disappointed, in hopes that one will drop from the clouds for you on the way!"

"Ah! there is no hope of that."

"No—for the heavens do not rain such good things at Salerno. But here—Signore—here is one already fallen for you; and a capital fellow he is."

"Who!—what do you mean?" exclaimed both manager and landlord in a breath.

"Ah, there is a secret about it that I know, but shall tell no one!" cried the hostess, with looks of triumph. "You must not even know his name. But you shall have your tragedian."

"My tragedian?"

"Yes. He is a young man of prodigious genius,

He came to us last night. Oh, if you had but heard and seen him! All the maids were in tears. If he had only a robe and poniard, he would be absolutely terrific. Then he sang droll songs, and made us laugh till my sides ached. I should have brought him to you before, but you went out so early."

"Whence did he come?—at what theatres has he appeared?"

"Oh, as to practice, he has had none of it; he has never been on the stage; but he has a genius and passion for it. He has left his home and friends to become an actor."

"Hem!"—mused the Impressario. "Let us see him. Perhaps—"

The landlady had already quitted the room. She returned in a few minutes, leading, or rather pulling forward a lad apparently sixteen or seventeen years of age. He was tall and stout for his years; but his beardless face and boyish features, together with a shuffling bashfulness in his gait, caused the hopes of the manager to fall to the ground more rapidly than they had risen.

"Him!" he exclaimed in utter astonishment; "him!—why, he is a child!"

"A child!" repeated the landlady;—"and must not every thing have a beginning? He is a child that will make his own way in the world, I promise you."

"But he is not fit for an actor," said the director, surveying, with a look of disappointment, the youth who aspired to represent the Emperors of Rome and the Tribunes of the Italian republics.

"Have a little patience," persisted the dame. "When you see his gestures—his actions, you will sing another song. Come forward, Louis, my boy, and show the Signore what you can do."

The overgrown lad cast his great eyes to the ground, and hung his head; but on further urging from his patroness, he advanced a pace or two, threw over his arms the somewhat frayed skirt of his great coat to serve as a drapery, and recited some tragic verses of Dante.

"That is not bad!"—cried the Impressario, drawing his breath. "What is your name, my lad?"

"Luigi," was the reply, with a not ungraceful bow.

"What else?"

"He is called simply Luigi," interposed the hostess, with an air of mystery; "he has reasons at present for concealing his family name; for you see—he has broken bounds—"

"Exactly, I comprehend; and the runaway would fare hardly, if he were caught again. But I should like to hear him in Otello."

Thus encouraged, Luigi recited a brilliant tragic scene from Otello. The eyes of the director kindled; he followed with hands and head the motions of the youthful performer, as if carried away by sympathetic emotion, and applauded loudly when he had ended.

"Bravo—bravissimo!" he exclaimed, rubbing his hands; "that is something like—it is just the thing! You will make a capital Moor, when you are set in shape a little. Come, my fine fellow, I will engage you at once, and you shall not find me a bad master. I will give you fifteen ducats a month, and here is the first month's pay in advance, to furnish your outfit. You must appear like a gentleman, and your clothes are shabby. Go now, make your purchases, pack up, and let us be gone. I will have a mule ready for you."

The hostess led off her *protégé* in triumph, while the Impressario busied himself in preparations for immediate departure. Poor Luigi, being new to the city and its pleasures, had contracted sundry debts the day before, which honor bade him pay before he made other use of his money. By the time these demands were satisfied, a round bill paid to the hostess, and a new coat, with change of linen, provided for himself, not a fraction was remaining of his fifteen ducats. But it was no less with a light heart and smiling face that he joined his employer, and the whole troop was soon on the road out of Naples.

On their arrival at Salerno, the Impressario had advertisements struck off, announcing that a young tragic actor would appear in an extremely popular part. He presented him to the public as a *phenomenon*—as an example of the most wonderful genius, developed at a tender age.

The Impressario was walking briskly about giving directions, in the happiest mood imaginable, rubbing his hands, and congratulating himself on the possession of such a prize. Visions of wealth in prospect rose before his eyes, as he saw the treasurer counting out the piles of gold just received. But alas, for the deceptions of the world, his present joy and bright anticipations for the future! Fate breathed on his magic castle, and the fabric melted into thin air.

Luigi was behind the scenes, arrayed in an imperial costume of the middle ages, endeavoring, by the practice of action and gesture, to habituate himself to the feeling that he was sustaining the part of a sovereign. He was partly encouraged, partly abashed by the comments of one of the chorus, a young and lovely creature, whose expanding talents gave promise of future eminence. The name of Rosina, though not her own, will suit here as well as any other.

"That will not do, your majesty!" she cried, correcting an awkward movement Luigi had just made. "Only think of such an Emperor!" and she began to mimic his gestures with the prettiest air of mock dignity in the world—so saucy and provoking at the same time, that the lad vowed he would have his revenge in a kiss; and presently the little maid was chased around the scenes by Luigi, to the great disorder of his imperial robes and the discomfiture of his dignity.

Suddenly there was an unusual bustle, and the sound of steps and voices without. "The curtain is going to rise!" cried Luigi in consternation. "Give me my sword, quick!" But the noise came nearer, and was in the direction opposite to the audience. What was his astonishment and dismay when he saw advancing towards him the vice-rector, followed by six *abirri*, with the manager giving expression to the utmost grief and despair. The young *debutant* stood petrified, till the vice-rector advanced, and laying his hand on his shoulder, arrested him by virtue of an order from His Majesty the King of Naples. It was his business—so he proclaimed to the astonished bystanders—the whole company having rushed together at the news of this intrusion—to secure the person of the fugitive Luigi, and carry him back to the *Conservatorio della Pietà de' Turchini*, where he would be remanded to his musical studies, under the direction of the famous master, Marcello Perrino.

The disappointment was too much for the dignity of the Emperor *in petto*. Luigi burst into tears,

and blubbered sadly; the pretty Rosina cried out of sympathy, and there was a general murmur of dissatisfaction.

"Signore,—Signore—" remonstrated the Impressario,—"such a genius—he must not be restrained; tragedy is his vocation!"

"His vocation just now is to go back to school," returned the vice-rector, gruffly.

"But, Signore, you are robbing the public; you are robbing me!"

"Has not the worthless boy been robbing His Majesty, who was graciously pleased to send him to the Conservatorio after his father's death? How has he repaid His Majesty's protection?"

"He is engaged in my service. I have advanced him a month's pay."

"You should have thought twice before employing a raw youth, whom you knew to have run away from his guardians. Come, boy."

The *sbirri* laid hold of Luigi, and somewhat

hers into his hands. The lad understood her, and pressed the keepsake to his lips.

"At least," said the manager, recovering a little from his disappointment, "I have not lost everything. The vagabond has left his trunk behind," and he went to make his peace with his impatient audience.

Next morning he ordered the trunk brought to him. It was very large, and so heavy that the servants who carried it imagined it to be filled with gold. The Impressario, having called together some of his friends to make an inventory of its contents, caused the lock to be broken. It was found filled with—sand. The young debutant, anxious to make a favorable impression, and not being in possession of a wardrobe, had had recourse to this piece of deception in order to command respect and attention at the inns where they stopped on the way from Naples.

Words cannot describe the rage of the manager.



roughly disengaged him of his imperial robes. The audience without the curtain at the same time manifested unequivocal symptoms of impatience. The manager was in absolute despair.

"Let him only remain, and play in this piece."

"Not a moment," said the vice-rector; "we have no time to lose."

"Dear Master Benevolo," entreated Luigi, who had dried his tears, "be not troubled about me; I will have my revenge yet. I will be a tragedian in spite of them."

"But my losses?"

"I will make them up—I pledge you my word."

"My fifteen ducats paid in advance?"

"You shall have them again."

"If not in this world"—added the vice-rector, with a sullen laugh—"you may keep your account open for another."

"Stay, Luigi;" cried little Rosina, as the men led him off, "here is your handkerchief," and she put

He vented it in execrations against Luigi, whom he denounced as a cheat, an impostor, and a thief. And his fifteen ducats—they had been thrown away! The only retaliation in his power was to write a letter full of violent abuse to the shameless offender, ending his invectives with the assurance that so base a fellow need never aspire to the honors of tragedy. Luigi said not a word when he read this missive. From that time he applied himself with so much diligence to his studies, that his masters had no reason to complain of him. He bade fair, they all said, to rival Bohrer on the violoncello, and Tulon on the flute. And for his encouragement and that of his comrades, a hall of representation was constructed in the interior of the Conservatorio, where those who desired might gratify a passion for the stage.

Late in the autumn of 1830, it was announced that a new artist, of great reputation in Italy, would

appear at the *Theatre Italien* in Paris. Great expectation was excited, as his progress through the cities beyond the Alps had been a continued triumph. The immense audience was hushed in suspense. Even after the curtain had risen, the connoisseurs seemed resolved that their applause should not be bestowed till it was fairly earned. But when the député appeared, there was a hum of admiration at sight of his majestic, imposing figure and noble countenance, expressive not only of power, but of frank good humor; and the first tones of that magnificent voice, swelling above the orchestra in lordly music, "like thunder amid a tempest," yet piercing to the very depths of pathos, called forth a burst of rapturous applause. At the close of the piece the spectators vied with each other in his praises, and voted him by acclamation the first *bassetaile* of the age.

The tragic opera of *Otello* was announced for representation, amid the shouts of admiring thousands.

"I will go to hear *Otello* since you bid me, madonna," said the ex-manager of an Italian opera company to the fair Rosina, now an admired singer, but in the midst of fortune and fame retaining the same excellent heart; "but I have no pleasure in listening to these French actors. They do not fill my idea of tragedy. Ah! the best days of the art are gone by!"

"But, Master Benevolo, you have not seen the new artist?"

"No, nor do I care to see him. I should not like what pleases these fantastical Parisians."

"But you must hear him. He is an Italian. I have an invitation for you, written in his own hand."

"Ah! that is courteous and attentive, seeing I am a stranger in Paris. How came he to send it to me?"

"He knew you to be a friend of mine," answered the lady rather embarrassed.

"Ebbene, I will attend you, my lady." And at the appointed time the ex-manager escorted the fair singer to the theatre.

"There is a figure for tragedy!" cried he, in involuntary admiration, as the colossal form of the actor moved across the stage, and he bowed in dignified acknowledgment of the applause of the audience. "Ha! I should like him for the tyrant in *Anna Boleno*!" But when his powerful voice was heard in the part—when its superb tones, terrible yet exquisitely harmonious, carried the senses, as it were, captive, the Italian gave up his prejudices, and joined in the general enthusiasm. And at the point where the father of *Desdemona* curses his

daughter, Benevolo uttered a cry, into which the very soul of emotion seemed to have passed.

"Wonderful! *stupendo! tragico!*" he exclaimed, wiping his eyes, when the curtain had fallen, and he rose to offer his arm to his fair companion.

"But you must see him," persisted she, and led the ex-impressario behind the scenes.

The wonder of the Parisian connoisseurs advanced to meet them. Benevolo gazed in awe on the person whose performance had moved him so deeply, and thought he saw the impress of majesty in his features. Clasping his hands, he saluted him as the king of tragedy!

"Ah! my good master Benevolo! I am rejoiced to see you at last! It has been my evil fortune that we have not met before! Now, tell me if you have been pleased. Think you I will ever make a tragic actor?"

"You are the first in the world!" cried the Italian. "I am proud of my countryman."

"Ah, *mio fratello!* but you had once not so good an opinion of me. Ha! you do not recognize your old acquaintance—the runaway Luigi!"

The ex-impressario stared, in silent astonishment.

"I have grown somewhat larger since the affair at Salerno;" said the artist, laughing and clapping his sides. "But I forgot; I was under a cloud when we parted. Ah! I see you have a *heavy* recollection of that trunk of mine, and the fifteen ducats, I always meant to ransom that unlucky trunk; but only, you understand, with my pay as a tragedian, to make you unsay your prediction. Here is an order for twelve hundred francs."

The ex-manager drew back. "I cannot receive so much," he said.

"Nonsense, friend; you are too scrupulous. Be think you; my fortune has grown apace with my *embonpoint*."

Benevolo grasped his hand. "You are a noble fellow!" cried he; "and now, as a last favor, you tell me your name. You act under an assumed one, I suppose?"

"Not at all; the same—LABLACHE."

"Lablache! are you, then, a Frenchman?"

"My father was one; he fled from Marseilles at the time of the Revolution; but I was born in Naples. Does that satisfy you?"

"I always took you for a nobleman in disguise," said Benevolo; "but now I know you for one of the nobility of artists."

"That is better than the first," said Lablache; "and now you must come home and sup with me, in the Rue Richelieu. I shall have a few friends there, and *la belle Rosina* will honor us."

FINE WRITING.—In the first number of a weekly paper, published in New York, entitled *The Exporter*, and edited by Count L. F. Tasistro, there occurs the following seven-leaguéd sentence, which those who are partial to long periods may make the most of: "*Lethargic* morbidity had stolen into the calm and azure depths of our unruffled soul, and we were gradually imbibing the 'sweet oblivious antidote,' utterly forgetful of every ambitious scheme and rating care, when in one of those semi-lucid inter-

vals, of which the wakeful faculty of consciousness tries in vain to stir up the embers of application, the right pupil of our eye, after having contracted itself into every variety of contortion, in order to exclude the light of a dull lamp, which was burning dimly before us, rested itself placidly, and without effort, upon the features of one of the heavenliest cherubs that ever shot radiance with its joy-inspiring smiles into the dark council-chambers of the heart of man!"

THE WIDOW RUGBY'S HUSBAND.

A Story of "Suggs."

BY JOHNSON J. HOOPER. 1851.

SOME ten or twelve years ago, one Sumeral Dennis kept the "Union Hotel," at the seat of justice of the county of Tallapoosa. The house took its name from the complexion of the politics of its proprietor; he being a true-hearted Union man, and opposed—as I trust all my readers are—at all points, to the damnable heresy of *nullification*. In consequence of the candid exposition of his political sentiments upon his signboard, mine host of the Union was liberally patronized by those who coincided with him in his views. In those days, party spirit was, in that particular locality, exceedingly bitter and prescriptive; and had Sumeral's chickens been less tender, his eggs less impeachable, his coffee more sloppy, the "Union Hotel" would still have lost no guest—its keeper no dimes. But, as Dennis was wont to remark, "*the party* relied on his honor; and as an honest man—but more especially as an honest *Union* man—he was bound to give them the value of their money." Glorious fellow, was Sumeral! Capital landlady, was his good wife, in all the plenitude of her *embonpoint*! Well-behaved children, too, were Sumeral's—from the shaggy and red-headed representative of paternal peculiarities, down to little Solomon of the sable locks, whose "favor" puzzled the neighbors, and set at defiance all known physiological principles. Good people, all, were the Dennises! May a hungry man never fall among worse!

Among the political friends who had for some years bestowed their patronage, semi-annually, during Court week, upon the proprietor of the "Union," was Captain Simon Suggs, whose deeds of valor and of strategy are not unknown to the public. The captain had "put up" with our friend Sumeral, time and again—had puffed the "Union," both "before the face and behind the back" of its owner, until it seemed a miniature of the microcosm that bears the name of Astor—and, in short, was so generally useful, accommodating, and polite, that nothing short of long-continued and oft-repeated failures to *settle his bills*, could have induced Sumeral to consider Suggs in other light than as the best friend the "Union" or any other house ever had. But alas! Captain Suggs had, from one occasion to another, upon excuses the most plausible, and with protestations of regret the most profound, invariably left the fat larder and warm beds of the Union without leaving behind the slightest pecuniary remuneration with Sumeral. For a long time the patient innkeeper bore the imposition with a patience that indicated some hope of eventful payment. But year in and year out, and the money did not come. Mrs. Dennis at length spoke out, and argued the necessity of a tavern-keeper's collecting his dues, if he was disposed to do justice to himself and family.

"Suggs is a nice man in his talk," she said. "Nobody can fault him, as far as that's concerned; but smooth talk never paid for flour and bacon;" and so she recommended to her leaner half that the "*next time*" summary measures should be adopted to secure the amount in which the captain was indebted to the "Union Hotel."

Sumeral determined that his wife's advice should be strictly followed; for he had seen, time and again, that *her* suggestions had been the salvation of the establishment.

"Hadn't she kept him from pitchin' John Seagraves, neck and heels, out of the window, for sayin' that nullification *warn't* treason, and John C. Calhoun *warn't* as bad as Benedict Arnold? And hadn't John been a good payin' customer ever since? That was what he wanted to know!"

The next session of the Circuit Court, after this prudent conclusion had been arrived at in Dennis's mind—the Circuit Court, with all its attractions of criminal trials, poker-playing lawyers, political caucuses and possible monkey-shows—found Captain Suggs snugly housed at the "Union." Time passed on swiftly for a week. The judge was a hearty, liquor-loving fellow, and lent the captain ten dollars, "*on sight*." The Wetumpka and Montgomery lawyers bled freely. In short, every thing went bravely on for the captain, until a man with small-pox pits and a faro-box came along. The captain yielded to the temptation—yielded, with a presentiment on his mind that he should be "slain." The "tiger" was triumphant, and Suggs was left without a dollar!

As if to give intensity to his distress, on the morning after his losses at the faro bank, the friendly Clerk of the Court hinted to Suggs, that the Grand Jury had found an indictment against him for gaming. Here was a dilemma! Not only out of funds, but obliged to decamp, before the adjournment of Court!—obliged to lose all opportunity of redeeming his "*fallen fortunes*," by further plucking the greenhorns in attendance.

"This here," said Simon, "is h—l! h—l! a mile and a quarter square, and fenced in all round! What's a *reasonable* man to do? Ain't I been workin' and strivin' all for the best? Ain't I done my duty? Cuss that mahogany box! I wish the man that started it had had his head sawed off with a cross-cut, just afore he thought on't! Now that's sense in *short cards*. All's fair, and cheat and cheat alike is the order; and the longest pole knocks down the persimmon! But whar's the reason in one of your d—d boxes full of springs and the like, and the better *no* advantages, except now and then when he kin kick up a squabble, and the dealer's *afraid of him*!"

"I'm for doin' things on the *square*. What's a man without his honor? Ef natur give me a gift to beat a seller at 'old sledge' and the like, it's all right! But whar's the justice in a thing like farrer, that ain't got but one side! It's strange what a honin' I have for the cussed thing! No matter how I make a honest rise, I'm sure to 'buck it off' at farrer. As my wife says, *farrer's my besettin' sin*. It's a weakness—a soft spot—it's—a—let me see!—it's a way I've got of a runnin' agin Providence! But hello! here's Dennis."

When the innkeeper walked up, Captain Suggs remarked to him, that there was a "little paper out, signed by Tom Garrett, in his *official capacity*, that was calculated to hurt feelin's, if he remained

in town; and so he desired that his horse might be saddled and brought out."

Sumeral replied to this by presenting to the captain a slip of paper, containing entries of many charges against Suggs, and in favor of the Union Hotel.

"All right," said Suggs; "I'll be over in a couple of weeks, and settle."

"Can't wait; want money to buy provisions; account been standing two years; thirty-one dollars and fifty cents is money, these days," said Dennis, with unusual firmness.

"Blast your ugly face," vociferated Suggs, "*I'll give you my note!* that's enough amongst gentlemen, I suppose."

"Hardly," returned the innkeeper, "hardly; we want the cash; your note ain't worth the trouble of writin' it."

"D—n you!" roared Suggs; "d—n you for a biscuit-headed nullifier! I'll give you a mortgage on the best half section of land in the county; south half of 18, 21, 29!"

"Captain Suggs," said Dennis, drawing off his coat, "you've called me a nullifier, and *that's* what I *won't* stand from *no* man! Strip, and I'll whip as much dog out of you as I'll make a full pack of hounds! You swindlin' robber!"

This hostile demonstration alarmed the captain, and he set in to soothe his angry landlord.

"Sum, old fel!" he said, in his most honeyed tones; "Sum, old fel! be easy. I'm not a fightin' man,"—and here Suggs drew himself up with dignity; "I'm not fightin' man, *except* in the cause of my country! *Thar* I'm *allers* found! Come old fellow—do you reckon ef you'd been a nullifier, I'd ever been ketchet at your house! No, no! You ain't no part of a nullifier, but you're reether hard down on your Union friends that allers puts up with you. Say, won't you take that mortgage—the land's richly worth \$1,000—and let me have old Bill?"

The heart of Dennis was melted at the appeal thus made. It was to his good fellowship and his party feelings. So, putting on his coat, he remarked, that he "rather thought he would take the mortgage. However," he added, seeing Mrs. Dennis standing at the door of the tavern watching his proceedings, "he would see his wife about it."

The captain and Dennis approached the landlady of the Union, and made known the state of the case.

"You see, cousin Betsey"—Suggs always *cousined* any lady whom he wished to cozen—"you see, cousin Betsey, the fact is, I'm down, just now, in the way of money, and you and Sumeral bein' afraid I'll run away and never come back—"

"Taint that *I'm* afraid of," said Mrs. Dennis.

"What then?" asked Suggs.

"Of your comin' back, eatin' us out o' house and home, and *never* payin' nothin'!"

"Well," said the Captain, slightly confused at the lady's directness; "well, seein' that's the way the mule kicks, as I was sayin', I proposed to Sum here, as long as him and you distrusts an old *Union* friend that's stuck by your house like a tick, even when the red-mouthed nullifiers swore you was feedin' us *soap-tails* on *bull-beef and blue collards*—I say, as long as that's the case, I propose to give you a mortgage on the south half of 21, 13, 29. It's the best half section in the county, and it's worth forty times the amount of your bill."

"It looks like that ought to do," said Sumeral, who was grateful to the captain for defending his house against the slanders of the nullifiers; "and seein' that Suggs has always patronized the Union and *voted the whole ticket*—"

"Never split in my life," dropped in Suggs with emphasis.

"I," continued Dennis, "am for takin' the mortgage and lettin' him take old Bill and go; for I know it would be a satisfaction to the nullifiers to have him put in jail."

"Yes," quoth the captain, sighing, "I'm about to be tak up and made a martyr of, on account of the Union, but I'll die true to my principles, d—d if I don't."

"They *shan't* take you," said Dennis, his long lank form stiffening with energy as he spoke; "as long as they put it on *that* hook, d—d ef they shall! Give us the mortgage and slope!"

"Thar's a true-hearted Union man," exclaimed Suggs, "that's not got a drop of pizen of treason in his veins!"

"You ain't got no rights to that land. I just know it—or you wouldn't want to mortgage it for a tavern bill," shouted Mrs. Dennis; "I tell you and Sumeral *both*, that old Bill don't go out of that stable till the money's paid—mind, I say, *money*—into my hand;" and here the good lady turned off and called Bob, the stable boy, to bring her the stable key.

The Captain and Sumeral looked at each other like two chidden school-boys. It was clear that no terms short of payment in money would satisfy Mrs. Dennis. Suggs saw that Dennis had become interested in his behalf; so, acting upon the idea, he suggested:

"Dennis, suppose you *loan* me the money?"

"Egad, Suggs, I've been thinking of that; but as I have only a fifty dollar bill, and my wife's key bein' turned on that, there's no chance. D—n it, I'm sorry for you."

"Well, the Lord 'll purvide," said Suggs.

As Captain Suggs could not get away *that* day, evidently, he arranged, through his friend Sumeral, with the Clerk not to issue a capias until the next afternoon. Having done this, he cast around for some way of raising the wind; but the fates were against him; and at eleven o'clock that night, he went to bed in a fit of the blues that three pints of whiskey had failed to dissipate.

An hour or two after the Captain had got between his sheets, and after every one else was asleep, he heard some one walk unsteadily, but still softly, up stairs. An occasional hiccup told that it was some fellow drunk; and this was confirmed by a heavy fall which the unfortunate took as soon as, leaving the railing, he attempted to travel *suis pedibus*.

"Oh, good Lord!" groaned the fallen man; "who'd a-thought it! Me, John P. Pullum, drunk and fallin' down! I never was so before. The world's a-turnin' over—and—over! Oh, Lord!—Charley Stone got me into it! What will Sally say ef she hears it—oh, Lord!"

"That thar feller," said the Captain to himself, "is the victim of vice! I wonder ef he's got any money?" and the Captain continued his soliloquy *inaudibly*.

Poor Mr. Pullum, after much tumbling about and sundry repetitions of his fall, at length contrived to get into bed, in a room adjoining that occupied by

the Captain, and only separated from it by a thin partition. The sickening effects of his debauch increased, and the dreadful nausea was likely to cause him to make both a "clean breast" and a clean stomach.

"I'm very—very—oh, Lord!—drunk! Oh, me, is this John P. Pullum that—good Heavens! I'll faint—married Sally Rugby!—oh! oh!"

Here the poor fellow got out of bed, and, poking his head through a vacant square in the window-sash, began his ejaculations of supper and of grief.

"Ah! I'm so weak!—wouldn't have Sally—a—owh—wha—oh, Lord!—to hear of it for a hundred dollars. She said—it's comin' agin—awh—ogh—who—o—o—gracious Lord, how sick!—she said when she agreed for me to sell the cotton, I'd be certain—oh, Lord, I believe I'll die!"

The inebriate fell back on his bed, almost fainting, and Captain Suggs thought he'd try an experiment.

Disguising his voice, with his mouth close to the partition, he said:

"You're a liar! you didn't marry Widow Rugby; you're some d—d thief trying to pass off for something!"

"Who am I then, if I ain't John P. Pullum that married the widow, Sally Rugby, Tom Rugby's widow, old Bill Stearns's only daughter? Oh, Lord, if it ain't me, who is it? Where's Charley Stone—can't he tell if it's John P. Pullum?"

"No, it ain't you, you lyin' swindler—you ain't got a dollar in the world—and never married no rich widow," said Suggs, still disguising his voice.

"I did—I'll be d—d if I didn't—I know it now; Sally Rugby with the red-head—all of the boys said I married her for her money, but it's a—oh, Lord, I'm sick again—ugh!"

Mr. Pullum continued his maudlin talk, half asleep, half awake, for some time; and all the while Captain Suggs was analyzing the man—conjecturing his precise circumstances—his family relations—the probable state of his purse, and the like.

"It's a plain case," he mused, "that this fellow married a red-headed widow for her money—no man ever married such for any thing else. It's plain agin, she's got the property settled upon her, or fixed some way, for he talked about her 'agreen' for him to sell the cotton. I'll bet that he's the new seller that's dropped in down thar by Tallasseet, that Charley Stone used to know. And I'll bet he's been down to Wetumpky to sell the cotton—got on a bust thar—and now's on another here.—He's afraid of his wife, too; leastways, his voice trembled like it, when he called her red-headed. Pullum! Pullum! Pull-um!" Here Suggs studied—"That's surely a Talbot county name—I'll ventur' on it, any how."

Having reached a conclusion, the Captain turned over in bed, and composed himself to sleep.

At nine o'clock the next morning, the bar-room of the Union contained only Dennis and our friend the Captain. Breakfast was over, and the most of the temporary occupants of the tavern were on the public square. Captain Suggs was watching for Mr. Pullem, who had not yet come down to breakfast.

At length, an uncertain step was heard on the stairway, and a young man, whose face showed indisputable evidence of a frolic on the previous night, descended. His eyes were bloodshot, and

his expression was a mingled one of shame and fear.

Captain Suggs walked up to him, as he entered the bar-room, gazed at his face earnestly, and, slowly placing his hand on his shoulder, as slowly, and with a stern expression, said:

"Your—name—is—Pullum!"

"I know it is," said the young man.

"Come this way, then," said Suggs, pulling his victim out into the street, and still gazing at him with the look of a stern but affectionate parent. Turning to Dennis, as they went out, he said: "Have a cup of coffee ready for this young man in fifteen minutes, and his horse by the time he's done drinking it!"

Mr. Pullum looked confounded, but said nothing, and he and the Captain walked over to a vacant blacksmith shop, across the street, where they could be free from observation.

"You're from Wetumpky last," remarked Suggs, with severity, as if his words charged a crime.

"What if I am?" replied Pullem, with an effort to appear bold.

"What's cotton worth?" asked the Captain, with an almost imperceptible wink.

Pullum turned white, and stammered out:

"Seven or eight cents."

"Which will you tell your wife you sold yours—hers—for?"

John P. turned blue in the face.

"What do you know about my wife?" he asked.

"Never mind about that—was you in the habit of gettin' drunk before you left Talbot county, Georgy?"

"I never lived in Talbot; I was born and raised in Harris," said Pullum, with something like triumph.

"Close to the line though," rejoined Suggs, confidently, relying on the fact that there was a large family of Pullums in Talbot; "most of your connections lived in Talbot."

"Well, what of all that?" asked Pullum, with impatience; "what is that to you whar I come from, or whar my connection lived?"

"Never mind—I'll show you—no man that married Billy Stearns's daughter can carry on the way you've been doin', without my interferin' for the int'rast of the family!"

Suggs said this with an earnestness, a sternness, that completely vanquished Pullum. He tremulously asked:

"How did you know that I married Stearn's daughter?"

"That's a fact 'most anybody could a known that was intimate with the family in old times. You'd better ask how I knowed that you tuk your wife's cotton to Wetumpky—sold it—got on a spree—after Sally gave you a caution, too—and then come by here—got on another spree. What do you reckon Sally will say to you when you git home?"

"She won't know it," replied Pullum, "unless somebody tells her."

"Somebody will tell her," said Suggs; "I'm going home with you as soon as you've had breakfast. My poor Sally Rugby shall not be trampled on in this way. I've only got to borrow fifty dollars from some of the boys to make out a couple of thousand I need to make the last payment on my land. So go over and eat your breakfast, quick."

"For God's sake, sir, don't tell Sally about it; you don't know how unreasonable she is."

Pullum was the incarnation of misery.

"The devil I don't! She bit this piece out of my face"—here Suggs pointed to a scar on his cheek—"when I had her on my lap, a little girl only five years old. She was always game."

Pullum grew more nervous at this reference to his wife's mettle.

"My dear sir, I don't even know your name—"

"Suggs, sir, Captain Simon Suggs."

"Well, my dear Captain, ef you'll just let me off this time, I'll lend you the fifty dollars."

"*You'll lend me the fifty dollars!* Who asked you for your money—or rather *Sally's* money?"

"I only thought," replied the humble husband of Sally, "that it might be an accommodation. I meant no harm; I know Sally wouldn't mind my lending it to an old friend of the family."

"Well," said Suggs, and here he mused, shutting his eyes, biting his lips, and talking very slowly, "ef I knowed you would do better."

"I'll swear I will," said Pullum.

"No swearin', sir!" roared Suggs, with a dreadful frown; "no swearin' in *my* presence!"

"No, sir, I won't any more."

"Ef," continued the Captain, "I *knewed* you'd do better—*go right home*"—(the Captain didn't wish Pullum to stay where his stock of information might be increased)—and treat Sally like a wife all the rest of your days, I might, may be, borrow the fifty, (seein' it's Sally's, any way,) and let you off this time."

"Ef you will, Captain Suggs, I'll never forget you—I'll think of you all the days of my life."

"I ginnally makes my mark, so that I'm hard to forget," said the Captain, truthfully. "Well, turn me over a fifty for a couple of months, and go home."

Mr. Pullum handed the money to Suggs, who seemed to receive it reluctantly. He twisted the bill in his fingers, and remarked:

"I reckon I'd better not take this money—you won't go home, and do as you said."

"Yes, I will," said Pullum; "yonder's my horse at the door—I'll start this minute."

The Captain and Pullum returned to the tavern, where the latter swallowed his coffee and paid his bill.

As the young man mounted his horse, Suggs took him affectionately by the hand—



"John," said he, "go home, give my love to cousin Sally, and kiss her for me. Try and do better, John, for the futur'; and if you have any children, John, bring 'em up in the way of the Lord. Good by!"

Captain Suggs now paid his bill, and had a balance on hand. He immediately bestrode his faithful "Bill," musing thus as he moved homeward:

"Every day I git more insight into scriptur'. It used to be I couldn't understand the manna in the wilderness, and the ravens feedin' Elishy; now, it's clear to my eyes. Trust in Providence—that's the lick! Here was I in the wilderness, sorely oppressed, and mighty nigh despair. Pullum come to me, like a 'raven,' in my distress—and a fat one at that! Well, as I've allers said, Honesty and Providence will never fail to fetch a man out! Jist give me that for a hand, and I'll 'stand' agin all creation!"

AN ALLIGATOR STORY.

BY JOHNSON J. HOOPER. 1851

Tom Judge, of Lowndes—I think it was Tom—was coming up the river, once, from Mobile, when a gentleman from some one of the Northern States going to settle in Selma, walked up to him and inquired if there were any alligators in that stream. Tom took the dimensions of his customer with his eye, looked him coolly in the face, *ascertained* that he was soft, and then dolorously sighing, answered—

"Not now!"

Spooney supposed he had awakened unpleasant emotions, and commenced an apology.

"No matter," replied Tom; "I was only thinking of my poor friend, John Smith, who was taken suddenly from us, in the summer of '36. I was reminded of him by the association of ideas—the

same season all the alligators disappeared from the river!"

"Was your friend drowned?" asked the green 'un.

"No; he died of that most horrible of all Southern diseases, the *Congestive Fever*."

After a pause, Spooney essayed again:

"What caused the disappearance of the alligators?"

"They died of the same disease," replied Tom, looking at the stranger with a most sepulchral expression.

* * * * *

The young adventurer didn't get out of the boat at Selma, nor until he reached the head of navigation, where, it is related, he took vehicular conveyance for more salubrious regions!

CAPTAIN M'SPADDEN,
The Irish Gentleman in Pursuite of a Schule.
BY JOHNSON J. HOOOPER. 1851.

I WILL endeavor to chalk out for our readers, a rough sketch of Captain M'Spadden, an Irish gentleman who visited our town, not long since, while on a pedestrian tour through the piny woods, in search of a location for a "bit of a schule."

We were not looking for Captain M'Spadden. He came among us unexpected, unannounced. Living fish sometimes drop from the clouds; and there is no particular reason why M'Spadden might not have made his entry in the same manner—for he was an *odd fish*—except that the weather was quite fair at the time; no vapor at all competent to the transportation of an Irishman, weighing an hundred and odd pounds, having been seen for several days previously. It was therefore presumed (in the absence of the possession of any quadrupedal chattel by Mac), that he was on a pedestrian tour for amusement or business. Be this as it might, when first observed, the captain was leaning against a tree at one corner of the public square. He had under one arm, a pair of corduroy breeches; under

than himself; the waist was just under his arms, while the extremity of the tail fell but a few inches below the small of the wearer's back. His pantaloons, mud-colored, were long-waisted and short-legged. On his left foot was the mate of the boot under his arm; his right foot was bare, and as red as a beet. His silk hat had a turn-up of the rim behind, and a mash-in of the crown before; and the absence of all gloss, and many indentations, showed that it had been a hat of many sorrows. Still it had a jaunty, impudent air, that showed that Mac considered himself "one of 'em"—and as it perched itself over its owner's left eye, any one could see that it was a hat of considerable character.

One of the Captain's conceits was, that he was pursued by a woman who claimed to be a relative, and demanded a provision for her support. With this distressing idea in his mind, Mac leaned against a tree, as I have said, and addressed, alternately a group of little boys that were standing around him, and his imaginary female persecutor.

"Whist!—aisy now!—be aisay!—I tell ye," he said, addressing the apparition; "the devil fly away wid the thing I have to give ye—for be the same token, it's me own breakfast that I haven't tasted the smell ov yet, this blessed bright mornin'."

"Arrah, boys!"—this was to the youngsters; "I'll form ye into a nate class for sport, ye see. Come now, stand up, there! Be the Saints, I'd a jolly little schule, down below here. Heads up! I'll flog the whole class for amusement, and niver a cent for your affekshinate parints to pay."

The boys laughed, shouted, and broke ranks at this announcement; and Mac, scowling over his shoulder, again spoke to his feminine tormentor, as if in reply:

"Wud I give ye a dollar to buy a dacint gown wid?—ye say? Be me sowl, an' it's a nice word that dhrops so swote from yer mouth! Wud I give ye a dollar?—an wud a dog shank his tail, that had niver a stump to wag, at all, at all!"

Avaunt and quit me sight!—
Thy bones are marrowless—thy blood is cold!
There is no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with—and d—n ye, be off!

Just at this time, a huge cross bull-dog (who no doubt felt an interest in remarks so personal to his species), walked up to Mac, and nosed him most impertinently. The Captain squirmed round the tree, looking thunderbolts all the while, and the bull-dog followed, with still inquiring nose, and bristles all erect.

"Begone! ye baste! It's Captain Bland M'Spadden, of the Royal Irish Greys, that's now willing to tache a dozen or so ov young gentlemen, arithmetic and manners, at two dollars the quarther—begone!"

Danger knows full well
M'Spadden is more dangerous than he.
We were two lions (be J—s, its thrue!) lithered in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible!

"Be St. Patrick, the ugly baste will tear me in paces!"

But the dog was merciful; and on concluding his examination, merely held up one hind leg signifi-



thin "bit ov a crathur," with a light gray eye, white eyebrows, and delicate, fair features. The restlessness of his glances, and the convulsive twitches of his facial nerves, showed that the poor fellow was suffering from incipient *delirium tremens*. As old Tom Martin would say, he had "swallowed sonic monkey eggs, all along wid his bithters, and they'd hatched a brood of live young divils to kape him in company."

Mac's drapery was unique. He had on a marvelously dirty and ragged shirt, over which was a coat evidently cut for a much smaller individual

cantly—as much as to say “that for you!”—and walked away.

“Captain M'Spadden,” said a bystander, as Mac vainly essayed to set himself properly upon his pegs:—“Havn't you been crowding drinks, mighty, of late—rather pressing the figure—eh?”

Bland looked around, and his eye fell on a tall, handsome, judicial-looking personage.

“Did I understand,” replied Mac; “did I understand yer Honor to say, wud I talk a glass of whiskey wid ye?”

“By no means,” was the reply; “but here's a dime to buy yourself something to eat.”

“To ate, yer Honor? and me a dying wid the cholery? Bedad, it's the physic I'm asthur, to dhrive the bloody faand out ov me sestem wid!”

“Did you ever have the cholera, Mac?”

“Ha! ha!” laughed Mac; “did iver I have the cholery? Did a fish swim? Be J—s, its fourteen times the nasty crathur has tuk the Gorjin knot upon me enthrils, and I faal the premonethory simtis rootin', this blessed minit, in me stomik, like pigs in a paa field. The cholery, indade!”

Captain M'Spadden now marched into the grocery, walked up to the bar, and looking the dealer in the face, asked,

“Did iver I see that eye, afore?”

“Quite likely,” replied Tap.

“May be it's only me word for luck ye'd be takin', this pleasint mornin', for a dhrop ov the corn corjil—and me a sufferin' in me bowils, wid the cholery?”

“I'll take the money,” quoth Tap, handing out a decanter, but keeping his hand upon it, as if waiting for payment.

Mac threw himself in a tragic attitude, and drawing down his white eyebrows, until they overhung the tip of his little red nose, he exclaimed,

“Hath a dog moneys? Is it possible a cur can lend three thousand ducats? Holy faathers! I've but a bit ov a kine (coin) here, but the physic I must have, to be sure. Wud ye tell me where I can get a bit ov a schule to tache astronomy, and Shaikspair, and manners, all for two dollars a quarthur?”

“D—n your duckets and your ‘Schule’ too,” replied Tap; “hand over a picayune.”

Mac handed over the money, and drank his whiskey; and just as he was replacing the tumbler on the board, the female spectre peered over his shoulder, and he dropped the glass and broke it.

“Shadders avaunt!” shouted the Captain; “Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart, little dogs and all—sick 'em, boys! Hoot, away, ye ugly female witch! I've the cholery, I tell ye, and it's ketchin' entirely!”

“You've broken my tumbler,” said Tap, complainingly.

“Shaik not thy gaury locks at me; thou canst not say I did it!” replied the Captain; “it was the sha divil that's tazin' the soul out ov me body!”

“Did you ever teach school?” asked Tap, as M'Spadden blundered into a chair.

“Did I iver? Did the blessed Saint iver kill snakes? Why, man, I'd a delightful little schule below here—fifteen or twenty's as many boys as a wakely crathur, like meself, can do his duty by the flogging ov, and he to bate the big boys wid a stout shillaly—an I was tachin' 'em illigint; and ye may kiss the cross, the little darlints loved me, intirely; but it got broke up be an axident, be gorra.”

“How came that?”

“Ye'll talk notice, I was dozin' in me chair, cne swate athernoon, dhramin' away all about nothin', an the little darlints that loved me as mother's milk—for I tached 'em arethmetic, an astronomy, and manners all, illigint—the little darlints, ye see, put a quill full ov snuff into me nostril, all for the fun. Holy J—s! but I was in thrubble wid the snazin', an cryin', an sputterin'; an the little darlints all tickled wid the sport. So, as soon as me eyes come to, I tuk the biggest ov the boys by the heels, intirely, and I flogged the whole schule wid his head and shoulders an arms. Be J—s, they roared, an we kept up the sport an the fun, till devil the sound head was in the schule, barrin' me own that was full ov snuff.”

“Then the parents drove you off?”

“Faix! They bate me away,” said Mac sorrowfully; “the ign'rant spalpeens, that couldn't understand a joke!”

“But,” he continued, “the devil's been in it, iver since I lost my commission in the Royal Greys.”

“Let's hear 'bout that,” said an honest inquirer after truth, as he sat lazily back in his chair, with his broad-brimmed hat between his knees—“let's hear 'bout that.”

“I'd tell ye in a minit,” replied Mac, “but—I'm monstrous dry.”

This objection to the narration having been removed by a half tumbler of ‘corn corjil,’ Mac proceeded as follows, Broadbrim resting his face on his hands, in an attitude of deep attention:

“Ye'll notice,” quoth the Captain, “I'd a company in the Royal Greys—ye've heard of the Royal Greys, belikes?—no?—thin I'll tell ye, 'twas the clanest, nastest, gintalest ridgmont in the kingdom, an its meself was the aquil ov the best in it. So one day, we'd a grate revue, an the Quane was out, an Prince Albert (may his soul rest in purgatory, amen!) in her carriage to see it.”

“Did you ever see the Queen of England?” asked Broadbrim, as in doubt.

“Did I ever see the Quane? Did you ever put a petatie in the ugly hole in yer face? So the Quane was out, as fine as a flower, to see the revue. By an by, the Juke of Wellington comes to me, an ses he, ‘Mac, the Quane has kitcht a sight ov yer good looks, and wants ye to present yerself before her.—Thair's luck for ye, me boy’—and the Juke slapped me on the shouldiers.”

“Was that the great Duke of Wellington, you're talking about? Did you know him?”

“No less, be the cross! The Juke an me was as intimate as brothers; so we went to where the royal cortiz was, and thair was her majesty, in the royal carriage, as lively as bricks and full ov fun. Ses she, ‘Captain M'Spadden, ye've a fine company!’—‘Yer most grashus and amiable majesty!’—ses I, gettin' upon me kuas.

“Wouldn't ye like a bit ov promoshun, Captain M'Spadden?” says her majesty.

“Yer most adorable majesty has guessed the sacrit of me heart,” ses I.

“It's the best lookin' lad, ye are, Captain,” said her majesty, ‘I've seen this season.’

“I shall be at charges for a lookin' glass, yer most heavenly majesty, since yer majesty ses so; but its little the advantage I have ov yer most grashus majesty, in regard of looks,’ ses I.

“That last shot did the bis'ness for the Quane, but the Prince, ye'll notice, was as savage as a tiger, judgin' be his looks.—So I went back, an ses the Juke to me, ‘Mac, me boy, it's all over wid ye—

didn't ye see Albert's looks? He's as jalous as the devil, and ye'll have to lave the Ridgment to-morrow!" An bedad, so I had; an here I am in purshute ov a bit ov a schule to tache fifteen or twenty boys grammar, an astronony, and manners, at two dollars a quarter"—and here Mac "soothed away," into a gentle slumber, as he sat, with a conscience, apparently at ease.

"I've hearn tales, and seen liars," said Broad-brim, as he rose to order a glass of whiskey; "and I have hearn 'stretchin' the blanket,' and 'shootin' with the long bow'; and I always thought we was great on that, in this here Ameriky; but I find it's with liars as with every thing else, *if you want an extra article you must send to furrin parts!*"

A VILLAGE ALE-HOUSE.

FROM "AN AMERICAN FARMER IN ENGLAND." BY FREDERIC LAW OLMESTEAD. 1852.

A RURAL LANDSCAPE.

THERE we were right in the midst of it! The country—and such a country!—green, dripping, glistening, gorgeous! We stood dumb-stricken by its loveliness, as, from the bleak April and bare boughs we had left at home, broke upon us that English May—sunny, leafy, blooming May—in an English lane; with hedges, English hedges, hawthorn hedges, all in blossom; homely old farm-houses, quaint stables, and haystacks; the old church spire over the distant trees; the mild sun beaming through the watery atmosphere, and all so quiet—the only sounds the hum of bees and the crisp grass-tearing of a silken-skinned, real (unimported) Hereford cow over the hedge. No longer excited by daring to think we should see it, as we discussed the scheme round the old home-fire; no longer cheering ourselves with it in the stupid-tedious ship; no more forgetful of it in the bewilderment of the busy town—but there we were, right in the midst of it; long time silent, and then speaking softly, as if it were enchantment indeed, we gazed upon it and breathed it—never to be forgotten.

At length we walked on—rapidly—but frequently stopping, one side and the other, like children in a garden; hedges still, with delicious fragrance, on each side of us, and on, as far as we can see, true farm-fencing hedges; nothing trim, stiff, nice, and amateur-like, but the verdure broken, tufty, low, and natural. They are set on a ridge of earth thrown out from a ditch beside them, which raises and strengthens them as a fence. They are nearly all hawthorn, which is now covered in patches, as if after a slight fall of snow, with clusters of white or pink blossoms over its light green foliage. Here and there a holly bush, with bunches of scarlet berries, and a few other shrubs, mingle with it. A cart meets us—a real heavy, big-wheeled English cart; and English horses—real big, shaggy-hoofed, sleek, heavy English cart horses; and a carter—a real apple-faced, smock-frocked, red-headed, wool-hatted carter—breeches, stockings, hob-nailed shoes, and "*Gee-up Dobb'in*" English carter. Little birds hop along in the road before us, and we guess at their names, first of all electing one to be Robin Redbreast. We study the flowers under the hedge, and determine them nothing else than primroses and buttercups. Through the gates we admire the great, fat, clean-licked, contented-faced cows, and large, white, long-wooled sheep. What else was there? I cannot remember; but there was that altogether that made us forget our fatigue, disregard the rain, thoughtless of the way we were

going—serious, happy, and grateful. And this excitement continued for many days.

At length as it becomes drenching again, we approach a stone spire. A stone house interrupts our view in front; the road winds round it, between it and another; turns again, and there on our left is the church—the old ivy-covered, brown-stone village church, with the yew-tree—we knew it at once, and the heaped-up, green, old English churchyard. We turn to the right; there is an old ale-house, long, low, thatched-roofed. We run in at the open door; there he sits, the same bluff and hearty old fellow, with the long-stemmed pipe and the foaming pewter mug on the little table before him. At the same moment with us comes in another man. He drops in a seat—raps with his whip. *Enter* a young woman, neat and trim, with exactly the white cap, smooth hair, shiny face, bright eyes, and red cheeks, we are looking for—"Muggoyail, lass!"

* * * * * Mug of ale!—ay, that's it! Mug of ale!—Fill up! Fill up! and the toast shall be

"MERRIE ENGLAND! HURRAH!"

We sit with them for some time, and between puffs of smoke, the talk is of "the weather and the crops." The maid leaves the door open, so we can look into the kitchen, where a smart old woman is ironing by a bright coal fire. Two little children venture before us. I have just succeeded in coaxing the girl on to my knee, as C. mentions that we are Americans. The old woman lays down her iron, and puts on her spectacles to look at us. The stout man who had risen to take an observation of the weather, seats himself again and calls for another mug and *twist*. The landlord (a tall thin man, unfortunately) looks in and asks how times go where we come from. Plenty of questions follow that show alike the interest and the ignorance of our companions about America, it being confused apparently in our minds with Ireland, Guinea, and the poetical *Indies*. After a little straightening out, and explanation of the distance to it, its climate and civilized condition, they ask about the present crops, the price of wheat, about rents, tithes, and taxes. In return, we get only grumbling. "The country is ruined;" "things weren't so when they were young as they be now," and so on, just as a company of our tavern-lounging farmers would talk, except that every complaint ends with blaming Free-Trade. "Free-Trade—hoye sirs,—free-trade be killing the varmers."

We left them as soon as the shower slackened, but stopped again immediately to look at the yew through the churchyard gate. It was a very old

and decrepit tree, with dark and funereal foliage—the stiff trunk and branches of our red-cedar, with the leaf of the hemlock, but much more dark and glossy than either. The walls of the church are low, but higher in one part than another. The roof, which is slated, is high and steep. The tower is square, with buttresses on the corners, on the tops of which are quaint lions rampant. It is surmounted by a tall, symmetrical spire—solid stone to the ball, over which, as I am the son of a Puritan, is a weather-cock. There are little, narrow windows in the steeple, and swallows are flying in and out of them. Old weather-beaten stone and mortar, glass, lead, iron, and matted ivy, but not a splinter of wood or a daub of paint. Old England for ever! Amen.

A mile or two more of such walking as before the shower, and we came to a park gate. It was, with the lodges by its side, neat, simple, and substantial. The park was a handsome piece of old woods, but, as seen from the road, not remarkable. We were told, however, that there was a grand old hall and fine grounds a long ways within. Near the park there were signs of an improving farmer: broad fields of mangel-wurzel in drills; large fields, partly divided by wire fences, within which were large flocks of sheep; marks of recent under-draining; hedges trimmed square, and every thing neat, straight, and business-like.

As it grows dark, we approach another village. The first house on the left is an inn—a low, two-story house of light drab-colored stone. A bunch of grapes (cast in iron) and a lantern are hung out from it over the foot-path, and over the front door is a square sign—"THE RED LION—licensed to sell foreign spirits and beer, to be drunk on the premises." We turn into a dark hall, and opening a door to the left, enter—the kitchen. Such a kitchen! You would not believe me if I could describe how bright every thing is. You would think the fire-place a show-model, for the very bars of the grate are glistening. It is all glowing with red-hot coals; a bright brass tea-kettle swings and sings from a polished steel crane—hook, jack, and all like silver: the brass coal-scuttle, tongs, shovel, and warming-pan are in a blazing glow, and the walls and mantelpiece are covered with bright plate-covers, and I know not what other metallic furniture, all burnished to the highest degree.

The landlady rises and begs to take our wet hats—model-landlady, too. What a fine eye!—a kind and welcoming black eye. Fair and stout; elderly—a little silver in her hair, just showing its otherwise thick blackness to be no lie; a broad-frilled, clean white cap and collar, and a black dress. Ah, ah! one of the widows that we have read of. We hesitate to cross the clean-scooped, buff, tile floor with our muddy shoes; but she draws arm-chairs about the grate, and lays slippers before them, stirs up the fire, though it is far from needing it, and turns to take our knapsacks. "We must be fatigued—it's not easy walking in the rain; she hopes we can make ourselves comfortable."

There is every prospect that we shall.

On one side near the fire there was a recess in the wall, in which was a *settle* (a long, high-backed, wooden seat). Two men with pipes and beer sat in it, with whom we fell to talking. One of them proved to be a farmer, the other a jack-of-all-trades, but more distinctly of the wheelwright's, and a worshipper of and searcher after ideal women, as he

more than once intimated to us. We were again told by the farmer that free trade was ruining the country—no farmer could live long in it. He spoke with a bitter jocoseness of the regularity of his taxes, and said that though they played the devil with every thing else, he always knew how *tithes* would be. He paid, I think he said, about a dollar an acre every year to the church, though he never went to it in his life; always went to chapel, as his father did before him. He was an Independent; but there were so few of them thereabouts that they could not afford to keep a minister, and only occasionally had preaching. When he learned that we were from America, he was anxious to know how church matters were there. Though a rather intelligent man, he was utterly ignorant that we had no state church; and though a dissenter, the idea of a government giving free trade to all sorts of religious doctrine seemed to be startling and fearful to him. But when I told him what the rent (or the interest on the value) of my farm was, and what were its taxes, he wished that he were young that he might go to America himself; he really did not see how he should be able to live here much longer. He rented a farm of about fifty acres, and was a man of about the same degree of intelligence and information that you would expect of the majority of those owning a similar farm with us. Except that he was somewhat stouter than most Yankees, he did not differ much in appearance or dress from many of our rather old-fashioned farmers.

The tender-hearted wheelwright could hardly believe that we were really born and brought up in America. He never thought any foreigners could learn to speak the language so well. He too was rather favorably struck with the idea of going to America, when we answered his inquiries with regard to mechanics' wages. He was very cautious, however, and cross-questioned us a long time about the cost of every thing there—the passage, the great heat of the climate, the price of beer; and at length, touching his particular weakness, he desired to be told candidly how it would be if he should marry before he went. If he should get a wife, a real handsome one, would it be safe for him to take her there? He had heard a story—perhaps we knew whether it was true or not—of a man who took a handsome wife out with him, and a black man, that was a great rich lord in our country, took great liking to her, and offered the man ten thousand pounds for her, which he refused; and so the great black lord went away very wroth and vexed. When he was gone, the woman upbraided her husband: "Thou fool, why didst thee not take it and let me go with him? I would have returned to thee to-morrow." Then the man followed after the black lord, and sold his wife to him for ten thousand pounds. But the next day she did not return, nor the next, neither the next; and so the man went to look for her; and lo! he found her all dressed up in silk and satin, lighting from a couch, and footmen waiting upon her. So he says to her, "Why didst thee not return the next day?" "Dost take me for a fool, goodman?" quoth she, and stepped back into her fine coach and drove off; and so he lost his handsome wife.

SAILORS' ETHICS.

Sunday is observed by sparing the crew from all labor not necessary to the sailing of the ship, but as it is the only day in which they have watch-and-

watch, or time enough to attend to such matters, they are mostly engaged in washing and mending their clothes. We had selected a number of books at the Tract-house, which we gave away among them. They were received with gratitude, and the pictures at least read with interest. The printed matter was read somewhat also; I noticed three men sitting close together, all spelling out the words from three different books, and speaking them aloud in a low, monotonous tone. If they had come to a paragraph in Latin, I doubt if they would have understood what they read any less. The truth is, as I have often noticed with most sailors, *a book is a book*, and they read it for the sake of reading, not for the idea the words are intended to convey, just as some people like to work out mathematical problems for the enjoyment of the work, not because they wish to make use of the result. I saw a sailor once bargaining with a shipmate for his allowance of grog, offering him for it a little book, which he said was "first-rate reading." After the bargain was closed, I looked at the book. It was a volume of Temperance tales. The man had no idea of making a practical joke, and assured me with a grave face, that he had read it all through. One Sunday, in the latter part of a passage from the East Indies, one of my watchmates, an old sea-dog, closed a little carefully preserved Testament, and slapping it on his knee, said with a triumphant air, as if henceforth there was laid up for him a crown of glory and no mistake,—"There! I've read that book through every word on't this v'yage; and, d—me, if I hadn't got more good out on't than I should 'a' got going aft along with the rest on ye, to hear that old pharisee (the captain) make his long prayers." Then, after gazing at it a few moments, he added, musingly, as if reflecting on the muta-



bility of human affairs, "I hookt that book from a feller named Abe Williams, to the Home, down to Providence, 'bout five years ago. His name was in't, but I tore it out. I wonder what's become of him now? dead,—as like as not" (puts it up and takes out his pipe); "well, God'll have mercy on his soul, I hope."

PEE-WI HO-KI, THE TAHITIAN CANNIBAL.

BY G. M. WHARTON, (STAHL). 1852.

THE truth is, this was the way of it:

We had stopped late at Murphy's restaurant, at St. Charles street, where, in the hurry of our avocations, we sometimes dine. James Thorn, just arrived from Tahiti, was with us.

We had before partaken of a copious lunch in the way of fruits, and yet more copiously of champagne, on board of Thorn's ship, moored at the levee. So we had no appetite, in truth, and stopped mainly for a talk in the cool quietness of the place, where a little iced claret of a pleasant flavor is not hard to get.

No one was about, to interrupt us, and the *garcons*, having supplied us with the wine, left us to ourselves.

Thorn's eye fell upon the bill of fare, lying upon the smooth, white linen of the table, and he sipped half the contents of his glass ere he perused it fully. Thorn, every body knows, like Burns's friend, Mathew, "is a queer man."

"What would you think of a Tahitian *gourmand's* bill of fare,—could I give you one?" Thorn suddenly demanded.

"A novel idea—delightful!" we exclaimed.

"Well, I will give you a few recipes, communicating the *modus operandi* of the cooks of a certain Tahitian chief and notable high liver, whose acquaintance I formed on my last voyage. The chief's

name is Pee-wi Ho-ki, and he dwells at this moment near the port of Tut-tut, in Tahiti, where we trade with the natives mostly.

"Do you remember that when a clerical friend of the Rev. Sydney Smith departed on a missionary visitation to New Zealand,—the parson fervently prayed that his brother might not be made a pickle of by the savages? The jest of the petition neutralized the fervor of it; and Pee-wi Ho-ki, after patiently listening to the missionary's sermon as far as 'forty-seventy,' grew hungry and ate him!"

"Now, the unhappy missionary was a radical and a choleric priest, and made the cooks swear at his toughness. However, he was at length got done, and Pee-wi Ho-ki feasted heartily upon him. Alas! too heartily. For the first time in his life, the cannibal failed thoroughly to digest man's flesh. In the pains of his indigestion, attributing the founder to the spiritual functions once appertaining to the viands, the chief waxed serious. He began to reflect upon what the good tongue, now in his stomach, had told him of the white face's religion, 'whereof by parcels he had something heard, but not intuitively.'

"Stahl, a mediæval medical philosopher, asseverated that the stomach is the seat of the soul; in which opinion both Pee-wi Ho-ki and I agree. But

Pee-wi Ho-ki went further than I can at present—and declared that the tongue of the preacher continued to harangue his soul, so near a neighbor now, and with such effect, that he could not resist its eloquence any longer. You might have thought him mad, had you seen the nude penitent sitting in the warm island sunshine, contemplating his umbilicus, and hearkening unto the vermicular borborygm, as to the whispering of an oracle, or the blowing of a divine *aftatus*!

"Suffice it to say, that Pee-wi Ho-ki was converted, by whatsoever process, and human bacon was taboo'd to his palate ever after.

"Pee-wi Ho-ki himself became a missionary. His labors were not very productive in his native island. Not to mention that a prophet is rarely honored in his own country, the evidences of his former gluttony were too fresh in the minds of his hearers for him to convince them of the sincerity of his change of habits and sentiments. They doubted his abstinence, as a taper would be doubted were he to lecture on temperance at the doggeries he had haunted, while his nose was yet red and his breath yet fragrant with the fumes of brandy. He had exterminated whole families on festive occasions, and the more ignorant and plump of the lower classes imagined that the wily chief was only practising some subtle scheme of entrapping them into a violation of law, that he would execute them with his fingers and teeth.



"In sorrow and disgust, the neophyte shook the dust of his native island from his feet, embarked in a canoe, and transferred the scene of his pious operations to Tahiti.

"Hermann Melville has described Tahiti in a book, ('Typee'), which I can compare but to Rasselas re-written by Irving. You are familiar with the milder temper and manners of the Tahitians, as portrayed by our author. In this new sphere the labors of Pee-wi Ho-ki were crowned with triumphant success. I will not eulogise the enlightenment

of the religious views the reformed man-eater promulgated. In those warm latitudes, the languid consciences of the swarthy inhabitants cannot bear those iron bands and rigid formulas, which are necessary to curb the more robust sinners of the temperate zones. But from the crime of cannibalism, he effectually redeemed them.

"The grateful Tahitians elevated Pee-wi Ho-ki to a higher caste in their barbarous peerage than that he was born into. There was no honor too noble for them to bestow upon him. They slit his nose and ears, and inserted ornaments in them of several pounds weight. They tattoo'd his entire body with hideous figures, pricking his tegument with sharp fish-bones, and infusing smarting juices, of every hue, into the wounds. There was nothing too much for them to do for him. They filled his treasure basket to overflowing with rusty nails, and bits of glass, and other precious baubles. They climbed his fruit trees (the heaviest work in Tahiti), they wove his mats, they lent him their wives. In lieu of that condemnableness flesh-pot from which he had weaned himself and them, they gave him pigs, barbecued in that primitive manner discovered by Bo-bo, the eldest son of Ho-ti, the Chinese, and so inimitably dissertated upon by Charles Lamb.

"I had anchored in Tut-tut, to lay in a store of water and limes, and, perchance, pick up a peck or so of pearls. It was Sunday morning, and I was about to order the hands to haul the anchor aboard, when I was deafened by a great tooting of conch-shells from ashore. Inquiring the cause, I was informed that it was the signal for church-going, and that a distinguished native missionary was to preach. I determined to lie over for a day, and for the edification of the men, send them to meeting, and go myself.

"We all attended service.

"The church was a shed of bamboo and palm leaves, without walls. The pews were mats, and the pulpit a block of wood. The audience was large and fashionable. In Tahiti, that equality of attire has always existed, which the blooming Sapphos of the North are endeavoring to introduce here—and consists of a single habiliment, to wit, a diaper. Still, not a little foppishness was displayed by the bachelors, fellows *blâzé* at sixteen, and coquetry by the young ladies, *belles* at seven. People pre-mature in Tahiti; and, for the rest, they are as much children of Nature as Harold Skimpole.

"I did not understand his jargon, but I paid as strict attention to the minister as Ned Brace did to a better dressed, but not more interesting brother, in Georgia—more than Pee-wi Ho-ki's regular auditors. They gaped constantly, a penance, perhaps, expiated by the offending mandibles, for abolished mastications. They flapped the mosquitoes from their bodies with their hands, now and then; but Pee-wi Ho-ki occasionally did the same, in the midst of his dehortations, not seldom actually turning half round to smack a swinging gallinipper phlebotomizing his back, and I could not blame his pastoral flock.

"In Tahiti, to pay strict attention to the discourses of the clergy, is the way to win their hearts. I won the heart of Pee-wi Ho-ki. We rubbed noses together, and exchanged names."

"CAPTAIN Pee-wi Ho-ki!" we interrupted, congratulatorily.

"Thank you," Thorn said, politely.

"Well?"

" Well—

" He offered me the whole or choice of his wives, and threw a mother-in-law into the bargain, venerable at thirty-five. I declined, on the score of my engagement to Miss Smith, of New Orleans, who had taboo'd me with regard to other women, and would kick me for the bigamy. The idea of female calcitrance was ridiculed by the parson, who indulged in the reflection upon Miss Smith, for which I should have kicked him, but that I respected his diaper.

" That evening, Pee-wi Ho-ki and I repaired to his study, a shady thicket, and lounged upon the grass. He related to me his history, which I have hastily run through, in the drinking of half a bottle, as Sir Richard Steele used to say. I was always curious on the subject of cannibalism, having witnessed its fascinations upon the uncivilized indulgers in it, eaten remarkable *sausages* in civilized Paris, and expecting, some day, to be driven to the long boat, with half a dozen others, and without the cupboard aboard. Candidly, I asked him to favor me with his recipes. He did. I wrote them down. I invariably carry them in my pocket. Here they are. I will read a few."

Thorn then produced a worn memorandum-book, and read, with a mincing accent, the following canibalish recipes, viz :

* * * * *

Whether owing to the wine, our long sitting, or Thorn's spices—certainly not his meats!—we both

confessed to a recurring sense of appetite, and selected a veal cutlet and coffee.

We whistled for the *garcons*, to communicate our wishes to the cook. The *garcons* did not come. We waited. Still they did not come. We rose, and looked through the glass door separating the culinary from the serving saloon of the restaurant, and saw—what a scene!

The cook—a respectable Hibernian female—who had been listening at the door—in spasms!

The concerned *garcons* were standing around the prostrate two-thirds of Phelim Mahone, attempting to restore her by the forced introduction of potatoes, chops, pork, and beans into her mouth. But the teeth remained clenched, until Thorn, who had unconsciously taken up the coffee-pot for a water-pitcher as he rushed to her assistance, as unconsciously spilled its boiling contents upon Bridget's pedestals, which instantly unclamped her teeth and released her *tongue*—We will not translate!

Thus, in a few words, have we explained—first, the seeming row in Murphy's always quiet, genteel, well-administered restaurant, on Friday evening last; secondly, the evident falsity of the affidavit made by Bridget Mahoney, before his honor, Recorder Genois, yesterday forenoon, charging the captain of a schooner and a grave newspaper reporter, with desiring her to truss and roast *human flesh*, to appease their cannibal hunger; and, thirdly, the mysterious disappearance, early this morning, of James Thorn and the ship Bagatelle, from their moorings at the wharf of the New Orleans levee.

Diximus!

MISS ALBINA McLUSH.

BY N. P. WILLIS. 1853.

I HAVE a passion for fat women. If there is any thing I hate in life, it is what dainty people call a *spirituelle*. Motion—rapid motion—a smart, quick, squirrel-like step, a pert, voluble tone—in short, a lively girl—is my exquisite horror! I would as lief have a *diabolique petit* dancing his infernal hornpipe on my cerebellum as to be in the room with one. I have tried before now to school myself into liking these parched peas of humanity. I have followed them with my eyes, and attended to their rattle till I was as crazy as a fly in a drum. I have danced with them, and romped with them in the country, and perilled the salvation of my "white tights" by sitting near them at supper. I swear off from this moment. I do. I won't—no—hang me if ever I show another small, lively, spry woman a civility.

Albina McLush is divine. She is like the description of the Persian beauty by Hafiz: "her heart is full of passion and her eyes are full of sleep." She is the sister of Lurly McLush, my old college chum, who, as early as his sophomore year, was chosen president of the *Dolce-far-niente* Society—no member of which was ever known to be surprised at any thing—(the college law of rising before breakfast excepted.) Lurly introduced me to his sister one day, as he was lying upon a heap of turnips, leaning on his elbow with his head in his hand, in a green lane in the suburbs. He had driven over a stump, and been tossed out of his gig, and I came up just as he was wondering how in the d—l's name

he got there! Albina sat quietly in the gig, and when I was presented, requested me, with a delicious drawl, to say nothing about the adventure—it would be so troublesome to relate it to every body!" I loved her from that moment. Miss McLush was tall, and her shape, of its kind, was perfect. It was not a *fleshy* one, exactly, but she was large and full. Her skin was clear, fine-grained, and transparent: her temples and forehead perfectly rounded and polished, and her lips and chin swelling into a ripe and tempting pout, like the cleft of a bursted apricot. And then her eyes—large, liquid, and sleepy—they languished beneath their long black fringes as if they had no business with daylight—like two magnificent dreams, surprised in their jet embryos by some bird-nesting cherub. Oh! it was lovely to look into them!

She sat, usually, upon a *fauteuil*, with her large, full arm embedded in the cushion, sometimes for hours without stirring. I have seen the wind lift the masses of dark hair from her shoulders when it seemed like the coming to life of a marble Hebe—she had been motionless so long. She was a model for a goddess of sleep, as she sat with her eyes half closed, lifting up their superb lids slowly as you spoke to her, and dropping them again with the deliberate motion of a cloud, when she had murmured out her syllable of assent. Her figure, in a sitting posture, presented a gentle declivity from the curve of her neck to the instep of the small round foot

lying on its side upon the ottoman. I remember a fellow's bringing her a plate of fruit one evening. He was one of your lively men—a horrid monster, all right angles and activity. Having never been accustomed to hold her own plate, she had not well extricated her whole fingers from her handkerchief, before he set it down in her lap. As it began slowly to slide towards her feet, her hand relapsed into the muslin folds, and she fixed her eye upon it with a kind of indolent surprise, drooping her lids

quisitely lazy. Human sensibilities cannot hold out for ever!

I found her one morning sipping her coffee at twelve, with her eyes wide open. She was just from the bath, and her complexion had a soft, dewy transparency, like the cheek of Venus rising from the sea. It was the hour, Lurly had told me, when she would be at the trouble of thinking. She put away with her dimpled forefinger, as I entered, a cluster of rich curls that had fallen over her face,



gradually, till as the fruit scattered over the ottoman, they closed entirely, and a liquid jet line was alone visible through the heavy lashes. There was an imperial indifference in it worthy of Juno.

Miss McLush rarely walks. When she does, it is with the deliberate majesty of a Dido. Her small, plump feet melt to the ground like snow-flakes; and her figure sways to the indolent motion of her limbs with a glorious grace and yieldingness quite indescribable. She was idling slowly up the Mall one evening just at twilight, with a servant at a short distance behind her, who, to while away the time between his steps, was employing himself in throwing stones at the cows feeding upon the Common. A gentleman, with a natural admiration for her splendid person, addressed her. He might have done a more eccentric thing. Without troubling herself to look at him, she turned to her servant and requested him, with a yawn of desperate *ennui*, to knock that fellow down! John obeyed his orders; and, as his mistress resumed her lounge, picked up a new handful of pebbles, and tossing one at the nearest cow, loitered lazily after.

Such supreme indolence was irresistible. I gave in—I—who never before could summon energy to sigh—I—to whom a declaration was but a synonym for perspiration—I—who had only thought of love as a nervous complaint, and of women but to pray for a good deliverance—I—yes—I—knocked under. Albina McLush! Thou wert too ex-

and nodded to me like a water-lily swaying to the wind when its cup is full of rain.

"Lady Albina," said I, in my softest tone, "how are you?"

"Bettina," said she, addressing her maid in a voice as clouded and rich as the south wind on an *Aolian*, "how am I to-day?"

The conversation fell into short sentences. The dialogue became a monologue. I entered upon my declaration. With the assistance of Bettina, who supplied her mistress with cologne, I kept her attention alive through the incipient circumstances. Symptoms were soon told. I came to the avowal. Her hand lay reposing on the arm of the sofa, half buried in a muslin *foulard*. I took it up and pressed the cool soft fingers to my lips—unforbidden. I rose and looked into her eyes for confirmation. Delicious creature! she was asleep!

I never had courage to renew the subject. Miss McLush seems to have forgotten it altogether. Upon reflection, too, I'm convinced she would not survive the excitement of the ceremony—unless, indeed, she should sleep between the responses and the prayer. I am still devoted, however, and if there should come a war or an earthquake, or if the millennium should commence, as is expected, in 18—, or if any thing happens that can keep her waking so long, I shall deliver a declaration, abbreviated for me by a scholar-friend of mine, which, he warrants may be articulated in fifteen minutes—without fatigue.

MRS. PASSABLE TROTT.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Je suis comme vous. Je n'aime pas que les autres soient heureux.

THE temerity with which I hovered on the brink of matrimony when a very young man could only be appreciated by a fatuoust credulity. The number of very fat mothers of very plain families who can point me out to their respective offspring as their once imminent papa, is ludicrously improbable. The truth was that I had a powerful imagination in my early youth, and no "realizing sense." A coral necklace, warm from the wearer—a shoe with a little round stain in the sole—any thing flannel—a bitten rose-bud with a mark of a tooth upon it—a rose, a glove, a thimble—either of these was agony, ecstasy! To any thing with curls and skirts, and especially if encircled by a sky-blue sash, my heart was as prodigal as a Croton hydrant. Ah me!

But, of all my short eternal attachments, Fidelia Balch (since Mrs. P. Trott) was the kindest and fairest. Faithless of course she was, since my name does not begin with a T—but if she did not continue to love me—P. Trott or no P. Trott—she was shockingly forsworn, as can be proved by several stars, usually considered very attentive listeners. I rather pitied poor Trott—for I knew

Her heart—it was another's,

and he was rich and forty-odd. But they seemed to live very harmoniously, and if I availed myself of such little consolations as fell in my way, it was the result of philosophy. I never forgot the faithless Fidelia.

This is to be a disembowelled narrative, dear reader—skipping from the maidenhood of my heroine to her widowhood, fifteen years—yet I would have you supply here and there a betweenity. My own sufferings at seeing my adored Fidelia go daily into another man's house and shut the door after her, you can easily conceive. Though not in the habit of rebelling against human institutions, it did seem to me that the marriage ceremony had no business to give old Trott quite so much for his money. But the aggravating part of it was to come! Mrs. P. Trott grew prettier every day, and of course three hundred and sixty-five noticeable degrees prettier every year! She seemed incapable of, or not liable to, wear and tear; and probably old Trott was a man, in-doors, of very even behavior. And, it should be said, too, in explanation, that, as Miss Balch, Fidelia was a shade too fat for her model. She embellished as her dimples grew shallower. Trifle by trifle, like the progress of a statue, the superfluity fell away from nature's original Miss Balch (as designed in Heaven), and when old Passable died (and no one knew what that P. stood for, till it was betrayed by the indiscreet plate on his coffin) Mrs. Trott, thirty-three years old, was at her maximum of beauty. Plump, taper, transparently fair, with an arm like a high-conditioned Venus, and a neck set on like the swell of a French horn, she was consumedly good-looking. When I saw in the paper, "Died, Mr. P. Trott," I went out and walked past the house, with overpowering emotions. Thanks to a great many refusals, I had been faithful! I could bring her the same heart, unused and undamaged, which I had offered her before! I

could generously overlook Mr. Trott's temporary occupation (since he had left us his money!)—and when her mourning should be over—the very day—the very hour—her first love should be ready for her, good as new!

I have said nothing of any evidences of continued attachment on the part of Mrs. Trott. She was a discreet person, and not likely to compromise Mr. P. Trott till she knew the strength of his constitution. But there was one evidence of lingering preference which I built upon like a rock. I had not visited her during these fifteen years. Trott liked me not—you can guess why! But I had a nephew, five years old when Miss Balch was my "privately engaged," and as like me, that boy, as could be copied by nature. He was our unsuspecting messenger of love, going to play in old Balch's garden when I was forbidden the house, unconscious of the billet-doux in the pocket of his pinasfore; and to this boy, after our separation, seemed Fidelia to cling. He grew up to a youth of mind and manners, and still she cherished him. He all but lived at old Trott's, petted and made much of—her constant companion—reading, walking, riding—indeed, when home from college, her sole society. Are you surprised that, in all this, there was a tenderness of reminiscence that touched and assured me? Ah—

*On revient toujours
A ses premiers amours!*

I thought it delicate, and best, to let silence do its work during that year of mourning. I did not whisper even to my nephew Bob the secret of my happiness. I left one card of condolence after old Trott's funeral, and lived private, counting the hours. The slowest kind of eternity it appeared!

The morning never seemed to me to break with so much difficulty and reluctance as on the anniversary of the demise of Mr. Passable Trott—June 2, 1840. Time is a comparative thing, I well know, but the minutes seemed to stick, on that interminable morning. I began to dress for breakfast at four—but details are tiresome. Let me assure you that twelve o'clock, A. M., did arrive! The clocks struck it, and the shadows verified it.

I could not have borne an accidental "not at home," and I resolved not to run the risk of it. Lovers, besides, are not tied to knockers and ceremony. I bribed the gardener. Fidelia's boudoir, I knew, opened upon the lawn, and it seemed more like love to walk in. She knew—I knew—Fate and circumstances knew and had ordained—that that morning was to be shov'd up, joined on, and dovetailed to our last separation. The time between was to be a blank. Of course she expected me.

The garden door was ajar—as paid for. I entered, traversed the vegetable beds, tripped through the flower-walk, and—oh bliss!—the window was open! I could just see the Egyptian urn on its pedestal of sphinxes, into which I knew (per Bob) she threw all her fading roses. I glided near. I looked in at the window.

Ah, that picture! She sat with her back to me—her arm—that arm of rosy alabaster—thrown

carelessly over her chair—her egg-shell chin resting on her other thumb and forefinger—her eyelids sweeping her cheek—and a white—yes! a white bow in her hair. And her dress was of snowy lawn—white, bridal white! Adieu, old Passable Trott!

I wiped my eyes and looked again. Old Trott's portrait hung on the wall, but that was nothing. Her guitar lay on the table, and—did I see aright?—a miniature just beside it! Perhaps of old Trott—taken out for the last time. Well—well! He was a very respectable man, and had been very kind to her, most likely.

"Ehem!" said I, stepping over the sill, "Fidelia!" She started and turned, and certainly looked surprised.

"Mr. G——!" said she.

"It is long since we parted!" I said, helping myself to a chair.

"Quite long!" said Fidelia.

"So long that you have forgotten the name of G——?" I asked, tremulously.

"Oh no!" she replied, covering up the miniature on the table by a careless movement of her scarf.

"And may I hope that *that* name has not grown distasteful to you?" I summoned courage to say.

"N—no! I do not know that it has, Mr. G——!"

The blood returned to my fainting heart! I felt as in days of yore.

"Fidelia!" said I, "let me not waste the precious moments. You loved me at twenty—may I hope that I may stand to you in a nearer relation? May I venture to think that our family is not unworthy of a union with the Balches?—that, as Mrs. G——, you could be happy?"

Fidelia looked—hesitated—took up the miniature, and clasped it to her breast.

"Do I understand you rightly, Mr. G——?" she tremulously exclaimed. "But I think I do! I remember well what you were at twenty! This picture is like what you were then—with differences, it is true, but still like! Dear picture!" she exclaimed again, kissing it with rapture.

(How could she have got my miniature?—but no matter—taken by stealth, I presume. Sweet and eager anticipation!)

"And Robert has returned from college, then?" she said, inquiringly.

"Not that I know of," said I.

"Indeed!—then he has written to you!"

"Not recently!"

"Ah, poor boy! he anticipated! Well, Mr. G——! I will not affect to be coy where my heart has been so long interested."

(I stood ready to clasp her to my bosom.)

"Tell Robert my mourning is over—tell him his name" (the name of G——, of course) "is the music of my life, and that I will marry whenever he pleases!"

A horrid suspicion crossed my mind.

"Pardon me!" said I; "*whenever he pleases*, did you say? Why, particularly, *when he pleases*?" "La! his not being of age is no impediment, I hope!" said Mrs. Trott, with some surprise. "Look at his miniature, Mr. G——! It has a boyish look, it's true—but so had you—at twenty!"

Hope sank within me! I would have given worlds to be away. The truth was apparent to me—perfectly apparent. She loved that boy Bob—that child—that mere child—and meant to marry him! Yet how could it be possible! I might be—yes—I *must* be, mistaken. Fidelia Balch—who was a woman when he was an urchin in petticoats! She to think of marrying that boy! I wronged her—oh I wronged her! But, worst come to the worst, there was no harm in having it perfectly understood.

"Pardon me!" said I, putting on a look as if I expected a shout of laughter for the mere supposition. "I should gather—(categorically, mind you!—only categorically)—I should gather from what you said just now—(had I been a third person listening, that is to say—with no knowledge of the parties)—I should really have gathered that Bob—little Bob—was the happy man, and not I! Now don't laugh at me!"

"*You* the happy man!—Oh, Mr. G——! you are joking! Oh no! pardon me if I have unintentionally misled you—but if I marry again, Mr. G——, *it will be a young man!!!* In short, not to mince the matter, Mr. G——, your nephew is to become my husband (nothing unforeseen turning up) in the course of the next week! We shall have the pleasure of seeing you at the wedding, of course! Oh no! *You!* I should fancy that no woman would make two unequal marriages, Mr. G——! Good morning, Mr. G——!"

I was left alone, and to return as I pleased, by the vegetable garden or the front door. I chose the latter, being somewhat piqued as well as inexpressibly grieved and disappointed. But philosophy came to my aid, and I soon fell into a mood of speculation.

"Fidelia is constant!" said I to myself—"constant, after all! She made up her mouth for me at twenty. But I did not stay twenty! Oh no! I, unadvisedly, and without preparatively cultivating her taste for thirty-five, became thirty-five. And now what was she to do? Her taste was not at all emboldened in Passable Trott, and it stayed just as it was—waiting to be called up and used. She locks it up decently till old Trott dies, and then reproduces—what? Why, just what she locked up—a taste for a young man at twenty—and just such a young man as she loved when she was twenty! Bob—of course! Bob is like me—Bob is twenty! Be Bob her husband!"

But I cannot say I quite like such constancy!

BEAUTY OF AMERICAN WOMEN.—Such belles! Slight, delicate, fragile-looking creatures, elegant as Retzsch's angels, warm-eyed as Mohammedan houries, yet timid as the antelope whose hazel orbs they eclipse, limbed like nothing earthly except an American woman—I would rather not go on! When I speak of the beauty of my countrywomen, my heart swells. I do believe the New World has a newer mould for its mothers and daughters. I

think I am not prejudiced. I have sighed in France; I have loved in Italy; I have bargained for Circassians in an eastern bezestein, and I have lounged at Howell and James's on a sunny day in the season; and my eye is trained, and my perceptions quickened: but I do think that there is no such beautiful work of God under the arch of the sky as an American girl in her bellehood.—N. P. WILLIS.

THE ALLEGHANIES.

FROM "THE BLACKWATER CHRONICLE." BY PENDLETON KENNEDY, ("THE CLERKE OF OXENFORDE.") 1853.

FROM Reese's house, at the base, it is seven miles to the top of the Alleghany—something of an Olympus to the warts behind us. Mindful of our horses, we gird up our loins for the encounter, and take to the heaven-kissing hill afoot. Half way up, there is a fountain of pure spring-water caught in a rude trough by the roadside; and men and horses gather around, and revel in the mountain hippocrene. The look-out from here is already grand. Far and wide you behold the land we have travelled. On we go again, up and up, still up; and the air you breathe is freer, and the scene wilder, and yet more widely revealed at every turn of the road, rounding each rocky promontory that juts the mountain-side.

In something more than two hours, we reached the toll-gate, situated near the summit of the ridge, and commanding a prospect of all the land lying abroad to the eastward. This is one of the grandest and most diversified mountain-scenes in the whole range of our country: mountains piled on mountains every where, of every variety of size and shape, with all their valleys, glens, gorges, dells, and narrow defiles—all yet varied by the changing light and shade that falls upon them from the heavens—as the heavens are ablaze with sunshine, or swept by passing summer-clouds.

Altogether it is such a scene as seldom meets the eye. Far below you, some thousands of feet, is a wood-embosomed dell, with an open farm every here and there spotted along it, looking at this distance like patches of wild meadow and glade in the midst of the vast forest around. Immediately beyond rises a bold and rugged mountain, whose craggy top is indented like the battlements of a castle, and whose sides sweep down, dark with firs and hemlocks, and every variety of pines, to the edge of the deep valley. Looking to the right, the mountains are broken and irregular, as if they had

been tossed and torn to pieces by some mighty upheaving of the earth, and had thus fallen scattered about in confused, giant masses; some elegant and majestic as the "star'y-pointed pyramid;" some grand and massive as the "proud bulwark on the steep;" others of huge, misshapen bulk—the Caliban of the wild; and others, again, so grotesque of form that they seem to have been moulded by the very genius of Whim—the Merry-Andrews of the Alleghanies: and all yet beautiful and soft to the eye. Turning again, and looking straight forward, eastwardly, whence we came, and lo! what ideas of vastness crowd upon the mind; for it is all one vast sea of mountains, as far as the eye can behold—range beyond range ever appearing—heaving like the blue waves of some immense sea—wave following wave in endless succession; for your horizon being bounded every where by mountains, to the imagination there is no limit, and all beyond is wave after wave of the same giant sea.

Gazing upon this noble scene, the prior of St. Philips grew excited—his eye dilated—his soul was all a blaze; and no longer able to hold himself, he stretched forth his right hand, and gave tongue as follows:

"Gentlemen, I see into it all now, and if our invasion of the Alleghanies effects nothing else, I shall go home satisfied. Our mountains have been greatly slandered—most vilely traduced by the cockneys; and beholding this mighty scene, I'm lost in wonder that some man with a large enough soul hasn't long since put them right before the world."

"That's right, stick it into them, Prior; give it to 'em, County, you are the man to do it."

"Put to rout and everlasting shame the whole insolent and conceited herd."

Hash them, slash them,
All to pieces dash them.



"Let them have it as Tom Hyer gave it to Sulivan."

"Dress their jackets genteelly, Prior."

"Don't spare either age, sex or condition."

"Begin:—

Omnis conticuere intentique ora tenebant,

Sic—

"Sic who! He don't want any sicking, let him go on."

Silence being restored, and the rage of the expedition against the cockneys a little mollified by the steam it had let off, Mr. Philips plunged epic-wise into the middle of things.

"If I were called upon, gentlemen, to say what was the great especial characteristic of our American mountains, I would reply at once, their immensity—not the immensity of size, but of extent—that they fill the mind with the same order of sublime emotion that the ocean does, with this difference, that the sublimity, though alike in kind, is higher in degree."

"Good, good!"

"How clear he is!"

"The mountain-sea is the actual sea enlarged to giant proportions. Standing here as we do now, and gazing out into the blue waves flowing in toward us from the distant horizon, I want to know, gentlemen, what sort of a ship would that be, to which these waves would rise mast-high?"

"What sort indeed?"

"Yes, you may well ask what sort! not such, I take it, as sailed of old out of Tarsus and Tyre, calling forth the deep wonder of Solomon; not such as swept the seas under Nelson at Trafalgar or the Nile; not such, even, as those that now sail under the star-spangled banner—that heaven-symbolized ensign—challenging the wonder of all mankind; not even Leviathan, gentlemen, now in dock at Portsmouth—the Pennsylvania. Noah's ark, when it rode the highest wave of the deluge—the merest cockle-shell as it must have seemed in those mighty waters, would be a merer cockle-shell in these."

"Fine. How figurative is his style!"

"Like Jeremy Taylor's!"

"Something of the massive grandeur of Bishop Hooker's!"

"And the *perfervidum* of Milton's, with a discriminating infusion of the swash-buckler."

"And yet, gentlemen," continued Mr. Philips, knitting his brows, and contracting his eyes to a focus, as if the object of all his bile stood before him, "and yet, though of such grandeur are these mountains, filling the mind with such nobility of thought, what means all this disparagement that is sputtered forth against them by the whole herd of modern travellers, abroad and at home, with some few honorable exceptions, who talk such downrightarrant nonsense about them?"

"How effectually he puts a question!"

"What a fool-killer he would make!"

"The old Silenus riding an ass! Lambaste him well, Guy, while you're on him!"

"It is the burden of all these cockneys, gentlemen, and particularly of the John Bull, our cousin-german, that our mountains are poor concerns. Why? Because (say these gentlemen fresh from the land of Cockaigne and thereabouts) when you have labored and toiled for half a day to get to the top of the highest Ararat or Taurus you can find, you can see nothing but endless mountains before

you, and always in the farthest distance some giant higher still than that whereon, half dead in climbing it, you foolishly expected to behold both the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans."

"How he accumulates it upon them!"

"Piles the agony!"

"Wood up, County?"

"Throw in the bacon sides!"

"And not true this, even in fact, but miserably untrue. Why, look around you here as you stand. The refutation of the foolish nonsense is before your eyes. What are all these valleys, great and small—what all these dells and gorges, chasms, defiles, passes—these streams and rivers, rivulets and rills? Look at that drove of fatted beevres, winding yonder over the Knobley—the long column seemingly interminable. What have you to say to that lordly city of the far mountain plain, with all its towers and domes—its vast palaces looming up to the eye, and looming larger as you concentrate your gaze; visible only, it is true, to the imagination, acted upon through the deceived sense, but yet a nobler city than was ever built by hands!"

"Hold on, Prior, let's hear that again!"

"Don't speak, Trip; he's about to touch on something profound."

"And if such seeming cities, gentlemen, naturally arise to the eye here in the mountains—naturally, because the result of natural causes, what though in absolute fact there is no city there—what if it is illusion—all in my eye, as the vulgar say? It is only the reasoning mind that tells you this. The imaginative mind tells you there is a city: one part of your intellectual organization says there is not, another part tells you there is, and which do you believe? Most undoubtedly, as far as the present picture is concerned, the one that tells your sense that there before you stands the city. And there, to all intents and purposes, it does stand apparent before you, in all its magnified glory, such as was never built by human hands, such as can only be built by human brains, and those of the nobler order; a city up to the standard of the new Jerusalem, if your imagination is of the order of St. John's."

"Don't go in any deeper, Prior, or the subject will swim you."

"Devil the bit; it's good wading all about where he is."

"All this repeated cant, therefore, about our American mountains is not true in point of fact. But what if it were?—yes, gentlemen, what if it were? And this question brings me to the gist of the matter. According to the very statement of the cockneys, upon their own showing, the view now before them, is one that fills the human mind with ideas of the highest sublimity; for what, to the man of the largest comprehension, can be more impressively vast than this same immensity of mountain ocean that every where presents itself to view, with all its heaving, interminable giant waves!"

"There, you have knocked the swords out of the hands of the puny whistlers!"

"Killed them dead!"

"Dead as Julius Caesar!"

"It's a slaughter of the innocents!"

"It reminds me of the setting down Ulysses gave Thersites in the Grecian camp!"

"It's great spouting!"

"A whale's!"

"Swamping the pygmies in a deluge of ocean
brine!"

"What a senator he would make! How they
would crowd the capitol when he let himself out!"

"He's rather high-strung, I think, for the modern
democracy!"

"Not so, gentlemen; the very style and manner
of eloquence—translucent, bold, free, combining
imagination with reason—that has prevailed with
all who speak the English tongue, from the days of
Alfred the Great to the present time."

"Gentlemen of the expedition," resumed Mr.
Philips, wiping the beads from his forehead, and
with a self-sufficient air that would have done for
the prince of Tyre, or Xerxes when he ordered the
sea to be chained, "I think we have sufficiently
explained the cockneys."

"Explunctified 'em!"

"All to smashes, Prior!"

"At all events, gentlemen, I've said my say—I've
spit my spite, and my soul is now tranquil. With a
serene exaltation I can again gaze over these
mountain billows. The scene is indeed sublime!
I hear "the mighty waters rolling evermore"—a
sound as of the *polyphlosboio thalasses* is in my
ear. What a manifold ocean! Here on the right
is the classic Mediterranean:—yonder monstrous
promontory, in among those jagged mountains, is
Scylla; and woe unto the mariner who, eager to

avoid its dangers, falls into the neighboring Charybdis's awful vortex! What a going round and round
and round would be his! and what a swallowing up
as he takes the suck—down—down—derry down,
to the roaring music of the maelstrom. Oh! gentlemen,
but it would be grand shipwreck over
there. Here to the left, where the shining valley
shows itself, is the sunny Archipelago and the
Grecian isles; and that grand city looming up from
the waters is Athens—or you may have it old Troy
or the glittering city of Constantine, by the Thracian
Bosphorus. There to the north are those
'uncouth, boisterous seas,' to whose mercy Francis
Drake 'let go' all that was left of the *invincible*
armada. Here's the Horn, and there's the Cape 'of
storms'—where you see the clouds gather. Yonder
hazy point is Hatterass, and that tall, naked pine is
the mast of some Yankee coaster, wrecked upon
its fatal sands. All before me is the Atlantic; and
down yonder, fast founded by the wide-watered
shore, some fifty sea-leagues hence, methinks I behold
the lordly dome of our capitol, its gorgeous
ensign peacefully flapping its folds over the land of
the free and the home of the brave! And yet the
cockneys say these ain't mountains!"

"God bless the star-spangled banner!"

"And d—d for ever the cockney or what not,
that would disparage, in any manner, the country
over which it waves!"

THE PEDDLER.

FROM "WESTERN CHARACTERS." BY J. L. MC CONNEL. 1853.

THERE were few "country stores," in those days, and the settlements were so scattered as to make it sometimes very inconvenient to visit them. From ten to twenty miles was a moderate distance to the dépôt of supplies; and a whole day was usually consumed in going and returning. The visits were, therefore, not very frequent—the purchases for many weeks—perhaps months—being made on each occasion. This was a very inconvenient mode of "shopping," even for the energetic women of that day; and since the population would not justify more numerous "stores," it was desirable that some new system should be introduced, capable of supplying the demand at the cost of less trouble, and fewer miles of travel. To answer this necessity, there was but one way—the "storekeeper must carry his wares to the doors of his customers. And thus arose the occupation of the *Pedller*, or, as he called himself, the "travelling merchant."

The population of the country was then almost exclusively agricultural—the mechanic arts belong to a more advanced period. The consequence was, that the first articles carried about from house to house, were such as are manufactured by artisans—and the chief of these was tin-ware.

The tinkers of the rural districts in older countries, were, however, not known in this—they were not adapted to the genius of the people. The men who sold the ware were, scarcely ever, the same who made it; and, though the manual dexterity of most of these ready men, might enable them to mend a broken pan, or a leaky coffeepot, their skill was seldom put in requisition. Besides, since the mending of an old article might interfere with

the sale of a new one, inability to perform the office was more frequently assumed than felt.

In the course of time—as the people of the country began to acquire new ideas, and discover new wants—other articles were added to the pedller's stock. Calicoes were often carried in the same box



with tin pans—cotton checks and ginghams were stowed away beneath tin cups and iron spoons—shining coffee-pots were crammed with spools of thread, papers of pins, cards of horn-buttons, and cakes of shaving-soap—and bolts of gaudy riband could be drawn from pepper-boxes and sausage-stuffers. Table-cloths, of cotton or brown linen, were displayed before admiring eyes, which had turned away from all the brightness of new tin plates; and knives and forks, all “warranted pure steel,” appealed to tastes, which nothing else could excite. New razors touched the men “in tender places,” while shining scissors clipped the purses of the women. Silk handkerchiefs and “fancy” neck-cloths—things till then unknown—could occupy the former, while the latter covetously turned over and examined bright ribands and fresh cotton hose. The peddler was a master of the art of pleasing all tastes: even the children were not forgotten; for there were whips and jew’s-harps for the boys, and nice check aprons for the girls. (The taste for “playing mother” was as much an instinct, with the female children of that day, as it is in times more modern; but life was yet too earnest to display it in the dressing and nursing of waxen babies.) To suit the people from whom the peddler’s income was derived, he must consult at least the appearance of utility, in every article he offered; for, though no man could do more, to coax the money out of one’s pocket, without leaving an equivalent, even he could not succeed in such an enterprise, against the matter-of-fact pioneer.

The “travelling merchants” of this country were generally what their customers called “Yankees”—that is, New-Englanders, or descendants of the puritans, whether born east of the Hudson or not. And, certainly, no class of men were ever better fitted for an occupation, than were those for “peddling.” The majority of them were young men, too; for the “Yankee” who lives beyond middle age, without providing snug quarters for the decline of life, is usually not even fit for a peddler. But, though often not advanced in years, they often exhibited qualities, which one would have expected to find only in men of age and experience. They could “calculate,” with the most absolute certainty, what precise stage of advancement and cultivation was necessary to the introduction of every article of merchandise their stock comprised. Up to a certain limit, they offered, for example, linen table-cloths; beyond that, cotton was better and more saleable; in certain settlements, they could sell numbers of the finer articles, which, in others, hung on their hands like lead; and they seemed to know, the moment they breathed the air of a neighborhood, what precise character of goods was most likely to pay.

Thus—by way of illustration—it might seem, to one not experienced in reading the signs of progress, a matter of nice speculation and subtle inquiry, to determine what exact degree of cultivation was necessary, to make profitable the trade in *clocks*. But I believe there is no instance of an unsuccessful clock-peddler on record; and, though this fact may be accounted for, superficially, by asserting that time is alike important to all men, and a measure of its course, therefore, always a want, a little reflection will convince us, that this explanation is more plausible than sound.

It is, perhaps, beyond the capacity of any man, to judge unerringly, by observation, of the usual

signs of progress, the exact point at which a community, or a man, has arrived in the scale of cultivation; and it may seem especially difficult, to determine commercially, what precise articles, of use or ornament, are adapted to the state indicated by those signs. But that there are such indications, which, if properly attended to, will be unfailing guides, is not to be denied. Thus the quick observation of a clock peddler would detect among a community of primitive habits, the growing tendency to regularity of life; for, as refinement advances, the common affairs of every-day existence, feeling the influence first, assume a degree of order and arrangement; and from the display of this improvement, the trader might draw inferences favorable to his traffic. Eating, for example, as he would perceive, is done at certain hours of the day—sleep is taken between fixed periods of the night and morning—especially, public worship—which is one of the best and surest signs of social advancement—must be held at a time generally understood.

The peddler might conclude, also, when he saw a glazed window in a house, that the owner was already possessed of a clock—which, perhaps, needed repairing—or, at least, was in great need of one, if he had not yet made the purchase. One of these shrewd “calculators” once told me, that when he saw a man with four panes of glass in his house, and no clock, he either sold him one straightway, or “set him down crazy, or a screw.”

“Have you no other ‘signs of promise’?” I asked.

“O yes,” he replied, “many! For instance: When I am riding past a house—(I always ride slowly)—I take a general and particular survey of the premises—or, as the military men say, I make a *reconnaissance*; and it must be a very bare place, indeed, if I cannot see some ‘sign,’ by which to determine, whether the owner needs a clock. If I see the man, himself, I look at his extremities; and by the appearance of hat and boot, I make up my opinion as to whether he knows the value of time: if he wears any thing but a cap, I can pretty fairly calculate upon selling him a clock; and if, to the hat, he has added boots, I halt at once, and, without ceremony, carry a good one in.

“When I see the wife, instead of the husband, I have no difficulty in making up my mind—though the signs about the women are so numerous and minute, that it would be hard to explain them. If one wears a check apron and sports a calico dress, I know that a ‘travelling merchant’ has been in the neighborhood; and if he has succeeded in making a reasonable number of sales, I am certain that he has given her such a taste for buying, that I can sell her any thing at all: for purchasing cheap goods, to a woman, is like sipping good liquor, to a man—she soon acquires the appetite, and thenceforward it is insatiable.

“I have some customers who have a *passion* for clocks. There is a man on this road, who has one for every room in his house; and I have another with me now—with a portrait of General Jackson in the front—which I expect to add to his stock. There is a farmer not far from here, with whom I have ‘traded’ clocks every year since I first entered the neighborhood—always receiving about half the value of the article I sell, in money, ‘to boot.’ There are clock-fanciers, as well as fanciers of dogs and birds; and I have known cases, in which a

man would have two or three time-pieces in his house, and not a pair of shoes in the family! But such customers are rare—as they ought to be; and the larger part of our trade is carried on, with people who begin to feel the necessity of regularity—to whom the sun has ceased to be a sufficient guide—and who have acquired some notions of elegance and comfort. And we seldom encounter the least trouble in determining, by the general appearance of the place, whether the occupant has arrived at that stage of refinement."

He was distinguished by energy as well as shrewdness, and an enterprising spirit was the first element of his prosperity. There was no corner—no secluded settlement—no out-of-the-way place—where he was not seen. Bad roads never deterred him: he could drive his horses and wagon where a four-wheeled vehicle never went before. He understood bearings and distances as well as a topographical engineer, and would go, whistling contentedly, across a prairie or through a forest, where he had not even a "trail" to guide him. He could find fords and crossings where none were previously known to exist; and his pair of lean horses, by the skilful management of their driver, would carry him and his wares across sloughs and swamps, where a steam-engine would have been clogged by the weight of a baby-wagon. If he broke his harness or his vehicle in the wilderness, he could repair it without assistance, for his mechanical accomplishments extended from the shoeing of a horse to the repair of a watch, and embraced every thing between. He was never taken by surprise—accidents never came unexpected, and strange events never disconcerted him. He would whistle "Yankee Doodle" while his horses were floundering in a quagmire, and sing "Hail Columbia" while plunging into an unknown river!

He never met a stranger, for he was intimately acquainted with a man as soon as he saw him. Introductions were useless ceremonies to him, for he cared nothing about names. He called a woman "ma'am" and a man "mister," and if he could sell either of them a few goods, he never troubled himself or them with impertinent inquiries. Sometimes he had a habit of learning each man's name from his next neighbor, and possessing an excellent memory, he never lost the information thus acquired.

When he had passed through a settlement once, he had a complete knowledge of all its circumstances, history, and inhabitants; and, the next year, if he met a child in the road, he could tell you whom it most resembled, and to what family it belonged. He recollects all who were sick on his last visit—what peculiar difficulties each was laboring under—and was always glad to hear of their convalescence. He gathered medicinal herbs along the road, and generously presented them to the housewives where he halted, and he understood perfectly the special properties of each. He possessed a great store of good advice, suited to every occasion, and distributed it with the disinterested benevolence of a philanthropist. He knew precisely what articles of merchandise were adapted to the taste of each customer; and the comprehensive "rule of three" would not have enabled him to calculate more nicely the exact amount of "talk" necessary to convince them of the same.

His address was extremely insinuating, for he always endeavored to say the most agreeable things, and no man could judge more accurately what would

best please the person addressed. He might be vain enough, but his egotism was never obtruded upon others. He might secretly felicitate himself upon a successful trade, but he never boasted of it. He seemed to be far more interested in the affairs of others than in his own. He had sympathy for the afflictions of his customers, counsel for their difficulties, triumph in their success.

Before the introduction of mails, he was the universal news-carrier, and could tell all about the movements of the whole world. He could gossip over his wares with his female customers, till he beguiled them into endless purchases, for he had heard of every death, marriage, and birth within fifty miles. He recollects the precise piece of calico from which Mrs. Jones bought her last new dress, and the identical bolt of riband from which Mrs. Smith trimmed her "Sunday bonnet." He knew whose children went to "meeting" in "store-shoes," whose daughter was beginning to wear long dresses, and whose wife wore cotton hose. He could ring the changes on the "latest fashions" as glibly as the skilfullest *modiste*. He was a *connaisseur* in colors, and learned in their effects upon complexion. He could laugh the husband into half-a-dozen shirts, flatter the wife into calico and gingham, and praise the children till both parents joined in dressing them anew from top to toe.

He always sold his goods "at a ruinous sacrifice," but he seemed to have a dépôt of infinite extent and capacity, from which he annually drew new supplies. He invariably left a neighborhood the loser by his visit, and the close of each season found him inconsolable for his "losses." But the next year he was sure to come back, risen, like the Phoenix, from his own ashes, and ready to be ruined again—in the same way. He could never resist the pleading look of a pretty woman, and if she "jewed" him twenty per cent. (though his profits were only two hundred), the tenderness of his heart compelled him to yield. What wonder is it, then, if he was a prime favorite with all the women, or that his advent, to the children, made a day of jubilee?

But the peddler, like every other human "institution," only had "his day." The time soon came when he was forced to give way before the march of newfangledness. The country grew densely populated, neighborhoods became thicker, and the smoke of one man's chimney could be seen from another's front door. People's wants began to be permanent—they were no longer content with transient or periodical supplies—they demanded something more constant and regular. From this demand arose the little neighborhood "stores," established for each settlement at a central and convenient point—usually at "cross-roads," or next door to the blacksmith's shop—and these it was which superseded the peddler's trade.

But the peddler had not acquired his experience of life for nothing; he was not to be outdone, even by the more aristocratic stationary storekeeper. When he found his trade declining, he cast about him for a good neighborhood; and his extensive knowledge of the country soon enabled him to find one. Here he erected his own cabin, and boldly entered the lists against his new competitors. If he augured unfavorably of his success in the new walk, he was not cast down. If he could not "keep store," he could at least "keep tavern," an occupation for which his knowledge of the world admirably fitted him.

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

FROM "WESTERN CHARACTERS." BY J. L. MC'CONNEL. 1853.

THE Schoolmistress generally came from the "cradle" of intelligence, as well as "of liberty," beyond the Hudson; and, in the true spirit of benevolence, she carried her blessings (herself the greatest) across the mountain barrier, to bestow them, *gratis*, upon the spiritually and materially needy, in the valley of the Mississippi. Her vocation, or, as it would now be called, her "mission," was to teach; an impulse not only given by her education, but belonging to her nature. She had a constitutional tendency towards it—indeed, a genius for it; like that which impels one to painting, another to sculpture—this to a learned profession, that to a mechanical trade. And so perfectly was she adapted to it, that the "ignorant people of the west," not recognizing her "divine appointment," were often at a loss to conjecture who, or whether anybody, could have taught *her*!

For that same "ignorant," and too often ungrateful people, she was full of tender pity—the yearning of the single-hearted missionary for the welfare of his flock. *They* were steeped in darkness, but *she* carried the light—nay, *she was the light!* and with a benignity, often evinced by self-sacrifice—she poured it graciously over the land—

Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do;
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 't were all alike
As if we had them not.

For the good of the race, or of any (male) individual, she would immolate herself, even upon the altar of Hymen; and, since the number, who were to be benefited by such self-devotion, was small in New England, but large in the west, she did well to seek a field for her benign dedication beyond the Alleghanies! Honor to the all-daring self-denial, which brought to the forlorn bachelor of the west, a companion in his labors, a solace in his afflictions, and a mother to his children!

Her name was invariably Grace, Charity, or Pru-

dence; and, if names had been always descriptive of the personal qualities of those who bore them, she would have been entitled to all three.

We will not be so ungallant, as to inquire too curiously into the age of the schoolmistress; but, without disparagement to her youthfulness, we may be allowed to conjecture that, in order to fit her so well for the duties of her responsible station (and incline her to undertake such labors), a goodly number of years must needs have been required. Yet she bore time well; for, unless married in the meanwhile, at thirty she was as youthful in manners as at eighteen.

But this is not surprising: for, even as early as her twelfth year, she had much the appearance of a mature woman—something like that noticed in young quakers, by Clarkson—and her figure belonged to that rugged type, which is adapted to bear, unscathed, more than the ravages of time. She was never above the medium height, for the rigid rule of economy seemed to apply to flesh and blood, as to all other things pertaining to her race; at all events, material had not been wasted in giving her extra longitude—at the ends. Between the extremities, it might be different—for she was generally very long-waisted. But this might be accounted for in the process of flattening out: for like her compeer, the schoolmaster, she had much more breadth than thickness. She was somewhat angular, of course, and rather bony; but this was only the natural correspondence between the external development, and the mental and moral organization. Her eyes were usually blue, and, to speak with a courtesy, a little cold and grayish in their expression—like the sky on a bleak morning in Autumn. Her forehead was very high and prominent, having, indeed, an exposed look, like a shelterless knoll in an open prairie: but, not content with this, though the hair above it was often thin, she usually dragged the latter forcibly back,



as if to increase the altitude of the former, by extending the skin. Her mouth was of that class called "primped," but was filled with teeth of respectable dimensions.

Her arms were long, and, indeed, a little skinny, and she swung them very freely when she walked; while hands, of no insignificant size, dangled at the extremities, as if the joints of her wrists were insecure. She had large feet, too, and in walking her toes were assiduously turned out. She had, however, almost always one very great attraction—a fine, clear, healthy complexion—and the only blemishes upon this, that I have ever observed, were a little *red* on the tip of her nose and on the points of her cheek-bones, and a good deal of *down* on her upper lip.

In manners and bearing, she was brisk, prim, and sometimes a little "fidgety," as if she was conscious of sitting on a dusty chair; and she had a way of searching nervously for her pocket, as if to find a handkerchief with which to brush it off. She was a very fast walker, and an equally rapid talker—taking usually very short steps, as if afraid of splitting economical skirts, but using very long words, as if entertaining no such apprehension about her throat. Her gait was too rapid to be graceful, and her voice too sharp to be musical; but she was quite unconscious of these imperfections, especially of the latter; for at church—I beg pardon of her enlightened ancestors! I should say at "*meeting*"—her notes of praise were high over all the tumult of primitive singing; and, with her chin thrown out, and her shoulders drawn back, she looked, as well as sounded, the impersonation of *melody*, as contradistinguished from *harmony*!

* * * * *

Life was too solemn a thing with her to admit of thoughtless amusements—it was entirely a state of probation, not to be enjoyed in itself, or for itself, but purgatorial, remedial, and preparatory. She hated all devices of pleasure as her ancestors did the abominations of popery. A fiddle she could tolerate only in the shape of a bass-viol; and dancing, if practised at all, must be called "Calisthenics." The drama was to her an invention of the Enemy of Souls—and if she ever saw a play, it must be at a *museum*, and not within the walls of that temple of Baal, a theatre. None but "serious" conversation was allowable, and a hearty laugh was the expression of a spirit ripe for the destination of unforgiven sinners.

Yet, though she cared little for poetry, and seldom understood the images of fancy, she was not averse to a modicum of scandal in moments of relaxation: for the faults of others were the illustrations of her prudent maxims, and the thoughtlessness of a sister was the best possible text for a moral homily. The tense rigidity of her character, too, sometimes required a little unbending, and she had, therefore, no special aversion to an occasional surreptitious novel. But in this she would indulge only in private; for in her mind, the worst quality of transgression was its bad example; and she never failed, in public, to condemn all such things with becoming and virtuous severity. Nor must this apparent inconsistency be construed to her disadvantage; for her strong mind and well-fortified morals could withstand safely what would have corrupted a large majority of those around her; and it was meet that one whose "mission" it was to reform, should thoroughly understand the enemy against

which she battled. And these things never unfavorably affected her life and manners, for she was as prudent in her deportment (ill-natured people say *prudish*) as if some ancestress of hers had been deceived, and left in the family a tradition of man's perfidy and woman's frailty.

She was careful of three things—her clothes, her money, and her reputation: and, to do her justice, the last was as spotless as the first, and as much prized as the second, and that is saying a good deal, both for its purity and estimation. Neat, economical, and prudent, were, indeed, the three capital adjectives of her vocabulary, and to deserve them was her eleventh commandment.

With one exception, these were the texts of all her homilies, and the exception was, unluckily, one which admitted of much more argument.

It was the history of the puritans. But upon this subject, she was as dexterous a special pleader as Neale, and as skilful, in giving a false coloring to facts, as D'Aubigné. But she had the advantage of these worthies in that her declamation was quite honest: she had been taught sincerely and heartily to believe all she asserted. She was of the opinion that but two respectable ships had been set afloat since the world began: one of which was Noah's ark, and the other the *Mayflower*. She believed that no people had ever endured such persecutions as the puritans, and was especially eloquent upon the subject of "New England's Blarney-stone," the Rock of Plymouth.

Indeed, according to the creed of her people, historical and religious, this is the only piece of granite in the whole world "worth speaking of;" and geologists have sadly wasted their time in travelling over the world in search of the records of creation, when a full epitome of every thing deserving to be known, existed in so small a space! All the other rocks of the earth sink into insignificance, and "hide their diminished heads," when compared to this mighty stone! The rock of Leucas, from which the amorous Lesbian maid cast herself disconsolate into the sea, is a mere pile of dirt: the Tarpeian, whence the Law went forth to the whole world for so many centuries, is not fit to be mentioned in the same day: the Rock of Cashel, itself, is but the subject of profane Milesian oaths: and the Ledge of Plymouth is the real "Rock of Ages!" It is well that every people should have something to adore, especially if that "something" belongs exclusively to themselves. It elevates their self-respect: and, for this object, even historical fictions may be forgiven.

But, as we have intimated, in the course of time the schoolmistress became a married woman; and as she gathered experience, she gradually learned that New England is not the whole "moral vineyard," and that one might be more profitably employed than in disputing about questionable points of history. New duties devolved upon her, and new responsibilities rained fast. Instead of teaching the children of other people, she now raised children for other people to teach. New sources of pride were found in these, and in her husband and in his prosperity. She discovered that she could be religious without bigotry, modest without prudery, and economical without meanness: and profiting by the lessons thus learned, she subsided into a true, faithful, and respectable matron, thus at last, fulfilling her genuine "mission."

SONG.

The Fine Arkansas Gentleman!

BY ALBERT PIKE. 1853.

Now all good fellows listen, and a story I will tell
 Of a mighty clever gentleman, who lives extremely well
 In the western part of Arkansas, close to the Indian line,
 Where he gets drunk once a week on whiskey, and immediately sobers himself completely on the very
 best of wine;

A fine Arkansas gentleman, close to the Choctaw line!

This fine Arkansas gentleman has a mighty fine estate
 Of five or six thousand acres or more of land, that will be worth a great deal some day or other, if he
 don't kill himself too soon, and will only condescend to wait;
 And four or five dozen negroes that would rather work than not,
 And such quantities of horses, and cattle, and pigs, and other poultry, that he never pretends to know
 how many he has got:

This fine Arkansas gentleman, close to the Choctaw line!

This fine Arkansas gentleman has built a splendid house,
 On the edge of a big prairie, extremely well populated with deer, and hares, and grouse;
 And when he wants to feast his friends, he has nothing more to do
 Than to leave the potlid off, and the decently behaved birds fly straight into the pot, knowing he'll shoot
 'em if they don't, and he has a splendid stew,

This fine Arkansas gentleman, close to the Indian line!

This fine Arkansas gentleman makes several hundred bales,
 Unless from drought, or worm, a bad stand, or some other d—d contingency, his crop is short, or fails;
 And when it's picked, and ginned, and baled, he puts it in a boat,
 And gets aboard himself likewise, and charters the bar, and has a devil of a spree, while down to New
 Orleans he and his cotton float,

This fine Arkansas gentleman, close to the Choctaw line!

And when he gets to New Orleans he sacks a clothing store,
 And puts up at the City Hotel, the St. Louis, the St. Charles, the Verandah, and all the other hotels in
 the city, if he succeeds in finding any more;
 Then he draws upon his merchant, and goes about and treats
 Every man from Kentucky, and Arkansas, and Alabama, and Virginia, and the Choctaw nation, and
 every other d—d vagabond he meets!

This fine Arkansas gentleman, close to the Choctaw line!

The last time he went down there, when he thought of going back,
 After staying about fifteen days, or less, he discovered that by lending and by spending, and being a
 prey in general to gamblers, hackmen, loafers, brokers, hosiers, tailors, servants, and many other
 individuals, white and black,
 He'd distributed his assets, and got rid of all his means,
 And had nothing left to show for them, barring two or three headaches, an invincible thirst, and an ex-
 tremely general and promiscuous acquaintance in the aforesaid New Orleans;

This fine Arkansas gentleman, close to the Choctaw line!

Now, how this gentleman got home, is neither here nor there,
 But I've been credibly informed that he swore worse than forty-seven pirates, and fiercely combed his
 hair;
 And after he got safely home, they say he took an oath
 That he'd never bet a cent again at any game of cards; and, moreover, for want of decent advisers, he
 forswore whisky and women both;

This fine Arkansas gentleman, close to the Choctaw line!

This fine Arkansas gentleman went strong for Pierce and King,
 And so came on to Washington to get a nice fat office, or some other mighty comfortable thing;
 But like him from Jerusalem that went to Jericho,
 He fell among the thieves again, and could not win a bet whether he coppered or not, so his cash was
 bound to go—

This fine Arkansas gentleman, close to the Choctaw line!

So when his monies all were gone he took unto his bed,
 And Dr. Reyburn * physicked him, and the chambermaid, who had a great affection for him, with her
 arm held up his head;
 And all his friends came weeping round, and bidding him adieu,
 And two or three dozen preachers, whom he didn't know at all, and didn't care a curse if he didn't,
 came praying for him too,
 This fine Arkansas gentleman, close to the Choctaw line!



They closed his eyes and spread him out all ready for the tomb,
 And merely to console themselves, they opened the biggest kind of a game of faro right there in his
 own room;
 But when he heard the checks he flung the linen off his face,
 And sung out just precisely as he used to do when he was alive, "Prindle, † don't turn! hold on! I go
 twenty on the king, and copper on the ace!"

This fine Arkansas gentleman, close to the Choctaw line!

ANECDOTES OF THE ARKANSAS BAR.

BY ALBERT PIKE.

The pretty little village of Pine Bluff, Arkansas, lies on each side of a line dividing two quarter sections of land, owned by different persons—the upper one by a person named Pullen, the lower by a person named Davies. Pullen first laid off a town, after running a principal line between the quarter sections upon his own land, and numbered the lots, beginning with No. 1 at the river, on the north of the drawn line, which ran out at right angles with the river. A pragmatical old Frenchman, one Antoine Baraque, educated for a monk in France, and afterwards a commissary in Napoleon's Spanish army of invasion—a small, adust, impetuous old man—bought lot No. 1, received, and caused to be recorded, a deed to it from Pullen. The line was afterwards run out by Pullen and Davies, and it was ascertained that Pullen's original line was wrong, and that the true line so struck the river as to cut

off lot No. 1 entirely, throwing it upon Davies' quarter section. Davies then commenced laying off a town on his side, by lots of the same size as Pullen's, and numbering down river from the line, so that what was lot No. 1 on Pullen's town, became lot No. 1 on Davies' town, and was by the latter sold to a stout, ruddy, athletic Frenchman, named Joe Bonne.

Baraque found it impossible to understand the new order of things; and meeting Davies soon after, entered upon an expostulation with him upon his conduct, and the consequences to himself resulting from it. "Good God!" said he, "Meestare Davies, I 'ave my lot No. 1 in de town of Pine Bluff from dat Mr. Pullen, and 'ave my deed record in de clerk's office of de county—lot No. 1, in de town of Pine Bluff! Ha! you no see you 'ave rob me of my land. By gar, dere is my deed on record, and I will 'ave my land. I 'ave buy dat lot, and you number him lot No. 1, and he is my lot."

"But, my dear sir," said Davies, "you bought of

* A famous Washington physician.

† The Crockford of Washington.

Pullen, and the lot was not upon his land. When the true line was run, the lot fell on my quarter section."

"G—dam de line," hotly responded Baraque; "what you 'spect I care for your dam line! Dare is my deed on record for lot No. 1, in de town of Pine Bluff, and you number dat lot so, and by gar, I will 'ave my lot."

"Oh, well," said Davies, "if that is all, I will commence numbering my lots down in the swamp, and number them up, and then your lot will be lot No. 1 no longer."

"Oh, by gar," cried Baraque, "dat would be one dam rascally ting, to rob me of my property in dat way; and I shall bring one suit for my lot."

Sue he did, accordingly, by action of ejectment against Joe Bonne, and employed Colonel Fowler to carry on his suit. During the six months that intervened between the commencement of the suit and the sitting of the court, he wrote Fowler, on an average, a letter a week. The cause came on for trial—Baraque was beaten, of course, and then refused to pay Fowler his fee. Fowler thereupon commenced suit against him. Baraque, upon this, healed up the breach between himself and Joe Bonne, and subpoenaed him as a witness.

When the cause came on for trial, our two Frenchmen sat cosily in court, cheek-by-jowl, and as the trial progressed, Baraque often whispered merrily in Joe Bonne's ear. Fowler at length offered to read divers letters from Baraque in evidence; and selecting one, commenced. It ran thus:—

"MR. COLONEL ABSALOM FOWLER,—Now I want you to be sure and be at court to attend dat cause of mine against dat dam Joe Bonne, for my lot No. 1, in de town of Pine Bluff," etc.

Fowler—a formal, stiff, and precise man—read the letter through without a wink or smile, and proceeded to read another, and another. The third or fourth began in this style:—

"MR. COLONEL ABSALOM FOWLER, SIR,—I want you to be sure and see to dat case of mine against dat dam rascal Joe Bonne. I have no idea of being rob of my land in dat dam rascally way, and I will 'ave you know dat I am bound to succeed."

Joe drew off from Baraque, and cast upon him fierce glances of anger, and Baraque turned red and pale alternately. Fowler drew out another and commenced reading:—

"DEAR MR. COLONEL FOWLER,—I will 'ave you know, sare, I must be sure and 'ave you at court

and see to my case against dat dam rascal Joe Bonne. Who stole de hog? Ha! I nevare steal any hog. If anybody want to know who stole de hog, let dem ask Joe Bonne."

This capped the climax. Joe shook his fist in Baraque's face, and the latter rushed out of Court. Bench, bar, and jury, burst into universal laughter, and without further evidence Fowler took his judgment.

Speaking of courts, reminds me of some of our specimens of forensic eloquence, pathetic in the highest degree. A limb of the law, who has been a Circuit Judge and Senator, once defended a client for assault and battery before two justices, and opened his case thus:—

"May it please your Honors! I appears before you this day, an humble advocate of the people's rights, to redress the people's wrongs. Justice, may it please your Honors, justice is all we ask; and justice is due, from the tallest and highest archangel that sits upon the thrones of heaven, to the meanest and most insignificant demon that broils upon the coals of hell. If my client, may it please your Honors, has been guilty of any offence at all, unknown to the catalogue of the law, he has been guilty of the littlest and most insignificant offence which has ever been committed from the time when the 'morning stars sung together with joy, shout heavenly muse'!"

Another eminent member of the bar, who has made a fortune by his practice, once in a murder case, in which I was engaged with him, the prisoner having committed the act while intoxicated, said to the jury in the course of his speech:—"Gentlemen of the jury, it is a principle congenial with the creation of the world, and handed down from posterity, that drunkenness always goes in commiseration of damages."

At another time, he told a jury, that a person indicted for assault and battery, "beat and bruised the boy, and amalgamated his head." And finally, in an action for slander, brought by a female client against one Thomas Williams, who had uttered some injurious imputations against her virgin purity, he thus broke forth:—"Who is this Tom Williams, gentlemen of the jury, that comes riding out of the Cherokee nation, on the suburbs of posterity? He knocked at my client's door at the dead hour of the night, and she refused to get up and let him in. Wasn't this a proof of her virginity?"

ANECDOTES OF THE WESTERN BAR.

[A friend at our elbow relates a few anecdotes of the Western Bar, which are too good to be lost.]

THE first illustrates the ruling passion for "poker," among Western members of the bar. The court is in session, the Judge is on the bench, and the case of Smith *vs.* Brown is called up. "All ready!" shouts the counsel for defendant, but the counsel for the plaintiff does not respond. "Who's for the plaintiff?" inquires the Judge, somewhat impatiently. "May it please the Court," says a rising member of the legal fraternity, "Pilkins is for the plaintiff, but I left him just now over in the tavern, playing a game of poker. He's got a 'sucker' there, and he's sure to skin him if he only has time. He's got the thing all set to ring in a 'cold deck,' in which case he will deal himself four

aces and his opponent four queens, so that your honor will perceive he must 'rake the persimmons'." The look of impatience vanished from the face of his Honor at once, and an expression more of sorrow than anger took its place. At length, he said, with a heavy sigh, "Dear me, that's too bad! It happens at a very unfortunate time. I am very anxious to get on with these cases!" A brown study, followed, and at length a happy idea struck the Judge. "Bill," said he, addressing the friend of the absent Pilkins, who had spoken, "you understand poker about as well as Pilkins—suppose you go over and play his hand!"

At another time, counsel took some exception to

the ruling of the Court on a certain point, and a dispute arose. "If the Court please," said the counsel, "I wish to refer to this book a moment," at the same time picking up a large law volume. "There's no use o' your referring to any books," exclaimed the Court, angrily, "I have decided the p'int!" "But, your Honor—" persisted the lawyer. "Now I don't want to hear any thing further on the subject," yelled the Court, "I tell you again, I have decided the p'int!" "I know that," was the rejoinder, "I'm satisfied of that—but this is a volume of Blackstone—I'm certain he differs with your Honor, and I only want to show you what a d—n fool Blackstone was!" "Ah, that indeed!" exclaimed the Court, smiling all over, "now you begin to talk."

On a similar occasion the affair did not end so happily. The Court decided a point adverse to the views of counsel. Counsel was stubborn, and insisted that the Court was wrong. "I tell you I am right!" yelled the Court, with flashing eyes. "I tell you, you are not!" retorted the counsel. "I am right!" reiterated the Court, "d—n a nigger if I ain't!" "I say you ain't!" persisted the counsel. "Crier!" yelled the Judge, "I adjourn the court for ten minutes!" And jumping from the bench, he pitched into the counsel, and after a very lively little fight placed him *hors du combat*, after which business was again resumed, but it was not long before another misunderstanding arose. "Crier," said the Court, "we will adjourn this time for twenty minutes!" And he was about taking off his coat, when the counsel said, "Never mind, Judge, keep your seat—the p'int is yielded—my thumb's out o' joint, and I've sprained my shoulder!"

Mr. Talbot, one time a senator from Kentucky, possessed a most extraordinary rapidity of utterance. In a case before the Supreme Court, his feelings were personally enlisted, and in a speech of four hours' duration, his words flew with impassioned eloquence and startling velocity. At the adjournment of the court, this extraordinary effort became the topic of conversation, and Judge Washington, with great gravity, declared that "a person of moderate wishes could not desire to live longer than the time it would take him to repeat that four hours' speech of Mr. Talbot."

A well-known Western Judge, who was so unfortunate as to stutter somewhat, in effecting the settlement of an account with a parsimonious neighbor, found it impossible to make change within *three cents*. Some days after, while the Judge was on the bench, in the midst of a very important case, the avaricious man, whose brains could not rest while the three cents were absent from his pocket, appeared in the court-room, and unceremoniously desired the Judge to grant him an interview. The Judge arrested the progress of the case, and addressing the counsel, said, apologetically, "St-stop, a f-few moments, p-p-please, t-t-till I speak to my neighbor P." He therefore descended from the bench, and accompanied P. to a private room, where, as he expected, he received a demand for the delinquent three cents. He paid it, demanded a receipt, and returned to the court-room, convulsing every one present by the following remark:—"Th-they s-say, that at th-the m-moment any one d-d-dies, another is b-b-born, and th-the soul of th-the one th-that d-d-dies gog-gog-goes into th-the

b-b-body of th-the one that's b-b-born. Now, when n-neighbor P. P. P. was b-b-born, non-non-nobody died."

Some two years ago quite an amusing and novel scene transpired in the presence of His Honor, a Probate Judge of Kansas, while he was holding court.

We shall not give the real names of the parties, and hope no one will take offence.

The court-room was a little log hut, ten by twelve, with a dirt chimney and floor. Chairs were very scarce, and His Honor had had several chunks of wood rolled in for seats. Upon one of the said chunks His Honor sat, with all his judicial dignity. Before him was arraigned some poor fellow, for borrowing his neighbor's chickens without permission, confronted by his accuser. Upon the opposite side of the fireplace sat the Sheriff and one of his friends, engaged in a pleasant game of "old sledge;" we will call them Brown and Smith.

The Judge, after adjusting his quill, pushed back his hair, that his legal bumps might be thoroughly exhibited, and looking the prisoner full in the face, pronounced an interrogatory like this:

JUDGE. Sir, what have you to say for yourself?

BROWN. Smith, I beg.

SMITH. I'll see you d—d first.

JUDGE. Sheriff, keep silence in the court. Well, sir, what have you to say about these chickens?

BROWN (*aside*). Run the kurds, Smith.

PRISONER. I intended to pay Mr. Wiggins for them chickens.

JUDGE. Why didn't—

BROWN. Smith, you don't come that new kick over me; follow suit; none of your re-nigueing.

JUDGE. The Court finds it impossible to proceed unless you have order in the court-house.

SMITH. In a moment, Judge. Count your game, Brown.

JUDGE. Did you eat or sell those chickens?

PRISONER. I sold them.

JUDGE. How much did you make on—

SMITH. High-low-jack-gift-and-game—

BROWN. Who give you one—

SMITH. I beg your pardon. 'Twas you that begged—

JUDGE. Silence in the court!

Every thing was quiet again for a few moments; the kurds were shuffled and dealt, and in the mean time his Honor proceeded with the examination.

In the height of some other question being propounded by the Judge, Smith begged, and Brown gave one, hallooing out:

"Now, rip ahead, old hoss—five and five."

The Judge, indignant and angry, arose from the court bench and crossed to the players. Before he could speak, he spied Smith's hand, holding the jack and ten of trumps; at the same time glancing at a big stone lying between the two, he saw two half dollars.

"Brown," says the Judge, "I'll bet you five dollars, Smith beats the game."

"Done," says Brown, and up went the ore.

Smith led on, and won the trick, led again, and won; led the third time and won, but no game yet commenced whistling and scratching his head.

JUDGE—(*Leaning on Smith and with one eye shut*)—Smith, play 'em judiciously.

Smith led a little heart, and lost the trick. Brown played the queen at him and won the ten.

"Hold!" said the Judge, "let me see."

BROWN. What's the matter Judge?

SMITH—(*Impatient*)—Lead on, Brown.

BROWN. Play to the ace.

JUDGE—(*Raving*)—This was a made up thing—you have defrauded me—I fine you both twenty-five dollars for contempt of court.

Brown pocketed the money—the prisoner sloped, and so the court adjourned without any formal process.

THE CHICKEN THIEF OF THE HUDSON.

FROM "UP THE RIVER." BY F. W. SHELTON. 1858.

WITHIN the past month, an excitement has prevailed among the quiet inhabitants of these parts unparalleled since the great oyster-war. Every one has heard of the inroads once made by the buccaneering fishermen of Amboy on our rich oyster-beds, when the adverse fleets had like to have come to a great nautical encounter. But although some guns were pointed, no triggers were pulled, and no shells were thrown of the kind used in naval warfare. That chapter in history has never been written out fairly; but let by-gones be by-gones. I am going to nab some circumstances while they are yet fresh, and the materials attainable, that hereafter they may not come up in dim memory like the records of the oyster-war. The most flagrant depredations ever known in the history of man have lately been made on the hen-roosts of Dutchess County. Twelve hundred dollars' worth of chickens stolen in one winter, and the greatest panic among all holders of the stock! The deed was done,

Deeply and darkly at dead of night,

and the evil was waxing worse and worse, so that out of the multitude of populous hen-roosts in the above county, there was not one which had not suffered extremely. Eggs were scarce in sufficient abundance for cakes and pies: one farmer was reduced to his last little chick, while the cheerful cackle of farm-yards was scarce heard. The cock-crowing which used to be answered at dead of night from hill to hill and hamlet to hamlet, until it circled the whole neighborhood, as the British drum-beat circles the world, was succeeded by a dead silence, and no clarion was heard in the morning except the baker's horn. Little as the farmers were acquainted with natural history, they knew that the chicken is not a bird of passage, and always comes home to roost. Their hens had not been picking and stealing, but they had been stolen and picked. Who had done the *foul* deed? That was what the irritated owners were burning to know; for if they could catch the scoundrel as he was taking wing, they threatened that they would tar and feather him, without waiting for the slow process of the law to coop him up. He would not crow over his bargain, nor cackle over his gains. There is something inconceivably mean and sneaking in the stealing of chickens; and none but the most hardened rogue, if caught with one under his jacket, could exclaim with the abandoned TWITCHER, 'Vel, vot of it?' 'Vot of it?' A great deal of it! To take a horse or a young colt is a bold and magnanimous piece of rascality, and if the equestrian spark can be overtaken by the telegraph in the midst of his horse-back exercise, his neck may be put in requisition. That's paying a high price for a horse, as any jockey will tell you. But to go and bag a fowl when he

is asleep with his head under his wing, is the part of a chicken-hearted fellow.

Although no clue had been obtained to these depredations, the finger of suspicion had been for some time pointed at one Joseph Antony. Mr. Antony, a resident of the city of New York, who had the appearance of a sporting character, was in the habit of visiting this county about twice a-week in a small wagon, to see his friends and indulge his social qualities. On his way out, he stopped at all the taverns to take some beverage, although in returning he was abstemious in his habits, being perhaps in haste to return to an anxious wife. But it was noticed as a remarkable coincidence that when he came and went, the chickens were always gone. Numbers of the more prying, to confirm their suspicions, had sometimes peeped into his wagon, where they discovered creatures of the feathered creation. Once or twice he had his horse taken by the halter, but on promptly presenting a revolver, (we think of Colt's patent,) he obtained liberty to pass. The knowledge of the fact that he carried arms about his person had the effect of making many diffident, who had otherwise not been slow in their advances.

They did not wish to take this St. Anthony's fire, or risk their bodies and souls for the sake of a few spring-chickens, no matter how many shillings they were worth a pair. Mr. Antony therefore had the plank-road to himself. On another occasion, when he was returning, well provided as it was thought with live stock for the market, some young men got up a plan to waylay him by throwing a rope over the road. This endeavor proved abortive: for when they heard the sound of his wheels approaching; when they got a glance of his little colt who knew the ground; and when they thought of the little *Colt* which he carried in his pocket, their courage caved in, and they fled to the neighboring woods inhabited by owls.

Thus did villainy triumph, and the henneries continued to be impoverished by a consumption unknown to Thanksgiving or the pip. The final despair of the farmers led to a mutual compact, which we will call the *Hens-eatic League*. At a full and unanimous meeting of the chicken-owners of Dutchess County, it was resolved to keep a very strict watch over the motions of Mr. Antony on his next visit. Something must be done, and that immediately, as the boys said who sat under a tree in a thunder-storm, when the one asked the other if he could pray, otherwise there would not be a cock to crow, nor a hen to lay an egg in all the neighborhood. Accordingly, on the afternoon of Friday (unlucky day!) Mr. Antony was observed to pass through the gate at which he stopped, for the tollman observed that he 'always acted very gentlemanly, and always was particular to pay his toll, and was a good-looking

man, only his eyes was too big.' The following intricate plan was then hatched: Three courageous men, armed with muskets, were to keep the gate that night and receive the toll of Mr. Antony when he came back, and, if possible, 'prevail on him to stop.' They took their stand at sundown. The remaining chicken-owners watched all night. Mr. Russell Smith sat up in his wagon-house; but what is very queer, Mr. Antony pulled his chickens off the perch almost under his nose, without his knowing it. Six expected eggs were missing at his breakfast-table next morning. But Mr. Suyd-m, who lives on the salt-meadows, arranged his plan better. To the door of his henry he attached a string, which he conducted to his sleeping-chamber; and to the string he fastened a little bell. Then he lay down to keep awake. He heard nothing for some hours, until what *ought* to have been the cock-crowing, he was startled suddenly

By the tintinnabulation
Of the bell, bell, bell,
Which did musically well.

Springing from his couch, he placed his face against the window, and the night not being very dark, the following tableau was presented: A little wagon and a little horse, held at the head by a little boy, and in the wagon a woman with a hood. He rushed to the hen-house just in time to find the perches vacant and his man retreating, who forthwith seized the reins and drove like Jehu toward the long bridge. It is thought that a part of the distance was accomplished at the rate of a mile in three minutes. But Mr. Suyd-m was not to be so baffled. He harnessed his mare, and taking Mr. Lawrence with him, followed in pursuit at full speed. They overtook Mr. Antony at the bridge, where he was engaged in killing chickens, and throwing their heads over the balustrades into Mud Creek. Finding some one at his heels, he ceased killing chickens, applied the lash, and was again out of sight. But although out of sight, he was not out of mind. On approaching the toll-gate, he began to fumble for change to

pay honorably, when, to his astonishment, he found the gates shut, and before he could place his hand on his revolver, the muzzles of three muskets were within an inch of his head.

As a rat who has left his hole by night to get a drink of water, or to seek a few eggs, on returning finds it stopped up with a brick, and himself assailed, pauses on his hind legs and squeals, so did the astonished Antony cry out. On examining the contents of his wagon, it was found well replenished with fowls; and Mr. Antony frankly confessed that he regretted the circumstance of his capture, as he had already served out several terms at the State's-prison, and was loth to go there again, where Thanksgiving fare was so scarce.

When this remarkable capture became known on the next morning, and the prisoner and his plunder were brought to the Justice's Court, great interest was excited in the country round. They came pouring into the village by hundreds, to get a sight of the greatest chicken-stealer ever known since the creation of fowls. Nothing like it was remembered since St. George's church, in the same place, was broken open, and the justices, and the wardens, and the vestrymen, and the tavern-keeper, were convened in the bar-room of the village inn, to see a pile of Bibles and prayer-books on the sanded floor, where the head warden remarked to the repentant thief that he was sorry he had not used the Bible and prayer-book better. On the examination of Mr. Antony, it was apprehended that there might be some difficulty about the identification of the fowl. You can tell your horse, your ass, your cow, your pig; they are speckled, they are streaked, they have a patch on the eye, or something of the kind. But as to your chickens, though you feed them out of your own hand, the task is more difficult. You contemplate them not by units, but by broods, and single them out one by one only when the time comes to wring their necks, and you think that a roast chicken for dinner would not be amiss. On this occasion, no such difficulty occurred. The roosts had become so thinned that the farmers were enabled to recognize and swear to their fowl, one to his Bantam, another to his Shanghai, a third to his Top-knot, a fourth to his Cochin-China, and a fifth to his Poland hen. Although their heads were twisted off, that mattered not so much, since feathered creatures are not recognized by their countenances like men. They are all beak, little head, and have no particular diversity of expression to be identified except by themselves.

Mr. Antony has engaged counsel to rebut the prosecution by the State, and it will depend upon the ability with which this great Hen-Roost case shall be managed, whether he shall be finally knocked from his perch in society, whether the plank-road dividends shall be diminished by the amount of his toll, and whether chickens, like peach-trees, shall take a new start. When we consider the expensiveness of feeding them, and the many casualties which they are exposed to from the time they are fledged—snatched into the air by hawks, fed on by cats, afflicted by the pip, and by the gapes, it is to be ardently hoped that something may be done to protect them on their roosts. Otherwise we know many who will give up raising fowls; and then, we ask, what is to become of our markets if 'hen sauce' is abolished; and what will housewives do if eggs are a shilling apiece? The most delightful puddings known to the present state



of cookery would have no richness without the yolk of eggs. Where would be the yellowness of 'spring' (usually denominated 'grass') butter? Would not pound-cake be erased from the catalogue of Miss LESLIE's famous book? And what would become of the icing and incrustation of ornamental con-

fectionery? On these questions, the result of Mr. Antony's trial will have a bearing. In the mean time he throws himself entirely upon his counsel. When asked by the Justice of the Peace at the preliminary examination what had been his occupation and means of living, he replied—*'Speculating'*

ANECDOTES OF TRAVEL.

FROM "YUSEF." BY J. ROSS BROWNE. 1853.

ETNA.

OUR descent to San Nicolosi was of course a good deal easier and rather more pleasant than the night's journey up. With the mules, it occupied very nearly the same time; but I had become quite convinced that there was a prejudice against me on the part of the whole mule species; I had turned involuntary somersets from divers mules; I had been bitten at and kicked at by mules; I had endeavoured to befriend mules by leading them up steep hills instead of riding them, and they were always sure to pull back and try to go down; I had attempted to lead them down hill, and they invariably insisted upon going up; I had bought mules at three hundred dollars, that looked well on the morning of the purchase, but found they could not go by night, in consequence of being soundered; in sober truth, my talent did not lie in the navigation or management of mules; so I walked. A walk down Mount Etna includes a slide of about a mile from the edge of the crater, which I must tell you about.

Commencing near the crater is a steep bank of ashes and cinders, extending nearly to the Casa Inglesi, by which the trip is made with a locomotive speed quite delightful. Peeping over the brink of the precipice, you enter into a calculation as to the probability of having your limbs dislocated, in case you should strike some unseen rock; and about the time you become satisfied that a leg or an arm must be sacrificed, there arises a dust some hundred yards below, and you see a large dark body bouncing down like a man of India rubber, scattering cinders and ashes before it, and yelling like a demon. Away it goes, rising and jumping and tossing, till it looks like a great black bird hopping down into the gulf of lava below, dwindling as it goes till you see nothing but a dark speck. Then down dashes another and another, and you see that it must be old Pedro leading the way, and the stragglers following. Committing yourself to Providence, you draw a long breath and jump over too; and then, *per Baccho*, how you go; up to your ankles in cinders, ten feet every jump! The wind whistles through your hair; you half shut your eyes to keep out the dust that has been raised by the guides; you shout like a drunken man, without knowing why, Hurra! glorious! splendid travelling this! hold me, somebody! stop me, Pedro! by Jupiter, there goes my hat! I knew it couldn't stay on! for heaven's sake, belay me! It is no use, nobody will belay you! There you go, faster and faster at every jump, till you don't know which end will come out first. Now you bet ten to one that your feet will win the race; now a hidden mass of lava brings them up with a sudden jerk, and you'd lay heavy odds on the end of your

nose—yes, the nose must win; you feel the premonitory jar as it nears the end of the track; terror seizes your soul; you jump desperately ten, twenty, thirty feet at every bound, twisting yourself back in the air like a cat; you vow in your agony of mind that you will never drop poor puss over the banisters again in order to see her land on her feet; another leap, another twist does it; your feet are in the air, and you go sailing down gallantly on the seat of your breeches. Hurra! clear the track there! don't stop me! glorious! splendid! Here we are, Pedro, all right, keep a look out for my hat, it'll be down here presently! Bless my soul, what a slide that was!



EXTRAS.

Eighteen miles in the bracing morning air had given us a ravenous appetite. The *Hôtel de Parigi* was recommended by our driver as the best in the place, and although it bore very little resemblance to any thing we had ever seen in Paris, being about as black and dirty a looking *locanda* as could well be found in Sicily, we ascended through the hostelry to a large bare room with a table in the middle, and half a dozen wooden chairs ranged round the walls, and called for *qualche cosa mangera*—in plain English, something to eat. The padrona, a sour-looking woman, eyed us with a speculative glance, having reference to the size of our purses, and said: "We have nothing but eggs and bread, signore; the meat has been devoured by a party that have just gone ahead." "Very well, then," said we, "let us have the eggs and bread as soon as possible." In about half an hour we had a scanty *collazione* of fried eggs, to which we did as much justice as the

subject permitted. "Now, padrona, what is to pay?" "What you wish, signores." "No, no; you must fix your own price." "Then, as you have had nothing but eggs and bread, we will only charge you two dollars." "Two dollars! why that is impossible. We have only had a dozen eggs and a little bread!" "Well, then, say a dollar and a half; that is very little for four persons, signores." We paid the dollar and a half, and considered ourselves very cleverly done. As we were about to leave, our hostess reminded us of another small charge—three carlins for the room. "What!" said we, in an honest fit of indignation, "do you mean to say we are to pay for the privilege of eating your miserable *collazione* in this barn of a place?" "Of course, signores, you have had the use of the room." "Very true, but did you think we were going to eat out of doors?" "By no means, and that is the reason why I charge you for the accommodation of the room." It was no use to argue against a system of reasoning so cogent as this; the postilion was calling to us to come on; so we paid the three carlins for the use of the room. Passing out, we were attacked by a dirty *cuisine*, who demanded a trifling remuneration for her services. "Please your excellencies, I cooked breakfast for you!" "The deuce you did! how do you suppose we could eat it unless it was cooked? Are people in the habit of eating breakfast raw at the *Hôtel de Parigi?*" "No, signores; I cook it for them, and they always give me something for my trouble." It was no use to rebel; the cook hung to us like a leech, and it was only by paying her three carlins that we could extricate ourselves from her clutches. "Thank heaven, we are done now!" was our involuntary exclamation, as we made our exit. "*Aspetta*, signores," said a voice behind, "you have forgotten the *facchino*!" "The what?" "The porter, gentlemen." "And pray what have you done for us?" "I attend to the baggage, signores." But we have no baggage here; it is all in the diligence." "Ah, that makes no difference; I could have carried it for you: I must live, you know, and this is all the pay I get to support a large family." The claim was irresistible; we rebelled at first, but it was no use, the *facchino* followed us till we had to give him a few baiocci to get rid of him. "Well, this beats Italy all hollow," was our unanimous conclusion, as we took our respective seats in the diligence, and began to enjoy the luxuries of sunshine and cigars, after the storm through which we had passed. "*Buono mano*," said our small postilion. "For what, you rascal?" "For driving you." "But you did not drive us; you were asleep all the time; we won't pay you!" However, we did pay him, after a great deal of talking. "Drive on now," shouted the Englishman. "*Andate!*" roared the Portuguese. "Go ahead," said I. "*Aspetta*, signores," cried the hostler; "*buono mano* for the hostler." We threw the hostler a few carlins, and shouted, "Drive on, *andate!* go ahead again!" "*Aspetta!*" cried the hostler, "this is an extra diligence; extra diligences are always double price. Besides, it is two posts from Catania, and you have only paid for one change of horses." "*Diabolò!*" roared the Portuguese, "we have only had one change, and that has just been put in now." "Stunning business this," said the Englishman. "Done brown!" said I. "True, signores; but you must pay for the half-way post." "There is no post there, you scoundrel—no horses—nothing at all!"

"*Da voror*, signores, but these horses have done double duty; so they must be paid for, or they can't go on!" This was too bad. "*Cospetto!*" shrieked the Portuguese. "Excessively annoying," said the Englishman. "Great country!" said I—"great country, gentlemen!" We unanimously determined that we would not pay for changing horses, when no such change was made. "Go to the devil with your horses, then; we won't pay a cent more." "*Va bene*, signores!" replied the hostler, very coolly unhitching the horses, and leading them off to the stable. "I'll go to the devil to oblige you, signores; but I can't go to Syracuse till the half-way post is paid for. You will have to go on without horses, that's all."

Here was a predicament! The inhabitants of the classical city of Lentini were pouring down from all the neighboring streets to see the diligence that was bound to Syracuse without horses. Matrons with children in their arms, held up their precious babes to see the sight; piratical-looking fellows gathered around and examined us with a deliberate and speculative stare; the little boys shouted merrily, and called the attention of all straggling acquaintances to the pole of the diligence that pointed toward Syracuse, but wouldn't pull for want of horses! What was to be done? Go to the Mayor? Perhaps there was none; and if there was, who knew the way? "Senores," said the hostler in a soothing tone, perceiving our distress of mind, "you'd better pay me, and allow me the pleasure of putting the horses in." We considered the advice, and took it. It was rather humiliating to our feelings; but we were hemmed in with difficulties on all sides; in vain we looked round upon the crowd; not a sympathising face was there; not a soul to pity us in our misfortunes. The pervading sentiment seemed to be—"Hit 'em again! they've got no friends!" There was one universal shout of laughter as the postilion cracked his whip, and



drove us rattling out of Lentini. I turned to look back as we ascended the hill, and caught a glimpse of the hostler, who was still bowing to us with the utmost gravity and politeness. If ever I meet that man on Pennsylvania avenue, it is my settled intention to do him personal violence.

As to the sparky little postilion who drove us so furiously out of Catania, and who afterwards fell asleep when there was nobody on the roadside to admire his driving, I have him safe enough. Here he is. Public indignation is respectfully solicited:

The individual mounted on that horse, swindled us out of two carlina. What he did with so much money it would be impossible to say: he may have put it in his boots for safe keeping; but he certainly could not have deposited his ill-gotten gains in his coat-pockets. I only know that we paid him the sum above specified for doing certain duties that he never performed; and that implicit confidence is not to be placed in a man simply because he wears a feather in his hat, a jacket with red cloth embroidery and small tails, and a pair of top-boots, big enough to bury him in when he dies.

PASSPORTS.

When the diligence stopped at one of the outer gates, we were carefully inspected by a couple of officers, in flashy uniforms and feathers, who politely requested us to allow them the pleasure of looking at our passports. One stood a little in the background, with pens, ink and paper in his hand: he was evidently a subordinate character, notwithstanding the brilliancy of his plumage, which, from a hasty estimate, I calculated to consist of the tails of three game-cocks; the other was a portly man, of grave and dignified demeanor, rich in tin buttons and red cloth epaulets, and with a mustache that would have done credit to the Governor himself; in fact, I thought at first that he was the Governor, so imposing was his personal appearance. The passports he opened slowly and cautiously, either from habitual contempt of the value of time, or a latent suspicion that they contained squibs of gunpowder: and at last, when he had fairly spread them out, with the signatures inverted, he carefully scanned the contents for five minutes, and then calmly addressed us, in bad Italian; "Your names, signores, if you please." Our friend the Portuguese, being the oldest, was accorded the privilege of speaking first. "My name, Signor, is Mendoza, and this lady is my wife." "Grazia, Signor." Then, turning to the subordinate, "Put that down—Men-z-a. *Va bene.*" After some other questions as to profession, place of nativity, etc., he turned to the Englishman; "Your name, Signor?" "Mine? My name is Norval: on the Grampian hills my father feeds his flocks, a frugal swain"—"Excuse, Signor, what did you say?" "Smith, John Smith, if you like it better!" "*Va bene,* Signor; put that down: Giovanni Smiz; no Semmit—Giovanni Semmit." The man with the tails of the game-cocks in his hat put it down. "And your name, Signor?" turning to your humble servant. "Sir," said I, with a dash of honest pride in the thought that I was giving a name known in the remotest corners of the globe; "My name is Brown—John Brown—Americano, General in the Bobtail Militia." "Grazia! Signor," said the officer, bowing, as I flattered myself, even more profoundly than he had bowed to my friend John Smith. "Put that down—Giovanni Brovvenni." "Brown!" said

I; for I had no idea of having an honest name so barbarously Italianized. "Si, Signor, *Bruven.*" "No!" said I, sternly, "not Bruven—Brown, Sir." "Si, Signor—*BRUIN.*" "No, Sir," said I, indignantly, "do you take me for a bear, Sir?" "My name's Brown, Sir." "Certo, Signore, *BRUIN!*" And Bruin was written down by the feathered man; and so stands my name to this day in the official archives of Syracuse—*GIOVANNI BRUIN, OR JOHN BEAR.*

MESSINA.

There is so little to be seen in Messina, that we got through on the day after our arrival. A few churches, convents, and old walls, are about the only sights in the way of antiquities that the traveler is called upon to endure: and, after seeing these, he may pass the time pleasantly enough, rambling about the neighborhood, which is full of fine scenery, or lounging about the wharves, where he will enjoy something in the way of maritime life on shore. The position of the town is scarcely less picturesque than that of Palermo, and for all the evidences of progress and civilization I greatly preferred this neighborhood to any part of Sicily.

On the occasion of a second visit to Messina, I was accompanied by an Irish major from India and an old English gentleman returning from the East, both fellow-passengers on the steamer from Malta, and very jovial and agreeable travelling acquaintances. We had but three hours on shore, the steamer having merely touched for passengers. It was, therefore, on landing, a matter of consideration in what way we could spend our time most profitably. The Englishman was in favor of seeing the breach, at the risk of every thing else; the major of that happy and accommodating temperament which renders a man capable of enjoying all things equally; and I, having on a former occasion seen every thing in Messina except the breach, yielded, against an internal conviction that a hole in a wall is not an object of peculiar interest. But habitual martyrdom makes a man magnanimous, and the old gentleman was bent upon seeing the breach; he had set his heart upon it; he had enlightened us upon the historical points, and the breach we must see. Nor would he have a guide, for he spoke French, and could ask the way. The major, too, spoke a foreign language; it was Guzerat or Hindoo, and not likely to be very useful in the streets of Messina, but it might come in play; and I prided myself on speaking Italian; that is to say (between you and myself), a species of Italian formed chiefly of Arabic, French, Tuscan, Neapolitan and English, but chiefly of English Italianized by copious additions of vowels at the end of every word. Yielding, however, to the superior zeal of our English friend, Mr. Pipkins, we kept modestly in the rear, while he took the middle of the main street, and kept a sharp look-out for any intelligent-looking man that had the appearance of understanding French. "*Parlez vous Français, monsieur?*" said Pipkins to the very first man he met. "*Nein!*" replied the man; "*sprechen Sie Deutsch?*" "Talk to him in Hindoo," said Mr. Pipkins. The major addressed him accordingly in Hindoo. "*Nicht!*" said the man. "Maybe he understands Italian," suggested the major. "*Parle Italiano?*" said I. "*Si signor, un poco.*" "*Dove il breecha in the Muro,*" said I, going to the full extent of my Italian. The man looked puzzled, but, not wishing to appear

ignorant, addressed me in such a complicated mixture of German and Sicilian that I had to stop him at length. *Si si grazia.*" "What does he say?" inquired Mr. Pipkins. "I think he says the wall is somewhere outside the city; but he speaks abominable Italian." "Humph! never mind; here's a gentleman that speaks French, I'm certain. Monsieur! I say, monsieur!" (calling to a stiff-looking man, just passing), "*Parlez vous Français, monsieur?*" "No, signor; *Italiana.*" Upon this hint I spake Italian, as before. The stiff man unbent himself, and politely conducted us round the corner, where he showed us the ancient church; and bidding us adieu, went his way with the same grave and studied aspect. I shall never forget the look of mingled doubt and disappointment with which my venerable English friend surveyed me. "Did you ask him for a church?" "No, I asked him for the wall with the breach in it." From that moment, I believe Mr. Pipkins suspected me of bad Italian. Disappointment, however, only added to his zeal. Pushing on with a determined step, he led the way through innumerable streets, till at length we reached an open piazza, where we halted close by a hack-stand, to gain breath and take an observation. Here we were soon surrounded by such an eager gang of vetturini, in consequence of an indiscreet question in Hindoo by the major, that we had to work ourselves out of the crowd by main force. "Leave it all to me," said our English friend. "I'll find somebody presently who speaks French. Ha! that man has a French look. I say, monsieur, monsieur!" The man stopped. "*Parlez vous Français, monsieur?*" "*Oui, monsieur.*" "I told you so," said our friend, turning to us triumphantly; see what perseverance will do;" and then he propounded a series of questions to the strange gentleman concerning the location of the wall, interrupted at every pause by "*Oui, monsieur, oui, oui.*" "Now, sir, can you tell us where it is? (still in French.) What language the individual addressed, spoke in reply, it would be impossible to say; but it was brief and to the point, for he immediately conducted us round another corner, and showed us the DILIGENCE OFFICE, after which he touched his hat politely, and walked on. Mr. Pipkins regarded the sign upon the diligence office with ineffable disgust, and then casting a ferocious look after the stranger, struck his stick heavily upon the pavement and said: "Damme, if that's French! He doesn't understand the language!" For some time previously, I had observed a suspicious-looking fellow dodging from corner to corner in our rear, who now came up, touching his hat respectfully. "Gemmén," said he, "me speakee Ingles. What you want?" Our friend explained in full, evidently much relieved at this sudden accession to his cause. "Yes, yes, me know," replied the man. "Come on." We followed with a good will, certain that our troubles were at last at an end; and really I began to feel quite interested in the wall, from the sheer force of disappointment. We had proceeded some distance through a labyrinth of streets, when Mr. Pipkins, who was engaged in a hopeless attempt to extract additional information out of the guide concerning the wall, stopped short, and indignantly uttered these words; "You infernal rascal, that's not what we want!" Now, the full force of this violent language was of course lost upon the major and myself. The only words we overheard were—"just seventeen"—"ar-

rived from Paris yesterday," which of course left us in a most painful state of mystery; nor could we prevail upon Mr. Pipkins to give us the least satisfaction on the subject. He merely turned back, muttering something about a deplorable state of morals; and upon consulting his watch, found that it was about time to go on board the steamer.

NEAR ATHENS.

Not far beyond the old convent, we came to a pass, with a rugged bluff on the right, upon which were some ancient inscriptions. Our dragoman stopped the carriage, and in a very imposing manner called our attention to the fact that we were now at a most interesting point in our journey. Doctor Mendoza never suffered any thing mentioned in the guide-book to escape his attention; but unfortunately he had forgotten his book in Athens, and was reduced to the necessity of depending solely upon the classical attainments of our dragoman.

"Wat you call dis place?" said he; for the dragoman spoke nothing but English, in addition to his native language, and Doctor Mendoza was not very proficient in either tongue; "Wat his de name of dis place?"

"Um call um-er-r-a—er-r-a; what you say, sare?" "What his de name?"

"Oh, de name; me know de name; me tell you by'm by. Dis great place, shentlemans; much great ting happen here in ancient time; grand ting happen here. Dey stop here; much grand feast; plenty people; oh, great ting happen here."

"But what *hiss* it? Wat gran ting—wat gran feast you call her?"

"She call 'um feast, wat de plenty people have wen dey come dis way; Oh, much fine time! Dere's de mark, shentlemans; on de rock dere you see de mark."

Doctor Mendoza looked at the rock, but could make nothing of the mark. Evidently it was all Greek to him, for it perplexed and irritated him exceedingly.

"By dam! you no conosce niental! Mal-a-detts! wat you call herself? heh? you call herself dragoman? One multo buono dragoman she be! Sacr-r-r-r diabololo!"

"Yes, shentlemans: me dragoman; me plenty recommendation; me know more all dragomans in Atens! All American shentlemans say me good dragoman; all English shentlemans say me good dragoman; every body say me good dragoman."

"Den wat for you no conosce de name of dis place?"

"De name? Oh, de name, sare? yes, sare: me know de name well as any body. De name's er-r-r-a—er-r-a; you know dis de place, shentlemans, were de plenty peoples come for de gran ting; much grand feast. Dat's de name; same name wot you find in de book, yes sare. Me best dragoman in Atens; all de shentlemans say me de best. Me know de name all de place."

"Andate!" roared the Portuguese, turning furiously to the driver; "'tis imposs to understan dat, she no speak Ingles!" and away we rolled over the road, as fast as two skeletons of horses could drag us. Presently the carriage stopped again, and the dragoman informed us that we had arrived at another important point.

"Dere, shentlemans, you see de water; much sheep come dere in old time; two tousan sheep?"

"Wat!" cried the Portuguese, "dat de bay of Salamis? Dat de place where Xerxes come wid two million sheep."

"Yes, sare; dat de same place, sare; de sheep all fight de Greek mans dere; de Greek mans kill all de sheep and sink 'em in de water. Greek very brave mans; kill two hundred sheep dere. Yes, sare."

"Wat dey do wid all de dead mans?"

"Oh, dey bury all de dead mans down dere were you see de tombs. Yes, sare. De Greek mans dere, and de odor mans wat come in de sheep be dere in that oder place wot you see. Yes, sare. Oh, me know all de ting—me no tell lie; me good dragoman."

"Poh! 'Tis imposs to comprehen. 'Twill be necess to have de book" said the doctor, in great disgust; "de sheep be buried in de tombs, and de Greek mans be buried in de sheep—imposs! imposs! Andate, diabolo!"

SMYRNA.

Lounging about the bazaars, a day or two after my arrival in Smyrna, I thought I recognized a familiar voice. A fashionable-looking tourist was making a bargain for a fez. His dress was new to me; but there could be no mistake in the voice. I went up cautiously and looked at his face. It was the face of an American gentleman whom I had met in various parts of Europe. Bimby was his name. He was in the most exquisite distress in regard to the texture of the fez. The fact is, poor Bimby was the victim of want; not that he was in the want of money; he had plenty of that—too much for his own happiness; but he always wanted something that it was very difficult, if not quite impossible, to find in this world. Every morning, he got up oppressed with wants; every night he went to bed overwhelmed and broken down with wants. I never saw a man in comfortable circumstances in such a dreadful state of destitution in all my life. When I first saw him, he was on the way from Florence to Milan, in quest of a pair of pantaloons of a particular style. No man in Europe understood cutting except Pantaletti. There was a sit in Pantaletti that made him indispensable. He (Bimby) had tried the Parisian tailors, but they were deficient in the knees. It was his intention to proceed at once from Milan to Leipsic for boots; the Germans were the only people who brought boots to perfection, and decidedly the best were to be had at Leipsic. He expected to be obliged to return to Paris for shirts; there was a sit in the collar of the Parisian shirt that suited him. His medicines he always purchased in London; his cigars he was forced to import from Havana; his Latakia tobacco he was compelled to purchase himself in Smyrna, and this was partly the occasion of his present visit. As to wines, it was nonsense to undertake to drink any but the pure Johannisberg; which he generally saw bottled on the Rhine every summer, in order to avoid imposition. His winters he spent chiefly in Spain; it was the only country where good cream was to be had; but the coffee was inferior, and he sometimes had to cross the Pyrenees for want of a good cup of coffee. No mode of travelling suited him exactly—in fact, he disliked travelling. Riding he hated, because it jolted him; walking, because it tired him; the snow, because it was cold; the sun, because it was warm; Rome, because it was damp; Nice, because it was dry; Athens, because it was dusty. (By the

way, I disliked Athens myself, chiefly on that account; Bimby was right there.) But it was impossible for him to live in America again. What could any man of taste do there? No pictures, no ruins, no society, no opera, no classical associations—nothing at all, except business; and all sorts of business he despised. It was a ridiculous as well as a vulgar way of spending life. In fact, the only decent people he had met with were the French; a man might contrive to exist a while in Paris. Not that he approved altogether of the French language; it wanted depth and richness; the only language worthy a man of sense was the Sanscrit. As soon as he had suited himself in boots at Leipsic, he was going to perfect himself in Sanscrit at the University of Berlin; after which he hoped to recover the effects of hard study by a tour through Bavaria, which was the only country on the face of the earth where the beer was fit to drink.

Unhappy Bimby! miserable Bimby! Man wants but little here below, as a general rule; but there are exceptions. Bimby will be the victim of want to the last day of his life. If not born in him, it was bred in him by bad training, or no training at all.

But enough of human frailties. Bimby has a kind heart, and really wants nothing to make him a very good fellow, except ten hours a day of useful employment.

THE ENGLISH TOURIST.

On our passage through the Sea of Marmora we were beset by a furious Levanter. The waters were lashed into a white foam, and floods of spray covered the decks fore and aft. The motion of the steamer in the short chopping seas produced the most unpleasant effects. Crowded as we were with deck passengers, chiefly pilgrims on the way to Jerusalem, it was pitiable to behold their terror and the miserable condition to which they were reduced by sea-sickness and exposure to the weather. Some lay covered up in their dripping blankets, groaning piteously; others staggered about the decks, clinging to the rails, and looking vacantly toward the land; some prayed, some wept, some smoked, some did nothing at all, but it was evident there were not many aboard who would have objected to being put ashore again. In the midst of all the confusion, I noticed an English tourist on the quarter-deck, leaning against the companion-way, and contemplating the scene with a calmness that was really provoking. Hang it, man! I thought, have you no soul—no bowels of compassion? Why don't you look amused, or sorry, or interested, or sick, or miserable, or something? I went a little closer, to try if I could discover some trace of feeling in his stolid features. Surely I had seen that face before; that clean-shaved face; those well-trimmed, reddish whiskers; that starched shirt-collar of snowy whiteness; that portly figure. Certainly I had seen him. Every body has seen him. Bromley is his name—Mr. Bromley, an English gentleman of fortune, who travels to kill time. He is the Mephistophiles of Englishmen. I saw him every where—in Paris, reading the newspapers in a *café*; on the top of the Righi, criticising the rising of the sun; in Vienna, wandering through the Paradei's Garten; in Berlin, gazing calmly at the statue of Frederick the Great; on the Acropolis of Athens, examining the Parthenon; in Constantinople, lounging about the bazaars; in Smyrna, eating beefsteak at the Hotel of the Two Augustas

—always reserved, serious, dogmatical, and English. When there were only Americans in the party, he was a vast improvement upon Bromley. As a matter of principle and habit, he never makes acquaintances that may be troublesome hereafter. He is the embodiment of the non-committal. He never takes any thing on hearsay; he looks at nothing that is not designated in the guide-book; patronizes no hotel that is not favorably mentioned by Murray; admires no picture except by number and corresponding reference to the name of the artist; is only moved to enthusiasm when the thing is pronounced a *chef d'œuvre* by the standard authorities. He shuts himself up in his shell of ice wherever he goes, and only suffers himself to be thawed out when he thinks, upon mature consideration, that there is no danger of coming in contact with somebody that may take advantage of the acquaintance. To his fellow-countrymen he is stiff and haughty; they may claim to know him on his return to England; to Americans he is generally polite and affable, and returns any advance with great courtesy, but seldom makes an advance himself. Bromley is a perfect gentleman in the negative sense. He does nothing that is ungentlemanly. He is too non-committal for that. Possibly he has a heart and a soul, and just as much of the little weaknesses that spring from the heart and soul as any man—if you can only find it out. Touch his national pride, and you touch his weakest point. He is British from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet—looks British, feels British, talks British, carries with him the very atmosphere of Great Britain. In the course of five minutes' conversation, he refers to our free institutions, and asks how can they be free when we tolerate slavery. One would think the question had never been discussed before. He starts it as a telling-point, and refers to the glorious freedom of glorious old England! Can we, Brother Jonathan, stand that? Of course not; we are excited; we refer him for an answer to the coal-mines of Cornwall—to the report on that subject made by a Committee of Parliament. Ha! that makes him wince! —that hits him where he has no friends! He staggers—pauses—fires up again, and gives us a severe thrust back on repudiation! repudiation in Pennsylvania and Mississippi! disgraceful act! a stain upon the nation! That touches us; we writhe; we wince; we groan inwardly; we would give a quarter of a dollar at that very moment out of our own pocket toward paying the debts of the delinquent States; but we rally again; we put it to Bromley on the unholy wars with India; the tithe system in Ireland; the public debt of England, a most unrighteous institution for the purpose of sustaining a titled aristocracy—volley after volley we pour into him; till quite breathless we pause for a reply. Bromley is puzzled; the argument has assumed a variety of forms; it has become a seven-headed dragon; he doesn't know which head to attack; he retorts on the use of bowie-knives in America—the lawless state of things, where a man

cuts another down for looking at him. True; we admit that; it's a habit we have—a short way of doing justice; but that's not the point—the point is this; has England ever produced any thing like the gold mines of California? Bromley smiles contemptuously, points his finger towards Australia, and says: "You only beat us in a yacht-race, that's all." "Yes, sir; we beat you, sir, in steamers; in all sorts of sailing-vessels; in machinery; in enterprise; in—by Jupiter, sir, what haven't we beaten you in? eh, sir, what?" The Englishman asks: "Where's your Shakspere, your Milton, your Byron, your—dooce take it, where's your literature?" And so the battle rages, till both parties having exhausted all their ammunition, Bromley admits that America is a rising country; a great country; a country destined to be the most powerful in the world. Brother Jonathan is moved, and in the fulness of his heart protests that Great Britain is the only free government in the world besides the Republic of the United States. Bromley yields us the palm in the construction of steamers and sailing-vessels; Jonathan cheerfully admits that England is ahead in literature; Bromley confesses that he always likes to meet Americans; Jonathan swears that he is devoted to Englishmen; finally, both parties conclude that it is useless for people of the same race to quarrel; that all the difference between the two countries is merely the difference of latitude and longitude. So we journey on, as far as our roads lie together, very amicably, and find that, with a little mutual concession to each other's vanity, we can be very good friends. True, Bromley reminds us, now and then, that we chew tobacco; which we repel by an allusion to wine-bibbing; this reminds Bromley that we have a nasal accent and use slang terms: that we say "I guess," when we mean "I fancy" or "I imagine;" but we make ourselves even with him on that score by telling him that John Bull speaks the worst English we ever heard; that he does it from pure affectation, which makes the case unpardonable; that for our life we can't understand an Englishman two steps off, his language is so minced and disguised by ridiculous effeminacy of pronunciation, by hemming and hawing, and all sorts of mannerisms—so shorn of its wholesome strength by the utter absence of simplicity and directness; to which he responds by asking us where we got our English from; which we answer by saying we got it from the people first settled in America, but improved upon it a good deal after the Declaration of Independence. In this way we never want for subjects of conversation, and we find upon the whole that the English tourist is a very good sort of fellow at heart, with just about the same amount of folly that is incident to human nature generally, and not more than we might find in ourselves by looking inward. Bromley is but a single specimen—a man of many fine qualities, pleasant and companionable, when one becomes accustomed to his affectation.

DISADVANTAGE OF THE USE OF SLANG.—A Green Mountain farmer entered the town of Rutland, with his wagon, intending to purchase his winter stock of groceries. Accosting the salesman of one of the principal stores, he asked if they sold sugar. "We don't sell any thing else," was the knowing answer. "Oh, well, then, put me up a hundred pounds, and I'll come for it an hour hence. When

he called for his sugar, the grocer asked if he required any other articles. "I did," said the farmer, "I wanted a bag of coffee, a barrel of mackerel, soap, salt, pepper, muslin, molasses, and a whole crowd of other fixins, but I had to go up town and get 'em, for when I asked you for the sugar, you said you didn't sell any thing else."

KNICK-KNACKS FROM AN EDITOR'S TABLE.

BY LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK. 1853.

A PRACTICAL JOKE.

A CONFIRMED wag it was who startled every body on the deck of the "John Mason" steamer the other day, on her way from Albany to Troy, with the inquiry, in a loud nasal tone: "Hear of that dreadful accident to-day aboard the Greenbush hoss-boat?" "No!" exclaimed half-a-dozen bystanders at once; "no!—what was it?" "Wal, they was tellin' of it down to the dee-pot; and nigh as I can cal'late, the hoss-boat had got within abeout two rod of the wharf, when the larboard-hoss bu'st a flue; carryin' away her stern, unshippin' her rudder, and scaldin' more'n a dozen passengers! I do n't know as there is any truth into it; praps 't aint so; but any way, that's the *story*." The narrator was less successful, according to his own account, with a rather practical joke which he undertook to play upon a Yankee townsman of his, a week or two before, in New York. "He never liked me much, 'spect," said he, "nor I did n't him, nuther. And I was a-walkin' along Pearl-street in York, sellin' some o' those little notions 'at you see here (a 'buckwheat fanning-mill,' a rotary-sieve to sift 'apple-saace,' etc.,) when I see him a-buyin' some counter goods in a store. So I went in and half'd him. Says I, right off, jest as if I'd seen him a-doin the same thing a dozen times afore that mornin', says I, "Won't they trust you *here*, nuther?" Thunder! you never see a man so riled. He looked right straight at me, and was 'een-most white, he was so mad. The clerks lafied, they did—but he did n't, I guess. 'I want to *see* you a minute!' says he, poooty solemn, and comin toward the door. I went; and just as soon as I got on to the gridiron steps, he kicked me! I did n't care—not *much* then; but if his geese do n't have the Shatrick cholera when I get home, 'you can take my hat,' as they say in York. I was doin' the

merchant; he was tryin' to buy calicoes on a good turn, any how; for I 'spect he was going to get 'em on trust, and I know'd he was an all-mighty shirk. I rather guess he did n't *get* 'em, but I don't know—not sartain."

SCULPIN.

By-the-bye, it may not be amiss to remark, in passing, that it was the identical "Greek slave" concerning which the ensuing colloquy took place, between the sculptor himself and a successful Yankee speculator, who had "come over to see Ew-rope." Scene, Powers's studio at Florence. Enter stranger, spitting, and wiping his lips with his hand: "Be yeou Mr. Powers, the skulpture?" "I am a sculptor, and my name is Powers." "Y-e-a-s; well, I'spected so; they tell'd me you was—y-e-a-s. Look here—drivin' a pretty stiff business, eh?" "Sir?" "I say, plenty to du, eh? What d's one o' them fetch?" "Sir?" "I ask't ye what's the price of one of them, sech as yeou're peekin' at neow." "I am to have three thousand dollars for this when it is completed." "W-h-a-t!—heow much?" "Three thousand dollars." "T-h-r-e-e t-h-e-o-u-s-a-n-d d-o-l-l-a-r-s! Hant stawaye *riz* lately! I was cal'latin' to buy some; but it's *too* high. How's paintin's? 'Guess I must git some paintin's. T-h-r-e-e t-h-e-o-u-s-a-n-d d-o-l-l-a-r-s! Well, it *is* a trade, skulpin' is; that's sartain. What do they make yeou pay for your *tools* and *stuff*? Speet my oldest boy, Cephas, could skulp; 'fact, I know he could. He is always whittlin' round, and cuttin' away at things. I wish you'd gree to take him prentice, and let him go *at* it full chisel. D'you know where I'd be liable to put him *cout*? He'd cut stun a'ter a while with the best of ye, he would; and make money, tew, at *them* prices. T-h-r-e-e t-h-e-o-u-s-a-n-d d-o-l-l-a-r-s!" And the



"anxious inquirer" left the presence. He now exhibits a "lot" of "fust-rate paintin's" to his friends.

A RAILROAD "RECUSSANT."

A friend of ours, sojourning during the past summer in one of the far-off "shore-towns" of Massachusetts Bay, was not a little amused one day at the querulous complainings of *one* of the "oldest inhabitants" against railroads; his experience in which consisted in having seen the end of one laid out, and at length the cars running upon it. Taking out his old pipe, on a pleasant summer afternoon, and looking off upon the ocean, and the ships far off and out at sea, with the sun upon their sails, he said: "I don't think much o' railroads: they aint no kind o' *justice* into 'em. Neouw what kind o' justice is it, when railroads take one man's upland and carts it over in wheel-barrows onto another man's *ma'sh*?" What kind o' 'commmodation be they? You can't go when you *want* to go; you got to go when the bell rings, or the blasted noisy whistle blows. I tell yeow it's payin' tew much for the whistle. If you live a leetle ways off the dee-pot, you got to pay to *git* to the railroad; and ef you want to go any wheren else'cept just to the eend on it, you got to pay a'ter you git *there*. What kind o' 'commmodation is *that*? Goin' round the country, tew, murderin' folks, runnin' over cattle, sheep, and hogs, and settin' fire to bridges, and every now and then burnin' up the woods. Mrs. Robbins, down to Cod-pint, says, and she ought to know, for she is a pious woman, and belongs to the lower church—she said to me, no longer ago than day-fore yesterday, that she'd be cuss'd if she didn't *know* that they sometimes run over critters *a-purpose*—they did a likely shoot o' hern, and never paid for't, 'cause they was a 'corporation,' they said. What kind o' 'commmodation is *that*? Besides, now I've lived here, clus to the dee-pot, ever sence the road started to run, and seen 'em go out and come in; but I never could see that they went so d——d *fast*, nuther!"

ACEPHALOUS: A NEW DEFINITION.

There is in Webster's old spelling-book a spelling and defining lesson of words of four syllables. A friend mentions a ludicrous mistake made by a district school-boy in the country, in the exercises of this lesson. One of the words happened to be "*Acephalous*: without a head." It was divided, as usual, into its separate syllables, connected by a hyphen (which "joins words or syllables, as sea-water!") which probably led the boy to give a new word and a new definition: "*Ikun* spell it and d'fine it?" said a lad, after the boy above him had tried and missed; "*Ikun* do it," and he did; *A-c-e p-h, ce, Acph—a louse without a head!*" "Most all of 'em laughed," our informant says, "when the boy said that!"

AN EMERGENCY.

We heard a pleasant illustration an evening or two ago, of a peculiarity of western life. A man in one of the hotels of a south-western city was observed, by a northerner, to be very moody, and to regard the stranger with looks particularly sad, and, as our informant thought, somewhat savage. By and by he approached him, and said: "Can I see you outside the door for a few minutes?" "Certainly, sir," said the northener, but not without some misgivings. The moment the door had closed behind them, the moody man reached over his hand between his shoulders, and drew from a pocket a tremendous bowie-knife, bigger than a French carver, and, as its broad blade flashed in the moonlight, the stranger thought his time had come. "Put up your scythe," said he, "and tell me what I've done to provoke your hostility?" "Done, stranger?—you haven't done any thing. Nor I han't any hostility to you; but I want to pawn this knife with you. It cost me twenty dollars in New Orleans. I lost my whole 'pile' at 'old sledge' coming down the river, and I ha'nt got a red cent. Lend me ten dollars on it, stranger. I'll win it back for you in less than an hour." The money



and the other hand, the more rapid the rate of increase in the number of individuals, the more rapidly the species will spread over the globe.

S. L. T. STANLEY AND WANG

He was very well when I took up the gun
and I had a good day. I made a long trip and
I think that it is not much longer than
the "Sally" would take me. I took one of
the best guns I have got, but it was very
badly broken when I got it. It had been
left in a wet place.

THE NEW LIVELY AND OTHER THINGS.

AT THE END OF THE DAY

CHARTS. 1855.

New York, May 1.
Very busy at the moment, but have some time to write
briefly to you. The "Avalanche" has been delayed
at the "Camp" sites, and not before time by
the weather. But fortunately it arrived, just in
time for us to get the second section of scaffolding
in place. The "Camp" is now well nigh a "jungle"
and we are getting along very well. The first Studio, New
England, is now up, and the second is being put up.
The "Camp" is a very fine one, and we are very
glad to have it. We are also very glad to have
the "Avalanche" here, as we were afraid
it would not arrive in time. The "Camp" is
now in full swing, and we are looking forward
to a very successful summer.

the first time, and I am sure it will be the last. The author's style is clear and direct, and his illustrations are well-chosen and well-executed. The book is a valuable addition to the literature of the Bacteriology of the Human Body.

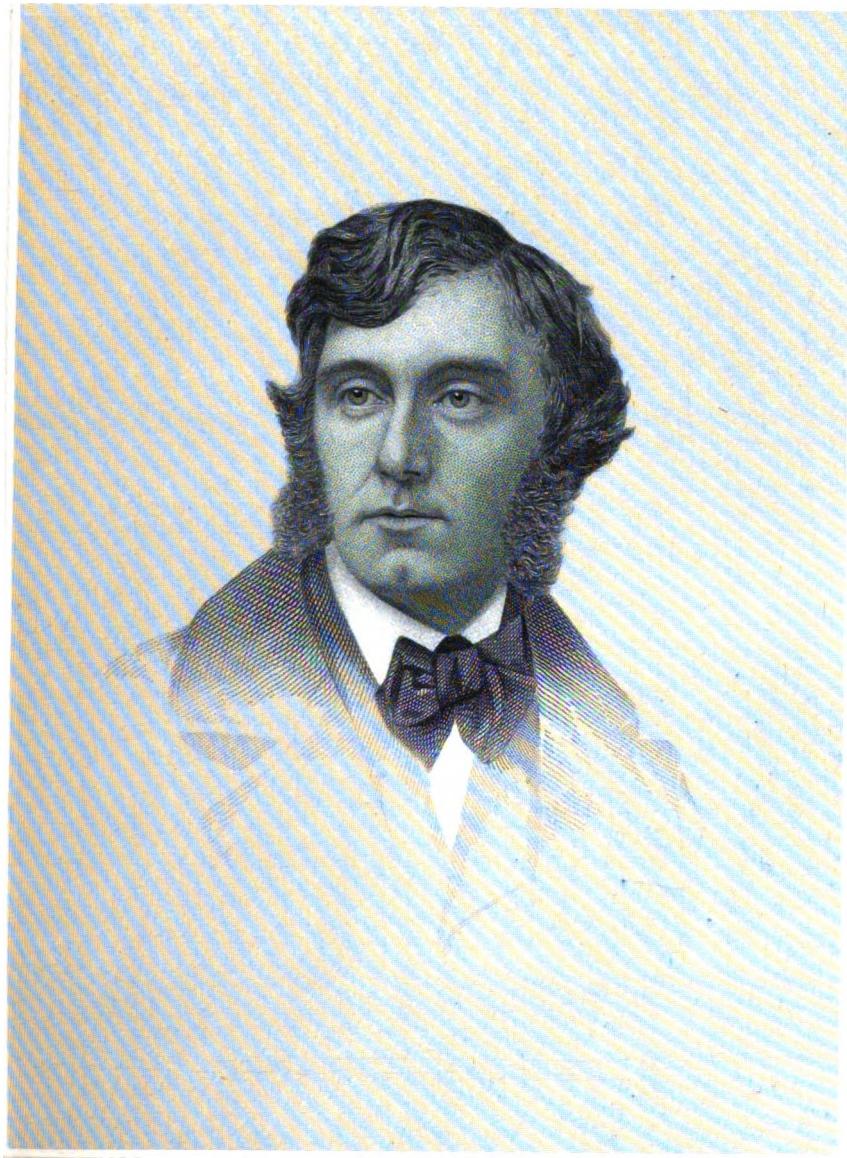
the system's performance. However, the design?

I have written a good deal about the beginning of my project, but I want to come regularly to write about the way it has been running, how it has developed, what has been found. This is a good point at a great man, I would say, writing about his life, his mistakes, his successes, to be sure to give a review. But what is new to man? In simplest had better be an ordinary man, who is also given a long biography, who is next to him, he is also given a summary of his life, so that the reader can see that the author's life, which was carried on in the course of his work, is also a historical record of his life. I do not know why I bring up this matter now, but I mention it because I am going to write a book about the life of a great man, and what we say about him is very important, and the author's biography is the most important part of the book.

For example, we can see that the ΔS_{m} for the conversion of cyclohexene to cyclohexane is the same as the ΔH_{m} for the conversion.

1. The following is a list of the names of the
2. members of the Society of Friends.

For the first time in history, we have the power to end poverty.



George Wm. Curtis

was loaned ; and, sure enough, in less than the time mentioned, the knife was redeemed, and the incorrigible "sporting-man" had a surplus of some thirty dollars, which he probably lost the very next hour.

"GREAT SHAKES" OF A DOG.

"I say square, what'll yeou take for that 'are dog o' your?" said a Yankee peddler to an old Dutch farmer, in the neighborhood of Lancaster, Pennsylvania ; "what'll yeou take for him? He ain't a very good-lookin' dog ; but what was you cal'latin' maybe he'd fetch?" "Ah," responded the Dutch-

man, "dat dog isn't wort' not'ing, 'most ; he isn't wort' you to buy 'um." "Guess tew dollars abeout would git him, wouldn't it? I'll give you that for him." "Yaas ; he isn't wort' dat." "Wall, I'll take him," said the peddler. "Shstop!" said the Dutchman ; "dere's one ting about dat dog I gan't sell." "Oh, take off his collar ; I don't want that," suggested the peddler. "Taint dat," replied Mynheer "he's a boor dog, but I gan't sell de wag of his dail when I comes home!" There is some good honest Dutch poetry of feeling in that reply, reader, if you will but think of it for a moment.

OUR NEW LIVERY AND OTHER THINGS.

FROM THE "POTIPHAR PAPERS." BY G. W. CURTIS. 1853.

NEW YORK, April.

MY DEAR CAROLINE,—Lent came so frightfully early this year, that I was very much afraid my new bonnet à l'*Impératrice* would not be out from Paris soon enough. But fortunately it arrived just in time, and I had the satisfaction of taking down the pride of Mrs. Cresus, who fancied hers would be the only stylish hat in church the first Sunday. She could not keep her eyes away from me, and I sat so unmoved, and so calmly looking at the Doctor, that she was quite vexed. But, whenever she turned away, I ran my eyes over the whole congregation, and would you believe that, almost without exception, people had their old things? However, I suppose they forgot how soon Lent was coming. As I was passing out of church, Mrs. Cresus brushed by me :

"Ah!" said she, "good morning. Why, bless me! you've got that pretty hat I saw at Lawson's. Well, now, it's really quite pretty; Lawson has some taste left yet;—what a lovely sermon the Doctor gave us. By the by, did you know that Mrs. Gnu has actually bought the blue velvet? It's too bad, because I wanted to cover my prayer-book with blue, and she sits so near, the effect of my book will be quite spoiled. Dear me! there she is beckoning to me: good-bye, do come and see us; Tuesdays, you know. Well, Lawson really does very well."

I was so mad with the old thing, that I could not help catching her by her mantle and holding on while I whispered loud enough for everybody to hear :

"Mrs. Cresus, you see I have just got my bonnet from Paris. It's made after the Empress'. If you would like to have yours made over in the fashion, dear Mrs. Cresus, I shall be so glad to lend you mine."

"No, thank you, dear," said she, "Lawson won't do for me. Bye-bye."

And so she slipped out, and, I've no doubt, told Mrs. Gnu that she had seen my bonnet at Lawson's. Isn't it too bad? Then she is so abominably cool. Somehow, when I'm talking with Mrs. Cresus, who has all her own things made at home, I don't feel as if mine came from Paris at all. She has such a way of looking at you, that it's quite dreadful. She seems to be saying in her mind, "La! now, well done, little dear." And I think that kind of mental reservation (I think that's what they call it) is an

insupportable impertinence. However, I don't care, do you?

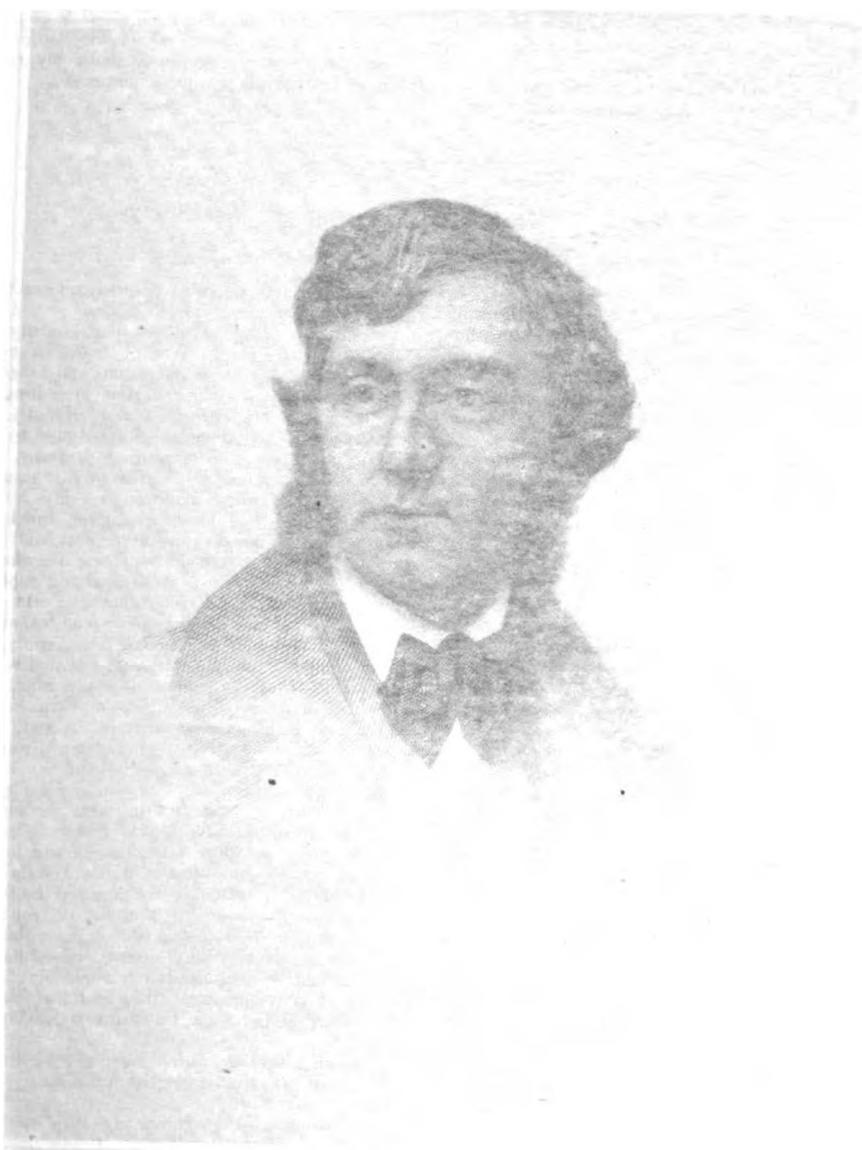
I've so many things to tell you that I hardly know where to begin. The great thing is the livery, but I want to come regularly up to that, and forget nothing by the way. I was uncertain for a long time how to have my prayer-book bound. Finally, after thinking about it a great deal, I concluded to have it done in pale blue velvet with gold clasps, and a gold cross upon the side. To be sure, it's nothing very new. But what is new now-a-days? Sally Shrimp has had hers done in emerald, and I know Mrs. Cresus will have crimson for hers, and those people who sit next us in church (I wonder who they are; it's very unpleasant to sit next to people you don't know: and, positively, that girl, the dark-haired one with large eyes, carries the same muff she did last year; it's big enough for a family) have kind of brown morocco binding. I must tell you one reason why I fixed upon the pale blue. You know that aristocratic-looking young man, in white cravat and black pantaloons and waistcoat, whom we saw at Saratoga a year ago, and who always had such a beautiful sanctimonious look, and such small white hands; well, he is a minister, as we supposed, "an unworthy candidate, an unprofitable husbandman," as he calls himself in that delicious voice of his. He has been quite taken up among us. He has been asked a good deal to dinner, and there was hope of his being settled as colleague to the Doctor, only Mr. Potiphar (who can be stubhorn, you know) insisted that the Rev. Cream Cheese, though a very good young man, he didn't doubt, was addicted to candlesticks. I suppose that's something awful. But, could you believe any thing awful of him? I asked Mr. Potiphar what he meant by saying such things.

"I mean," said he, "that he's a Puseyite, and I've no idea of being tied to the apron-strings of the Scarlet Woman."

Dear Caroline, who is the Scarlet Woman? Dear est, tell me, upon your honor, if you have ever heard any scandal of Mr. Potiphar.

"What is it about candlesticks?" said I to Mr. Potiphar. "Perhaps Mr. Cheese finds gas too bright for his eyes; and that's his misfortune, not his fault."

"Polly," said Mr. Potiphar, who will call me Polly, although it sounds so very vulgar, "please not to meddle with things you don't understand.



George Wm. Davis

am, "but I'm not worried, most people
are very much like you." Stevens is thoughtful about
advice from would-be teachers: "I'll give you three
things to consider," he says, *word* dead. "Would you
be being?" said the person, "as *stuck*?" said the
candidate. "Stuckness is often all about being. I mean,
the other two things, either I don't know or I
haven't experienced them yet." "That's not *real*," he
said. "It's not *real*," he said again, "but it's a good *idea*." He adds,
"I think there's a lot of *real* in there. There is some *real*
about teletherapy, a feeling in that that therapy, regular
or not, will not thank *it* is an investment.

AND OTHER THINGS.

PAPERS OF THE WILBERTS, 1883

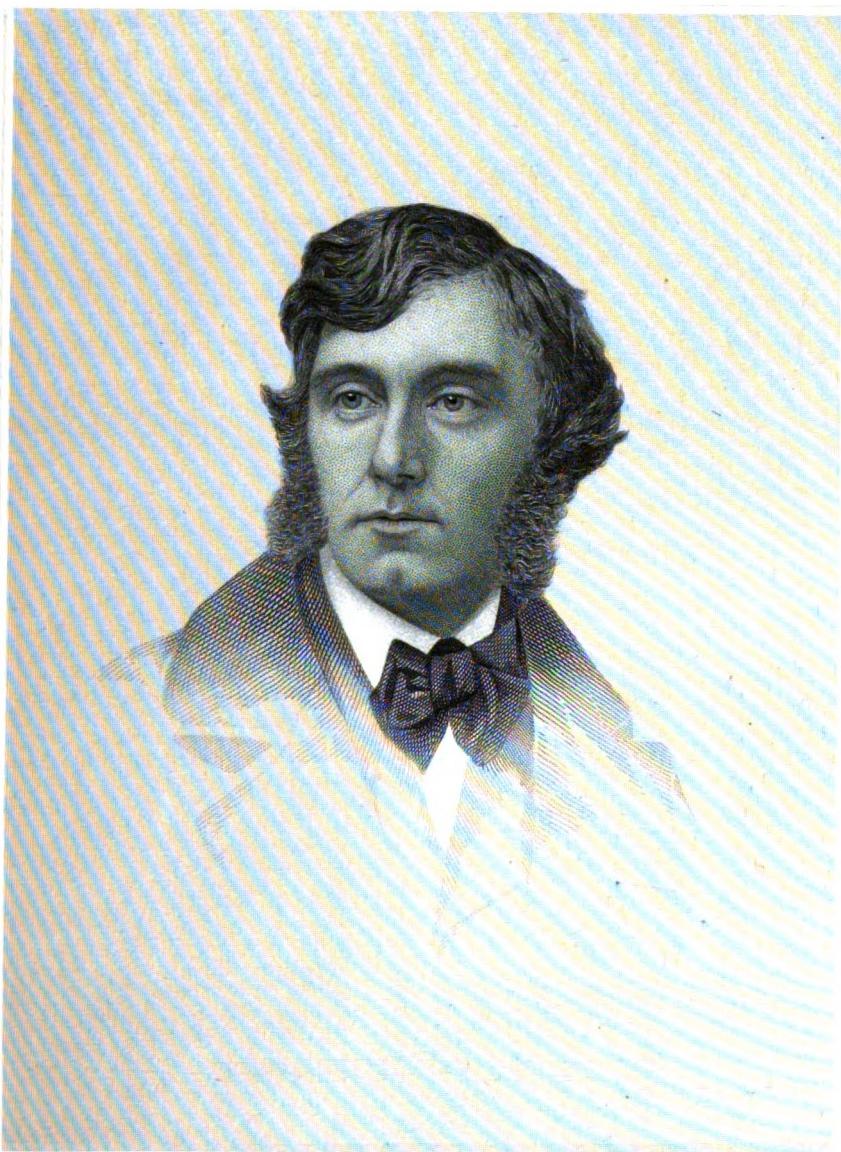
in size and appearance. However, I don't care, do you? I am so fond of getting off, and I don't know what would be best. The girls are in the library at the moment, so I want to come regularly up to town and write home, though it's a long way. I was uncertain for a long time now to get a very good book bound. Finally, after much thought, I found a good one. It is a great deal. I decided to go to Davis & Elkin's, and buy a blue velvet with gold clasps, and a leather binding on the spine. To be sure, it cost me a few dollars, but what is new in nowadays? Davis & Elkin's had none too in emerald, and I have no idea as to what will have on soon for less, and these will sit next to us in chapter, a wonder for who has a large collection. I sit next to present, and I must know, and possibly by that time the most beautiful one in large pages, current, the same as the old fashioned ones. I am now looking for a large desk, a chair or two, a sofa, and a chaise longue. I have had one reason why I fixed upon the pink room. You know that I received a book of great interest from my father and mother pastelons made in the sixteenth century. We saw it in Siena, in a young girl, who had a very beautiful face, ruddiness looking, and so on, and wrote to him, and he said it was a copy of his own. So I am going to make an apartment, I think, and a large room furnished in that color, a very light. He has been quite taken up with me, and he has asked a good deal of information about his son, and I have written to the Doctor, Dr. W. P. Peplow, who can tell me a good deal more about the Rev. C. C. Cheesecake. I always thought young men, he didn't doubt, were a little bit foolish. I suppose that's one reason. But, if you believe an old proverb of mine, I would say, "A fool and his money are easily parted."

I mean "I could buy that," it's a Present tense, and I've been asked or permitted to them, or something like that, you know, "you're going to do this, you're going to do that."

... Christian who in the Society of Friends did
not tell me all in your history, in how he came
from England to Mr. Peleg's at

"Anne is a good candidate as I am to Mr. Proctor." Philip, Mr. Chese's father, was Virginie's husband, and that's his son telling me it.

With much pleasure, Mr. Polkman who is a native of Poly, sang it out so very well. "Please do not let me go with you to the West."



George Wm. Curtis

George Wm. Curtis

You may have Cream Cheese to dinner as much as you choose, but I will not have him in the pulpit of my church."

The same day, Mr. Cheese happened in about lunch-time, and I asked him if his eyes were really weak.

"Not at all," said he, "why do you ask?"

Then I told him that I had heard he was so fond of candlesticks.

Ah! Caroline, you should have seen him then. He stopped in the midst of pouring out a glass of Mr. P.'s best old port, and holding the decanter in one hand, and the glass in the other, he looked so beautifully sad, and said in that sweet low voice:

"Dear Mrs. Potiphar, the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church." Then he filled up his glass, and drank the wine off with such a mournful, resigned air, and wiped his lips so gently with his cambric handkerchief (I saw that it was a hem-stitch), that I had no voice to ask him to take a bit of the cold chicken, which he did, however, without my asking him. But when he said in the same low voice, "A little more breast, dear Mrs. Potiphar," I was obliged to run into the drawing-room for a moment, to recover myself.

Darling Caroline—I don't care much—but did he ever have any thing to do with a Scarlet Woman? You can imagine how pleasantly Lent is passing since I see so much of him: and then it is so appropriate to Lent to be intimate with a minister. How thankful we ought to be that we live now with so many churches, and such fine ones, and with such gentlemanly ministers as Mr. Cheese. And how nicely it's arranged, that after dancing and dining for two or three months constantly, during which, of course, we can only go to church Sundays, there comes a time for stopping, when we're tired out, and for going to church every day, (as Mr. P. says) "striking a balance;" and thinking about being good, and all those things. We don't lose a great deal, you know. It makes a variety, and we all see each other, just the same, only we don't dance. I do think it would be better if we took our lorgnettes with us, however, for it was only last Wednesday, at nine o'clock prayers, that I saw Sheena Silke across the church, in their little pew at the corner, and I am sure that she had a new bonnet on; and yet, though I looked at it all the time, trying to find out, prayers were fairly over before I discovered whether it was really new, or only that old white one made over with a few new flowers. Now, if I had had my glass, I could have told in a moment, and shouldn't have been obliged to lose all the prayers. * * * *

Mr. Potiphar has sent out for the new carpets. I had only two spoiled at my ball, you know, and that was very little. One always expects to sacrifice at least two carpets upon occasion of seeing one's friends. That handsome one in the supper room was entirely ruined. Would you believe that Mr. P., when he went down stairs the next morning, found our Fred and his cousin hoeing it with their little hoes? It was entirely matted with preserves and things, and the boys said they were scraping it clean for breakfast. The other spoiled carpet was in the gentlemen's dressing-room where the punch-bowl was. Young Gauche Boosey, a very gentlemanly fellow, you know, ran up after polking, and was so confused with the light and heat that he went quite unsteadily, and as he was trying to fill a glass with the silver ladle (which is rather heavy),

he somehow leaned too hard upon the table, and down went the whole thing, table, bowl, punch, and Boosey, and ended my poor carpet. I was sorry for that, and also for the bowl, which was a very handsome one, imported from China by my father's partner—a wedding-gift to me—and for the table, a delicate rosewood stand, which was a work-table of my sister Lucy's—whom you never knew, and who died long and long ago. However, I was amply repaid by Boosey's drollery afterward. He is a very witty young man, and when he got up from the floor, saturated with punch (his clothes I mean), he looked down at the carpet and said:

"Well, I've given that such a punch it will want some *lemon-aid* to recover."

I suppose he had some idea about lemon acid taking out spots.

But, the best thing was what he said to me. He is so droll that he insisted upon coming down, and finishing the dance just as he was. The funny fellow brushed against all the dresses in his way, and, finally, said to me, as he pointed to a lemon-seed upon his coat:

"I feel so very *lemon-choly* for what I have done."

I laughed very much (you were in the other room), but Mr. P. stepped up and ordered him to leave the house. Boosey said he would do no such thing; and I have no doubt we should have had a scene, if Mr. P. had not marched him straight to the door, and put him into a carriage, and told the driver where to take him. Mr. P. was red enough when he came back. * * * *

However, to return to the party, I believe nothing else was injured except the curtains in the front drawing-room, which were so smeared with ice-cream and oyster gravy, that we must get new ones; and the cover of my porcelain tureen was broken by the servant, though the man said he really didn't mean to do it, and I could say nothing; and a party of young men, after the German Cotillion, did let fall that superb cut-glass Claret, and shivered it, with a dozen of the delicately engraved straw-stems that stood upon the waiter. That was all, I believe—oh! except that fine "Dresden Gallery," the most splendid book I ever saw, full of engravings of the great pictures in Dresden, Vienna, and the other Italian towns, and which was sent to Mr. P. by an old friend, an artist, whom he had helped along when he was very poor. Somebody unfortunately tipped over a bottle of claret that stood upon the table, (I am sure I don't know how it got there, though Mr. P. says Gauche Boosey knows,) and it lay soaking into the book, so that almost every picture has a claret stain, which looks so funny. I am very sorry, I am sure, but, as I tell Mr. P., it's no use crying for spilt milk. I was telling Mr. Boosey of it at the *Gnus' dinner*. He laughed very much, and when I said that a good many of the faces were sadly stained, he said in his droll way, "You ought to call it *L'opera di Bordeaux; Le Domino rogue*." I supposed it was something funny, so I laughed a good deal. He said to me later:

"Shall I pour a little claret into your book—I mean into your glass?"

Wasn't it a pretty *bon-mot*?

Don't you think we are getting very *spirituel* in this country?

I believe there was nothing else injured except the bed-hangings in the back-room, which were

somehow badly burnt and very much torn in pulling down, and a few of our handsomest shades that were cracked by the heat, and a few plates, which it was hardly fair to expect wouldn't be broken, and the colored glass door in my *escritoire*, against which Flattie Podge fell as she was dancing with Gauche Boosey; but he may have been a little excited you know, and she, poor girl, couldn't help tumbling, and as her head hit the glass, of course it broke, and cut her head badly, so that the blood ran down and naturally spoiled her dress; and what little *escritoire* could stand against Flattie Podge? So that went, and was a good deal smashed in falling. That's all, I think, except that the next day Mrs. Croesus sent a note, saying that she had lost her largest diamond from her necklace, and she was sure that it was not in the carriage, nor in her own house, nor upon the sidewalk, for she had carefully looked every where, and she would be very glad if I would return it by the bearer.

Think of that!

Well, we hunted every where, and found no diamond. I took particular pains to ask the servants if they had found it, for if they had, they might as well give it up at once, without expecting any reward from Mrs. Croesus, who wasn't very generous. But they all said they hadn't found any diamond: and our man John, who you know is so guileless,—although it *was* a little mysterious about that emerald pin of mine,—brought me a bit of glass that had been nicked out of my large custard dish, and asked me if that was not Mrs. Croesus's diamond. I told him no, and gave him a gold dollar for his honesty. John is an invaluable servant; he is so guileless.

Do you know I am not so sure about Mrs. Croesus's diamond!

Mr. P. made a great growling about the ball. But it was very foolish, for he got safely to bed by six o'clock, and he need have no trouble about replacing the curtains, and glass, etc. I shall do all that, and the sum total will be sent to him in a lump, so that he can pay it. * * *



What gossip we women are, to be sure! I meant to write you about our new livery, and I am afraid I have tired you out already. You remember when you were here, I said that I meant to have a livery, for my sister Margaret told me that when they used to drive in Hyde Park, with the old Marquis of Mammon, it was always so delightful to hear him say,

"Ah! There is Lady Lobster's livery."

It was so aristocratic. And in countries where certain colors distinguish certain families, and are hereditary, so to say, it is convenient and pleasant to recognize a coat-of-arms, or a livery, and to know that the representative of a great and famous family is passing by.

"That's a Howard, that's a Russell, that's a Dorset, that's de Colique, that's Mount Ague," old Lord Mammon used to say as the carriages whirled by. He knew none of them personally, I believe, except de Colique and Mount Ague, but then it was so agreeable to be able to know their liveries.

Now why shouldn't we have the same arrangement? Why not have the Smith colors, and the Brown colors, and the Black colors, and the Potiphar colors, etc., so that the people might say, "Ah! there goes the Potiphar arms."

There is one difficulty, Mr. P. says, and that is, that he found five hundred and sixty-seven Smiths in the Directory, which might lead to some confusion. But that was absurd, as I told him, because every body would know which of the Smiths was able to keep a carriage, so that the livery would be recognized directly, the moment that any of the family were seen in the carriage. Upon which he said, in his provoking way, "Why have any livery at all, then?" and he persisted in saying that no Smith was ever the Smith for three generations, and that he knew at least twenty, each of whom was able to set up his carriage and stand by his colors.

"But then a livery is so elegant and aristocratic," said I, "and it shows that a servant is a servant."

That last was a strong argument, and I thought Mr. P. would have nothing to say against it; but he rattled on for some time, asking me what right I had to be aristocratic, or, in fact, any body else;—went over his eternal old talk about spicing foreign habits, as if we hadn't a right to adopt the good usages of all nations, and finally said that the use of liveries among us was not only a "pure peacock absurdity," as he called it, but that no genuine American would ever ask another to assume a menial badge.

"Why!" said I, "is not an American servant a servant still?"

"Most undoubtedly," he said; "and when a man is a servant, let him serve faithfully; and in this country especially, where to-morrow he may be the served, and not the servant, let him not be ashamed of serving. But, Mrs. Potiphar, I beg you to observe that a servant's livery is not, like a general's uniform, the badge of honorable service, but of menial service. Of course, a servant may be as honorable as a general, and his work quite as necessary and well done. But, for all that, it is not so respected nor coveted a situation, I believe; and, in social estimation, a man suffers by wearing a livery, as he never would if he wore none. And while in countries in which a man is proud of being a servant (as every man may well be of being a good one), and never looks to any thing else, nor desires any change, a livery may be very proper to the state of society,

and very agreeable to his own feelings, it is quite another thing in a society constituted upon altogether different principles, where the servant of today is the senator of to-morrow. Besides that, which I suppose is too fine-spun for you, livery is a remnant of a feudal state, of which we abolish every trace as fast as we can. That which is represented by livery is not consonant with our principles."

My dear old Pot is getting rather prosy, Carrie. So when he had finished that long speech, during which I was looking at the lovely fashion plates in Harper, I said:

"What colors do you think I'd better have?"

He looked at me with that singular expression, and went out suddenly, as if he were afraid he might say something.

He had scarcely gone before I heard:

"My dear Mrs. Potiphar, the sight of you is refreshing as Hermon's dew."

I colored a little; Mr. Cheese says such things so softly. But I said good morning, and then asked him about liveries, etc.

He raised his hand to his cravat (it was the most snowy lawn, Carrie, and tied in a splendid bow).

"Is not this a livery, dear Mrs. Potiphar?"

And then he went off into one of those pretty talks, in which Mr. P. calls "the language of artificial flowers," and wound up by quoting Scripture,—"Servants, obey your masters."

That was enough for me. So I told Mr. Cheese that as he had already assisted me in colors once, I should be most glad to have him do so again. What a time we had, to be sure, talking of colors, and cloths, and gaiters, and buttons, and knee-breeches, and waistcoats, and plush, and coats, and lace, and hatbands, and gloves, and cravats, and cords, and tassels, and hats. Oh! it was delightful. You can't fancy how heartily the Rev. Cream entered into the matter. He was quite enthusiastic, and at last he said, with so much expression, "Dear Mrs. Potiphar, why not have a *Chasseur*?"

I thought it was some kind of French dish for lunch, so I said:

"I am so sorry, but we haven't any in the house."

"Oh," said he, "but you could hire one, you know."

Then I thought it must be a musical instrument—a Panharmonicon, or something of that kind, so I said in a general way—

"I'm not very, very fond of it."

"But it would be so fine to have him standing on the back of the carriage, his plumes waving in the wind, and his lace and polished belts flashing in the sun, as you whirled down Broadway."

Of course I knew then that he was speaking of those military gentlemen who ride behind carriages, especially upon the Continent, as Margaret tells me, and who in Paris are very useful to keep the savages and wild beasts at bay in the *Champs Elysees*, for you know they are intended as a guard.

But I knew Mr. P. would be firm about that, so I asked Mr. Cheese not to kindle my imagination with the *Chasseur*.

We concluded finally to have only one full-sized footman, and a fat driver.

"The corpulence is essential, dear Mrs. Potiphar," said Mr. Cheese. "I have been much abroad; I have mingled, I trust, in good, which is to say, Christian society: and I must say, that few things struck me more upon my return than that the ladies

who drive very handsome carriages, with footmen, etc., in livery, should permit such thin coachmen upon the box. I really believe that Mrs. Settum Downe's coachman doesn't weigh more than a hundred and thirty pounds, which is ridiculous. A lady might as well hire a footman with insufficient calves, as a coachman who weighs less than two hundred and ten. That is the minimum. Besides, I don't observe any wigs upon the coachmen. Now, if a lady sets up her carriage with the family crest and fine liveries, why, I should like to know, is the wig of the coachman omitted, and his cocked hat also? It is a kind of shabby, half-ashamed way of doing things—a garbled glory. The cock-hatted, knee-breeched, paste-buckled, horse-hair-wigged coachman, is one of the institutions of the aristocracy. If we don't have him complete, we somehow make ourselves ridiculous. If we do have him complete, why, then?"

Here Mr. Cheese coughed a little, and patted his mouth with his cambric. But what he said was very true. I should like to come out with the wig—I mean upon the coachman; it would so put down the Settum Downes. But I'm sure old Pot wouldn't have it. He lets me do a great deal. But there is a line which I feel he won't let me pass. I mentioned my fears to Mr. Cheese.

"Well," he said, "Mr. Potiphar may be right. I remember an expression of my carnal days about 'coming it too strong,' which seems to me to be applicable just here."

After a little more talk, I determined to have red plush breeches, with a black cord at the side—white stockings—low shoes with large buckles—a yellow waistcoat, with large buttons—lappels to the pockets—and a purple coat, very full and fine, bound with gold lace—and the hat banded with a full gold rosette. Don't you think that would look well in Hyde Park? And, darling Carrie, why shouldn't we have in Broadway what they have in Hyde Park?

When Mr. P. came in, I told him all about it. He laughed a good deal, and said, "What next?" So I am not sure he would be so very hard upon the wig. The next morning I had appointed to see the new footman, and as Mr. P. went out he turned and said to me, "Is your footman coming to day?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Well," said he, "don't forget the calves. You know that every thing in the matter of livery depends upon the calves."

And he went out laughing silently to himself, with—actually, Carrie—a tear in his eye.

But it was true, wasn't it? I remember in all the books and pictures how much is said about the calves. In advertisements, etc., it is stated that none but well-developed calves need apply, at least it is so in England, and, if I have a livery, I am not going to stop half-way. My duty was very clear. When Mr. Cheese came in, I said I felt awkward in asking a servant about his calves—it sounded so queerly. But I confessed that it was necessary.

"Yes, the path of duty is not always smooth, dear Mrs. Potiphar. It is often thickly strewn with thorns," said he, as he sank back in the *fauteuil*, and put down his *petit verre* of *Marasquin*.

Just after he had gone, the new footman was announced. I assure you, although it is ridiculous, I felt quite nervous. But when he came in, I said calmly—

"Well, James, I am glad you have come."

"Please, ma'am, my name is Henry," said he.

I was astonished at his taking me up so, and said, decidedly—

"James, the name of my footman is always James. You may call yourself what you please, I shall always call you James."

The idea of the man's undertaking to arrange my servants' names for me!

Well, he showed me his references, which were very good, and I was quite satisfied. But there was the terrible calf business that must be attended to. I put it off a great while, but I had to begin.

"Well, James!"—and there I stopped.

"Yes, ma'am," said he.

"I wish—yes—ah!"—and I stopped again.

"Yes, ma'am," said he.

"James, I wish you had come in knee-breeches."

"Ma'am?" said he in great surprise.

"In knee-breeches, James," repeated I.

"What be they, ma'am? what for, ma'am?" said he, a little frightened, as I thought.

"Oh! nothing, nothing; but—but—"

"Yes, ma'am," said James.

"But—but, I want to see—to see—"

"What, ma'am?" said James.

"Your legs," gasped I; and the path was thorny enough, Carrie, I can tell you. I had a terrible

upon me (that's one of Mrs. Croesus's sayings), that I was willing to pay him good wages and treat him well, but that my James must wear my livery. He looked very sorry, said that he should like the place very much,—that he was satisfied with the wages, and was sure he should please me, but he could not put on those things. We were both determined, and so parted. I think we were both sorry; for I should have to go all through the calf-business again, and he lost a good place.

However, Caroline, dear, I have my livery and my footman, and am as good as any body. It's very splendid when I go to Stewart's to have the red plush, and the purple, and the white calves springing down to open the door, and to see people look, and say, "I wonder who that is?" And every body bows so nicely, and the clerks are so polite, and Mrs. Gnu is melting with envy on the other side, and Mrs. Croesus goes about, saying, "Dear little woman, that Mrs. Potiphar, but so weak! Pity, pity!" And Mrs. Settum Downe says, "Is that the Potiphar livery? Ah! yes. Mr. Potiphar's grandfather used to shoe my grandfather's horses!"—(as if to be useful in the world, were a disgrace,—as Mr. P. says,) and young Downe, and Boosey, and Timon Croesus come up and stand about so gentle-



time explaining to him what I meant, and all about the liveries, etc. Dear me! what a pity these things are not understood: and then we should never have this trouble about explanations. However, I couldn't make him agree to wear the livery. He said:

"I'll try to be a good servant, ma'am, but I cannot put on those things and make a fool of myself. I hope you won't insist, for I am very anxious to get a place."

Think of his dictating to me! I told him that I did not permit my servants to impose conditions

manly, and say, "Well, Mrs. Potiphar, are we to have no more charming parties this season?"—and Boosey says, in his droll way, "Let's keep the ball a-rolling!" That young man is always ready with a witticism. Then I step out, and James throws open the door, and the young men raise their hats, and the new crowd says, "I wonder who that is!" and the plush, and purple, and calves spring up behind, and I drive home to dinner.

Now, Carrie, dear, isn't that nice?

"A root," said Jeannette, "is a creature, I hate!"

"But hating," quoth John, "is immoral;

Besides, my dear girl, it's a terrible fate

To be found in a family quarrel!"—SAXE.

MEN, dying, make their wills—but wives

Escape a work so sad;

Why should they make what all their lives

The gentle dames have had?—SAXE.

MY FIRST APPEARANCE AT THE BAR.

FROM "THE FLUSH TIMES OF ALABAMA." BY JOSEPH G. BALDWIN. 1853.

HIGGINBOTHAM }
 vs. } *Slander.*
 SWINK.

DID you ever, reader, get a merciless barrister of the old school after you when you were on your first legs—in the callow tenderness of your virgin epidermis? I hope not. I wish I could say the same for myself; but I cannot: and with the faint hope of inspiring some small pity in the breast of the seniors, I, now one of them myself, give in my lively experience of what befell me at my first appearance on the forensic boards.

I must premise by observing that, some twenty years ago—more or less—shortly after I obtained license to practise law in the town of H—, State of Alabama, an unfortunate client called at my office to retain my services in a celebrated suit for slander. The case stands on record, *Stephen O. Higginbotham vs. Caleb Swink*. The aforesaid Caleb, "greatly envying the happy state and condition of said Stephen," who, "until the grievances," etc., "never had been suspected of the crime of hog-stealing," etc., said, "in the hearing and presence of one Samuel Eads and other good and worthy citizens," of and concerning the plaintiff, "you" (the said Stephen meaning) "are a noted hog thief, and stole more hogs than all the wagons in M— could haul off in a week on a turnpike road." The way I came to be employed was this: Higginbotham had retained Frank Glendye, a great brick in "damage cases," to bring the suit, and G. had prepared the papers, and got the case on the pleadings, ready for trial. But, while the case was getting ready, Frank was suddenly taken dangerously drunk, a disease to which his constitution was subject. The case had been continued for several terms, and had been set for a particular day of the term then going on, to be disposed of finally and positively when called. It was hoped that the lawyer would recover his health in time to prosecute

the case; but he had continued the drunken fit with the suit. The morning of the trial came on; and, on going to see his counsel, the client found him utterly prostrate; not a hope remained of his being able to get to the court-house. He was in collapse; a perfect cholera case. Passing down the street, almost in despair, as my good or evil genius would have it, Higginbotham met Sam Hicks, a tailor, whom I had honored with my patronage (as his books showed) for many years; and, as one good turn deserves another—a suit for a suit—he, on hearing the predicament H. was in, boldly suggested my name to supply the place of the fallen Glendye; adding certain assurances and encomiums which did infinite credit to his friendship and his imagination.

I gathered from my calumniated client, as well as I could, the facts of the case, and got a young friend to look me up the law of slander, to be ready when it should be put through, if it ever did get to the jury.

The defendant was represented by old Cæsar Kasm, a famous man in those days; and well might he be. This venerable limb of the law had long practised at the M— bar, and been the terror of this generation. He was an old-time lawyer, the race of which is now fortunately extinct, or else the survivors "lag superfluous on the stage." He was about sixty-five years old at the time I am writing of; was of stout build, and something less than six feet in height. He dressed in the old-fashioned fair-top boots and shorts; ruffled shirt, buff vest, and hair, a grizzly gray, roached up flat and stiff in front, and hanging down in a queue behind, tied with an eel-skin and pomatumed. He was close shaven and powdered every morning; and except a few scattering grains of snuff which fell occasionally between his nose and an old-fashioned gold snuff-box, a speck of dirt was never seen on or about his carefully preserved person. The



taking out of his deliciously perfumed handkerchief, scattered incense around like the shaking of a lilac bush in full flower. His face was round, and a sickly florid, interspersed with purple spots, overspread it, as if the natural dye of the old cognac were maintaining an unequal contest with the decay of the vital energies. His bearing was decidedly soldierly, as it had a right to be, he having served as a captain some eight years before he took to the bar, as being the more pugnacious profession. His features, especially the mouth, turned down at the corners like a bull-dog's or a crescent, and a nose perked up with unutterable scorn and self-conceit, and eyes of a sensual, bluish gray, that seemed to be all light and no heat, were never pleasing to the opposing side. In his way, old Kasm was a very polite man. Whenever he chose, which was when it was his interest, to be polite, and when his blood was cool and he was not trying a law case, he would have made Chesterfield and Beau Brummel ashamed of themselves. He knew all the gymnastics of manners, and all forms and ceremonies of deportment; but there was no more soul or kindness in the manual he went through, than in an iceberg. His politeness, however seemingly deferential, had a frost-bitten air, as if it had lain out over night and got the *rheumatica* before it came in; and really, one felt less at ease under his frozen smiles, than under any body else's frowns.

He was the proudest man I ever saw: he would have made the Warwicks and the Nevilles, not to say the Plantagenets or Mr. Dombey, feel very limber and meek if introduced into their company; and selfish to that extent, that, if by giving up the nutmeg on his noon glass of toddy, he could have christianized the Burmese empire, millennium never would come for him.

How far back he traced his lineage, I do not remember, but he had the best blood of both worlds in his veins; sired high up on the paternal side by some Prince or Duke, and dammed on the mother's by one or two Pocahontases. Of course, from this, he was a Virginian, and the only one I ever knew that did not quote those Eleusinian mysteries, the Resolutions of 1798-99. He did not. He was a Federalist, and denounced Jefferson as a low-flung demagogue, and Madison as his tool. He bragged largely on Virginia, though—he was not eccentric on this point—but it was the Virginia of Washington, the Lees, Henry, etc., of which he boasted. The old dame may take it as a compliment that he bragged of her at all.

The old Captain had a few negroes, which, with a declining practice, furnished him a support. His credit, in consequence of his not having paid any thing in the shape of a debt for something less than a quarter of a century, was rather limited. The property was covered up by a deed or other instrument, drawn up by Kasm himself, with such infernal artifice and diabolical skill, that all the lawyers in the country were not able to decide, by a legal construction of its various clauses, whom the negroes belonged to, or whether they belonged to any body at all.

He was an inveterate opponent of new laws, new books, new men. He would have revolutionized the government if he could, should a law have been passed, curing defects in Indictments.

Yet he was a friend of strong government and strong laws: he might approve of a law making it death for a man to blow his nose in the street, but

would be for rebelling if it allowed the indictment to dispense with stating in which hand he held it.

This eminent barrister was brought up at a time when zeal for a client was one of the chief virtues of a lawyer—the client standing in the place of truth, justice and decency, and monopolizing the respect due to all. He, therefore, went into all causes with equal zeal and confidence, and took all points that could be raised with the same earnestness, and labored them with the same force. He personated the client just as a great actor identifies himself with the character he represents on the stage.

The faculty he chiefly employed was a talent for vituperation, which would have gained him distinction on any theatre, from the village partisan press, down to the House of Representatives itself. He had cultivated vituperation as a science, which was like putting guano on the Mississippi bottoms, the natural fertility of his mind for satirical productions was so great. He was as much fitted by temper as by talent for this sort of rhetoric, especially when kept from his dinner or toddy by the trial of a case—then an alligator whose digestion had been disturbed by the horns of a billy-goat taken for lunch, was no mean type of old Sar Kasm (as the wags of the bar called him, by nickname, formed by joining the last syllable of his christian, or rather, heathen name, to his patronymic.) After a case began to grow interesting, the old fellow would get fully stirred up. He grew as quarrelsome as a little bull terrier. He snapped at witnesses, kept up a constant snarl at the counsel, and growled, at intervals, at the judge, whom, whoever he was, he considered an *ex officio*, his natural enemy, and so regarded every thing got from him as so much wrung from an unwilling witness.

But his great *forte* was in cross-examining a witness. His countenance was the very expression of sneering incredulity. Such a look of cold, unsympathizing, scornful penetration as gleamed from his eyes of ice and face of brass, is not often seen on the human face divine. Scarcely any eye could meet unshrinkingly that basilisk gaze: it needed no translation: the language was plain: "Now you are swearing to a lie, and I'll catch you in it in a minute;" and then the look of surprise which greeted each new fact stated, as if to say, "I expected some lying, but really this exceeds all my expectations." The mock politeness with which he would address a witness, was any thing but encouraging; and the officious kindness with which he volunteered to remind him of a real or fictitious embarrassment, by asking him to take his time, and not to suffer himself to be confused, as far as possible from being a relief; while the air of triumph that lit up his face the while, was too provoking for a saint to endure.

Many a witness broke down under his examination, that would have stood the fire of a masked battery unmoved, and many another, volatile and animated enough in the opening narrative, "slunk his pitch mightily," when old Kasm put him through on the cross examination.

His last look at them as they left the box, was an advertisement to come back, "and they would hear something to their advantage;" and if they came, they heard it, if humility is worth buying at such a price.

How it was, that in such a fighting country, old Kasm continued at his dangerous business, can only

be understood, by those who know the entire readiness, nay, eagerness of the old gentleman, to do reason to all serious inquirers;—and one or two results which happened some years before the time I am writing of, to say nothing of some traditions in the army, convinced the public, that his practice was as sharp at the small sword as at the cut and thrust of professional gladulation.

Indeed, it was such an evident satisfaction to the old fellow to meet these emergencies, which to him were merely lively episodes breaking the monotony of the profession, that his enemies, out of spite, resolutely refused to gratify him, or answer the sneering challenge stereotyped on his countenance. "Now if you can do any better, suppose you help yourself?" So, by common consent, he was elected free libeller of the bar. But it was very dangerous to repeat after him.

When he argued a case, you would suppose he had bursted his gall-bag—such, not vials but demijohns, of vituperation as he poured out with a fluency only interrupted by a pause to gather, like a tree-frog, the venom sweltering under his tongue into a concentrated essence. He could look more sarcasm than any body else could speak; and in his scornful gaze, virtue herself looked like something sneaking and contemptible. He could not arouse the nobler passions or emotions; but he could throw a wet blanket over them. It took Frank Glendye and half a pint of good French brandy, to warm the court-house after old Kasm was done speaking: but *they* could do it.

My client was a respectable butcher: his opponent a well-to-do farmer. On getting to the court-house, I found the court in session. The clerk was just reading the minutes. My *case*—I can well speak in the singular—was set the first on the docket for that morning. I looked around and saw old Kasm, who somehow had found out I was in the case, with his green bag and half a library of old books on the bar before him. The old fellow gave me a look of malicious pleasure—like that of a hungry tiger from his lair, cast upon an unsuspecting calf browsing near him. I had tried to put on a bold face. I felt that it would be very unprofessional to let on to my client that I was at all scared, though my heart was running down like a jack-screw under a heavy wagon. My conscience—I had not practised it away then—was not quite easy. I couldn't help feeling that it was hardly honest to be leading my client, like Falstaff his men, where he was sure to be peppered. But then it was my only chance; my bread depended on it; and I reflected that the same thing has to happen in every lawyer's practice. I tried to arrange my ideas in form and excogitate a speech: they fittled through my brain in odds and ends. I could neither think nor quit thinking. I would lose myself in the first twenty words of the opening sentence and stop at a particle;—the trail run clean out. I would start it again with no better luck: then I thought a moment of the disgrace of a dead break-down, and then I would commence again with "gentlemen of the jury," etc., and go on as before.

At length the judge signed the minutes and took up the docket: "Special case—Higginbotham vs. Swink: Slander—Mr. Glendye for plff; Mr. Kasm for def't. Is Mr. G. in court? Call him, Sheriff." The sheriff called three times. He might as well have called the dead. No answer of course came. Mr. Kasm rose and told the Court that he was sorry his

brother was too much (stroking his chin and looking down and pausing) indisposed, or otherwise engaged, to attend the case; but he must insist on its being disposed of, etc.: the Court said it should be. I then spoke up (though my voice seemed to be very low down and very hard to get up), that I had just been spoken to in the cause: I believed we were ready, if the cause must be then tried; but I should much prefer it to be laid over, if the Court would consent, until the next day, or even that evening. Kasm protested vehemently against this; reminded the Court of its peremptory order; referred it to the former proceedings, and was going on to discuss the whole merits of the case, when he was interrupted by the judge, who, turning himself to me, remarked that he should be happy to oblige me, but that he was precluded by what had happened: he hoped, however, that the counsel on the other side would extend the desired indulgence; to which Kasm immediately rejoined, that this was a case in which he neither asked favors nor meant to give them. So the case had to go on. Several members of the bar had their hate in hand, ready to leave the room when the case was called up; but seeing that I was in it alone, suffered their curiosity to get the better of other engagements, and staid to see it out; a circumstance which did not diminish my trepidation in the least.

I had the witness called up, posted my client behind me in the bar, and put the case to the jury. The defendant had pleaded justification and not guilty. I got along pretty well, I thought, on the proofs. The cross-examination of old Kasm didn't seem to me to hurt any thing—though he quibbled, misconstrued, and bullied mightily; objected to all my questions as leading, and all the witnesses' answers as irrelevant: but the judge, who was a very clever sort of man, and who didn't like Kasm much, helped me along and over the bad places, occasionally taking the examination himself when old Kasm had got the statements of the witness in a fog.

I had a strong case; the plaintiff showed a good character: that the lodge of Masons had refused to admit him to fellowship until he could clear up these charges: that the Methodist Church, of which he was a class-leader, had required of him to have these charges judicially settled: that he had offered to satisfy the defendant that they were false, and proposed to refer it to disinterested men, and to be satisfied—if they decided for him—to receive a written retraction, in which the defendant should only declare he was mistaken; that the defendant refused this proffer, and reiterated the charges with increased bitterness and aggravated insult; that the plaintiff had suffered in reputation and credit; that the defendant declared he meant to run him off and buy his land at his (defendant's) own price; and that defendant was rich, and often repeated his slanders at public meetings, and once at the church door, and finally *now justified*.

The defendant's testimony was weak: it did not controvert the proof as to the speaking of the words, or the matters of aggravation. Many witnesses were examined as to the character of the plaintiff; but those against us only referred to what they had heard since the slanders, except one who was unfriendly. Some witnesses spoke of butchering hogs at night, and hearing them squeal at a late hour at the plaintiff's slaughter-house, and of the dead hogs they had seen with various marks.

and something of hogs having been stolen in the neighborhood.

This was about all the proof.

The plaintiff laid his damages at \$10,000.

I rose to address the jury. By this time a good deal of the excitement had worn off. The tremor left, only gave me that sort of feeling which is rather favorable than otherwise to a public speaker.

I might have made a pretty good *out* of it, if I had thrown myself upon the merits of my case, acknowledged modestly my own inexperience, plainly stated the evidence and the law, and let the case go—reserving myself in the conclusion *for a splurge*, if I chose to make one. But the evil genius that presides over the first bantlings of all lawyerlings, would have it otherwise. The citizens of the town and those of the country, then in the village, had gathered in great numbers into the court-house to hear the speeches, and I could not miss such an opportunity for display.

Looking over the jury, I found them a plain, matter-of-fact looking set of fellows; but I did not note, or probably know a fact or two about them, which I found out afterward.

I started, as I thought, in pretty good style. As I went on, however, my fancy began to get the better of my judgment. Argument and common sense grew tame. Poetry and declamation, and, at last, pathos and fiery invective, took their place. I grew as *quotations* as Richard Swiveller. Shakespeare suffered. I quoted, among other things of less value and aptness, "He who steals my purse steals trash," etc. I spoke of the woful sufferings of my poor client, almost heart-broken beneath the weight of the terrible persecutions of his enemy: and, growing bolder, I turned on old Kasm, and congratulated the jury that the genius of slander had found an appropriate defender in the genius of chicane and malignity. I complimented the jury on their patience—on their intelligence—on their estimate of the value of character; spoke of the public expectation—of that feeling outside of the box which would welcome with thundering plaudits the righteous verdict the jury would render; and wound up by declaring that I had never known a case of slander so aggravated in the course of my practice at that bar; and felicitated myself that its grossness and barbarity justified my client in relying upon even the youth and inexperience of an unpractised advocate, whose poverty of resources was unaided by opportunities of previous preparation. Much more I said that happily has now escaped me.

When I concluded, Sam Hicks and one or two other friends gave a faint sign of applause—but not enough to make any impression.

I observed that old Kasm held his head down when I was speaking. I entertained the hope that I had cowed him! His usual port was that of cynical composure, or bold and brazen defiance. It was a special kindness if he only smiled in covert scorn: that was his most amiable expression in a trial.

But when he raised up his head I saw the very devil was to pay. His face was of a burning red. He seemed almost to choke with rage. His eyes were bloodshot and flamed out fire and fury. His queue stuck out behind, and shook itself stiffly like a buffalo bull's tail when he is about making a fatal plunge. I had struck him between wind and water. There was an audacity in a stripling like me beard-

ing him, which infuriated him. He meant to massacre me—and wanted to be a long time doing it. It was to be a regular *auto da fe*. I was to be the representative of the young bar, and to expiate his malice against all. The court adjourned for dinner. It met again after an hour's recess.

By this time, the public interest, and especially that of the bar, grew very great. There was a rush to the privileged seats, and the sheriff had to command order,—the shuffling of feet and the pressure of the crowd forward was so great.

I took my seat within the bar, looked around with an affectation of indifference so belying the perturbation within, that the same power of acting on the stage would have made my fortune on *that* theatre.

Kasm rose—took a glass of water: his hand trembled a little—I could see that; took a pinch of snuff, and led off in a voice slow and measured, but slightly—very slightly—tremulous. By a strong effort, he had recovered his composure. The bar was surprised at his calmness. They all knew it was affected; but they wondered that he could affect it. Nobody was deceived by it. We felt assured "*it was the torrent's smoothness ere it dash below.*" I thought he would come down on me in a tempest, and flattered myself it would soon be over. But malice is cunning. He had no idea of letting me off so easily.

He commenced by saying that he had been some years in the practice. He would not say he was an old man: that would be in bad taste, perhaps. The young gentleman who had just closed his remarkable speech, harangue, poetic effusion, or rigmarole, or whatever it might be called, if, indeed, any name could be safely given to this motley mixture of incongruous slang—the young gentleman evidently did not think he was an old man; for he could hardly have been guilty of such rank indecency as to have treated age with such disrespect—he would not say with such insufferable impertinence: and yet, "*I am,*" he continued, "*of age enough to recollect, if I had charged my memory with so inconsiderable an event, the day of his birth, and then I was in full practice in this court-house. I confess, though, gentlemen, I am old enough to remember the period when a youth's first appearance at the bar was not signalized by impertinence towards his seniors; and when public opinion did not think flatulent bombast and florid trash, picked out of fifth-rate romances and namby-pamby rhymes, redeemed by the upstart sauciness of a raw popinjay, towards the experienced members of the profession he disgraced.* And yet, to some extent, this ranting youth may be right; I am not old in that sense which disables me from defending myself *here* by words, or *elsewhere*, if need be, by blows: and that, this young gentleman shall right well know before I have done with him. You will bear in mind, gentlemen, that what I say is in self-defence—that I did not begin this quarrel—that it was forced on me; and that I am bound by no restraints of courtesy, or of respect, or of kindness. Let him charge to the account of his own rashness and rudeness, whatever he receives in return therefor.

"Let me retort on this youth that he is a worthy advocate of his butcher client. He fights with the dirty weapons of his barbarous trade, and brings into his speech the reeking odor of his client's slaughter-house.

"Perhaps something of this congeniality commended him to the notice of his worthy client, and to this, his first retainer: and no wonder, for when we heard his vehement roaring, we might have supposed his client had brought his most unruly bull-calf into court to defend him, had not the matter of the roaring soon convinced us the animal was more remarkable for the length of his ears, than even the power of his lungs. Perhaps the young gentleman has taken his retainer, and contracted for butchering my client on the same terms as his client contracts in his line—that is, on the shares. But I think, gentlemen, he will find the contract a more dirty than profitable job. Or, perhaps, it might not be uncharitable to suggest that his client, who seems to be pretty well up to the business of *saving other people's bacon*, may have desired, as far as possible, to save his own; and, therefore turning from members of the bar who would have charged him for their services according to their value, took this occasion of getting off some of his stale wares; for has not Shakspere said—the gentleman will allow me to quote Shakspere, too, while yet his reputation survives his barbarous mouthing of the poet's words)—he knew an attorney 'who would defend a cause for a starved hen, or leg of mutton fly-blown.' I trust, however, whatever was the contract, that the gentleman will make his equally worthy client stand up to it; for I should like, that on one occasion it might be said the excellent butcher *was made to pay for his swine*.

"I find it difficult, gentlemen, to reply to any part of the young man's effort, except his argument, which is the smallest part in compass, and, next to his pathos, the most amusing. His figures of speech are some of them quite good, and have been so considered by the best judges for the last thousand years. I must confess, that as to these, I find no other fault than that they were badly applied and ridiculously pronounced; and this further fault, that they have become so common-place by constant use, that, unless some new vamping or felicity of application be given them, they tire nearly as much as his original matter—*videlicet*, that matter which, being more ridiculous than we ever heard before, carried internal evidence of its being his own. Indeed, it was never hard to tell when the gentleman recurred to his own ideas. He is like a cat-bird—the only intolerable discord she makes being her own notes—though she gets on well enough as long as she copies and cobbles the songs of other warblers.

"But, gentlemen, if this young orator's argument was amusing, what shall I say of his pathos? What farce ever equalled the fun of it? The play of 'The Liar' probably approached nearest to it, not only in the humor, but in the veracious character of the incidents from which the humor comes. Such a face—so woe-begone, so whimpering, as if the short period since he was flogged at school (probably in reference to those eggs falsely charged to the hound puppy) had neither obliterated the remembrance of his juvenile affliction, nor the looks he bore when he endured it.

"There was something exquisite in his picture of the woes, the wasting grief of his disconsolate client, the butcher Higginbotham, mourning—as Rachel mourned for her children—for his character because *it was not*. Gentlemen, look at him! Why he weighs twelve stone now! He has three inches of fat on his ribs this minute! He would make as

many links of sausage as any hog that ever squealed at midnight in his slaughter pen, and has lard enough in him to cook it all. Look at his face! why, his chops remind a hungry man of jowls and greens. If this is a shadow, in the name of propriety, why didn't he show himself, when in flesh, at the last fair, beside the Kentucky ox; that were a more honest way of making a living than stealing hogs. But Hig is piuing in grief! I wonder the poetic youth—his learned counsel—did not quote Shakspere again. 'He never told his—woe—but let concealment, like the worm i' the bud, prey on his damask cheek.' He looked like Patience on a monument smiling at grief—or beef, I should rather say. But, gentlemen, probably I am wrong; it may be that this tender-hearted, sensitive butcher, was lean before, and like Falstaff, throws the blame of his fat on sorrow and sighing, which 'has puffed him up like a bladder.' (Here Higginbotham left in disgust.)

"There, gentlemen, he goes, 'larding the lean earth as he walks along.' Well has Doctor Johnson said, 'who kills fat oxen should himself be fat.' Poor Hig! stuffed like one of his own blood-puddings, with a dropsical grief which nothing short of ten thousand dollars of Swink's money can cure. Well, as grief puffs him up, I don't wonder that nothing but depleting another man can cure him.

"And now, gentlemen, I come to the blood and thunder part of this young gentleman's harangue: empty and vapid; words and nothing else. If any part of this rigmarole was windier than any other part, this was it. He turned himself into a small cascade, making a great deal of noise to make a great deal of froth; tumbling; roaring; foaming; the shallower it ran, all the noisier it seemed. He fretted and knitted his brows; he beat the air and he vociferated, always emphasizing the meaningless words most loudly; he puffed, swelled out and blew off, until he seemed like a new bellows, all brass and wind. How he mouthed it—as those villainous stage players ranting out fustian in a barn theatre, [mimicking]—'Who steals my purse, steals trash.' (I don't deny it) 'Tis something, (query?) 'nothing,' (exactly.) 'Tis mine; 'twas his, and has been slave to thousands—but he who filches from me my good name, robs me of that which not enricheth him,' (not in the least,) 'but makes me poor indeed.' (just so, but whether any poorer than before he parted with the encumbrance, is another matter.)

"But the young gentleman refers to his youth. He ought not to reproach us of maturer age in that indirect way: no one would have suspected it of him or him of it, if he had not told it: indeed, from hearing him speak, we were prepared to give him credit for almost *any length of ears*. But does not the youth remember that Grotius was only seventeen when he was in full practice, and that he was Attorney General at twenty-two; and what is Grotius to this greater light? Not the burning of my smoke-house to the conflagration of Moscow!

"And yet, young Grotius tells us in the next breath, that he never knew such a slander in the course of his practice? Wonderful, indeed! seeing that his practice has all been done within the last six hours. Why, to hear him talk, you would suppose that he was an old Continental lawyer, grown gray in the service. II-i-s p-r-a-c-t-i-c-e! Why he is just in his legal swaddling clothes! HIS PRACTICE!! But I don't wonder he can't see the ab-

surdity of such talk. How long does it take one of the canine tribe, after birth, to open his eyes?

"He talked, too, of *outside* influences; of the *public* expectations, and all that sort of demagogism. I observed no evidence of any great popular demonstrations in his favor, unless it be a tailor I saw stamping his feet; but whether that was because he had sat cross-legged so long he wanted exercise, or was rejoicing because he had got orders for a new suit, or prospect of payment for an old one, the gentleman can possibly tell better than I can. (Here Hicks left.) However, if this case is to be decided by the populace *here*, the gentleman will allow me the benefit of writ of error to the regimental muster, to be held, next Friday, at Reinhert's Distillery.

"But, I suppose he meant to frighten *you* into a verdict, by intimating that the mob, frenzied by *his* eloquence, would tear you to pieces if you gave a verdict for defendant; like the equally eloquent barrister out West, who, concluding a case, said, 'Gentlemen, my client are as innocent of stealing that cotting as the sun at noonday, and if you give it agin him, his brother, Sam Ketchins, next muster, will maul every mother's son of you.' I hope the sheriff will see to his duty and keep the crowd from you, gentlemen, if you should give us a verdict!

"But, gentlemen, I am tired of winnowing chaff; I have not had the reward paid by Gratiano for sifting *his* discourse: the two grains of wheat to the bushel. It is all froth—all wind—all bubble."

Kasm left me here for a time, and turned upon my client. Poor Higginbotham caught it thick and heavy. He wooed him, then skinned him, and then took to skinning off the under cuticle. Hig never skinned a beef so thoroughly. He put together all the facts about the witnesses' hearing the hogs squealing at night; the different marks of the

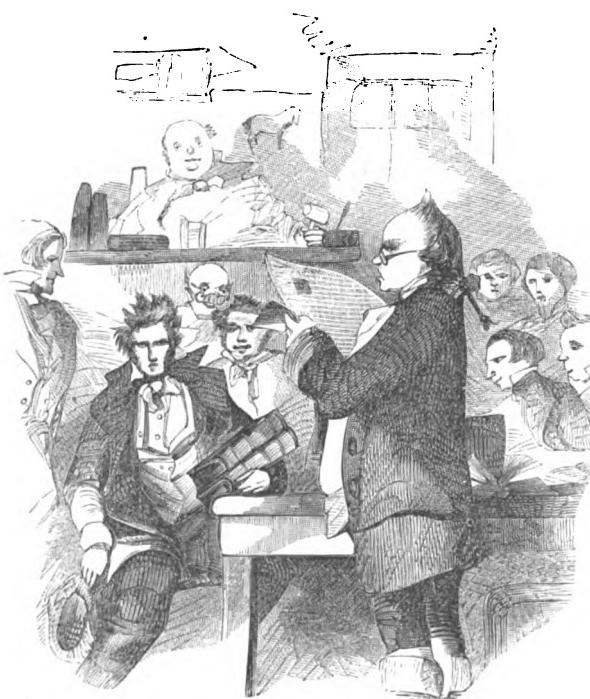
hogs; the losses in the neighborhood; perverted the testimony and supplied omissions, until you would suppose, on hearing him, that it had been fully proved that poor Hig had stolen all the meat he had ever sold in the market. He asseverated that this suit was a malicious conspiracy between the Methodists and Masons, to crush his client. But all this I leave out, as not bearing on the main subject—myself.

He came back to me with a renewed appetite. He said he would conclude by paying his valedictory respects to his juvenile friend—as this was the last time he ever expected to have the pleasure of meeting him.

"That poetic young gentleman had said, that by your verdict against his client, you would blight for ever his reputation and that of his family—that you would bend down the spirit of his manly son, and dim the radiance of his blooming daughter's beauty.' Very pretty, upon my word! But, gentleman, not so fine—not so poetical by half, as a precious morceau of poetry which adorns the columns of the village newspapers, bearing the initials J. C. R. As this admirable production has excited a great deal of applause in the nurseries and boarding schools, I must beg to read it; not for the instruction of the gentleman, he has already seen it; but for the entertainment of the Jury. It is addressed to R*** B***, a young lady of this place. Here it goes."

Judge my horror, when, on looking up, I saw him take an old newspaper from his pocket, and, pulling down his spectacles, begin to read off in a stage-actor style, some verses I had written for Rose Bell's Album. Rose had been worrying me for some time, to write her something. To get rid of her importunities, I had scribbled off a few lines and copied them in the precious volume. Rose, the little fool, took them for something very clever (she never had more than a thimbleful of brains in her doll-baby head)—and was so tickled with them, that she got brother Bill, then about fourteen, to copy them off, as well as he could, and take them to the printing office. Bill threw them under the door; the printer, as big a fool as either, not only published them, but, in his infernal kindness, puffed them in some critical commendation of his own, referring to "the gifted author," as "one of the most promising of the younger members of our bar."

The fun, by this time, grew fast and furious. The country people, who have about as much sympathy for a young town lawyer, badgered by an older one, as for a young cub beset by curs; and who have about as much idea or respect for poetry, as for witchcraft, joined in the mirth with great glee. They crowded around old Kasm, and stamped and roared as at a circus. The Judge and Sheriff in vain tried to keep order. Indeed, his honor *smiled out loud once or twice*; and to recover his retreat, pretended to cough, and fined the Sheriff five dollars for not keeping silence in the



court. Even the old Clerk, whose immemorial pen behind his right ear had worn the hair from that side of his head, and who had not smiled in court for twenty years, and boasted that Patrick Henry couldn't disturb him in making up a judgment entry, actually turned his chair from the desk and *put down* his pen : afterwards he put his hand to his head three times in search of it ; forgetting, in his attention to old Kasm, what he had done with it.

Old Kasm went on reading and commenting by turns. I forget what the ineffable trash was. I wouldn't recollect it if I could. My equanimity will only stand a phrase or two that still lingers in my memory, fixed there by old Kasm's ridicule. I had said something about my "bosom's anguish"—about the passion that was consuming me ; and, to illustrate it, or to make the line jingle, put in something about "Egypt's Queen taking the Asp to her bosom"—which, for the sake of rhyme or metre, I called "the venomous worm"—how the confounded thing was brought in, I neither know nor want to know. When old Kasm came to that, he said he fully appreciated what the young bard said—he believed it. He spoke of venomous worms. Now, if he (Kasm) might presume to give the young gentleman advice, he would recommend Swain's Patent Vermifuge. He had no doubt that it would effectually cure him of his malady, his love, and last, but not least, of his rhymes—which would be the happiest passage in his eventful history.

I couldn't stand it any longer. I had borne it to the last point of human endurance. When it came only to skinning, I was there ; but when he showered down aquafortis on the raw, and then seemed disposed to rub it in, I fled. *Abii erubi evasi*. The last thing I heard was old Kasm calling me back, amidst the shouts of the audience—but no more.

* * * * *

The next information I received of the case, was in a letter that came to me at Natchez, my new residence, from Hicks, about a month afterwards, telling me that the jury (on what I should have stated old Kasm had got two infidels and four anti-masons) had given in a verdict for defendant : that before the court adjourned, Frank Glendye had got sober, and moved for a new trial, on the ground that the verdict was against evidence, and that the plaintiff had not had justice, *by reason of the incompetency of his counsel, and the abandonment of the cause* ; and that he got a new trial (as well he should have done).

I learned through Hicks, some twelve months later, that the case had been tried ; that Frank

Glendye had made one of his greatest and most eloquent speeches ; that Glendye had joined the Temperance Society, and was now one of the soberest and most attentive men to business at the bar, and was at the head of it in practice ; that Higginbotham had recovered a verdict of \$2,000, and had put Swink in for \$500 costs, besides.

Hicks' letter gave me, too, the *melancholy* intelligence of old Kasm's death. He had died in an apoplectic fit, in the court-house, while abusing an old preacher who had testified against him in a *crim. con.* case. He enclosed the proceedings of a bar meeting, in which "the melancholy dispensation which called our beloved brother hence while in the active discharge of his duties," was much deplored ; but, with a pious resignation, which was greatly to be admired ; "they submitted to the will," etc., and with a confidence old Kasm himself, if alive, might have envied, "*trusted* he had gone to a better and brighter world," etc., etc., which carried the doctrine of Universalism as far as it could well go. They concluded by resolving that the bar would wear crape on the left arm for thirty days. I don't know what the rest did, I didn't. Though not mentioned in his will, he had left me something to remember him by. Bright be the bloom and sweet the fragrance of the thistles on his grave !

Reader ! I eschewed *genius* from that day. I took to accounts ; did up every species of paper that came into my office with a tape string ; had pigeon holes for all the bits of paper about me ; walked down the street as if I were just going to bank, and it wanted only five minutes to three o'clock ; got a green bag and stuffed it full of old newspapers, carefully folded and labelled ; read law, to fit imaginary cases, with great industry ; dunned one of the wealthiest men in the city for fifty cents ; sold out a widow for a twenty dollar debt, and bought in her things myself, publicly (and gave them back to her secretly, afterwards) ; associated only with skin-flints, brokers and married men, and discussed investments and stocks ; soon got into business ; looked wise and shook my head when I was consulted, and passed for a "powerful good judge of law ;" confirmed the opinion by reading, in court, all the books and papers I could lay my hands on, and clearing out the court-house by hum-drum details, common-place and statistics, whenever I made a speech at the bar—and thus, by this course of things, am able to write from my sugar plantation, this memorable history of the fall of *genius* and the rise of solemn humbug !

IN FAVOR OF THE HOG.—In County C, Ala. there lived one John Smith, who was ignorant of the laws relating to "*meum et tuum*." Now, the said John Smith, being impelled by the vociferations of an empty stomach, went, under cover of night, and feloniously carried away from his neighbor's pen, a shoat, valued at one dollar and fifty cents, with the intention of appropriating the same to his own use. But Johnny was detected, and in due course of time was carried before Judge P. for trial. The witnesses were introduced, and the fact of the theft was proven beyond a doubt. The jury retired, to make up their verdict, to an adjacent grove of trees, and were not out long before they returned, with a verdict of "guilty of hog-stealing in the first degree."

The judge told them that the verdict was proper

except that they had omitted to assess the value of the property stolen, and that there was no degree to hog-stealing, and to retire again and bring in their verdict in "proper form." Again they retired, with pen, ink and paper, but rather nonplussed with regard to "form." They pondered long and deeply over what he meant by *form*. At last old W. Jim Turner, who had been a justice of the peace in Georgia, with a bright countenance, and a sly wink, as much as to say, "Look at me, boys—I understand a thing or two," wrote the verdict, and returned to the court-house. Old Jim handed the verdict to the clerk, with anxious pomposity, and sat down. Judge of the laughter when the clerk read the following : "*We, the jury, pusilanimously find the defendant guilty in the sum of 1 dollar and a $\frac{1}{2}$ in favor of the hog.*"—HOOPER.

A "HOOSIER" IN SEARCH OF JUSTICE.

BY T. B. THORPE. 1854.

ABOUT one hundred and twenty miles from New Orleans reposes, in all rural happiness, one of the pleasantest little towns in the south, that reflects itself in the mysterious waters of the Mississippi.

To the extreme right of the town, looking at it from the river, may be seen a comfortable-looking building, surrounded by China trees; just such a place as sentimental misses dream of when they have indistinct notions of "settling in the world."

This little "burban bandbox," however, is not occupied by the airs of love, nor the airs of the lute, but by a strong limb of the law, a gnarled one too, who knuckles down to business, and digs out of the "uncertainties of his profession" decisions, and reasons, and causes, and effects, nowhere to be met with, except in the science called, par excellence, the "perfection of human reason."

Around the interior walls of this romantic-looking place may be found an extensive library, where all the "statutes," from Moses' time down to the present day, are ranged side by side; in these musty books the owner revels day and night, digesting "digests," and growing the while sallow, with indigestion.

On the evening-time of a fine summer's day, the sage lawyer might have been seen walled in with books and manuscripts, his eye full of thought, and his bald high forehead sparkling with the rays of the setting sun, as if his genius was making itself visible to the senses; page after page he searched, musty parchments were scanned, an expression of care and anxiety indented itself on the stern features of his face, and with a sigh of despair he desisted from his labors, uttering aloud his feelings that he feared his case was a hopeless one.

Then he renewed again his mental labor with tenfold vigor, making the very silence, with which he pursued his thoughts, ominous, as if a spirit were in his presence.

The door of the lawyer's office opened, there

pressed forward the tall, gaunt figure of a man, a perfect model of physical power and endurance—a western flatboatman. The lawyer heeded not his presence, and started as if from a dream, as the harsh tones of inquiry grated upon his ear, of,

"Does a 'Squire live here?"

"They call me so," was the reply, as soon as he had recovered from his astonishment.

"Well, 'Squire," continued the intruder, "I have got a case for you, and I want jestess, if it costs the best load of produce that ever come from In-di-an."

The man of the law asked what was the difficulty.

"It's this, 'Squire: I'm bound for Orleans, and put in here for coffee and other little fixins; a chap with a face whiskered up like a prairie dog, says, says he,

"Stranger, I see you've got cocks on board of your boat—bring one ashore, and I'll pit one against him that'll lick his legs off in less time than you can gaff him.' Well, 'Squire, *I never take a dar*. Says I, 'Stranger, I'm thar at wunee,' and in twenty minutes the cocks were on the levee, like perfect saints.

"We chuck'd them together, and my bird, 'Squire, now mind, 'Squire, my bird never struck a lick, not a single blow, but tuck to his heels and run, and by thunders, threw up his feed, actewelly vomited. The stakeholder gave up the money agin me, and now I want jestess; as sure as frogs my bird was physicked, or he'd stood up to his business like a wild cat."

The lawyer heard the story with patience, but flatly refused to have any thing to do with the matter.

"Prehaps," said the boatman, drawing out a copulent pocket-book, "prehaps you think I can't pay—here's the money; help yourself—give me jestess, and draw on my purse like an ox team."

To the astonishment of the flatboatman, the lawyer still refused, but unlike many of his profession, gave his would-be client, without charge, some





George B. McClellan



general advice about going on board of his boat, shoving off for New Orleans, and, abandoning the suit altogether.

The boatman stared with profound astonishment, and asked the lawyer, "If he was a sure enough 'Squire."

Receiving an affirmative reply, he pressed every argument he could use, to have him undertake his case and get him "jestess;" but when he found that his efforts were unavailing, he quietly seated himself for the first time, put his hat aside,—crossed his legs,—then looking up to the ceiling with the expression of great patience, he requested the "Squire, to read to him the Louisiana laws on cock-fighting."

The lawyer said he did not know of a single statute in the State upon the subject. The boatman started up as if he had been shot, exclaiming—

"No laws in the State on cock-fighting? No, no, 'Squire, you can't possum me; give us the law."

The refusal again followed; the astonishment of the boatman increased, and throwing himself in a comic-heroic attitude, he waved his long fingers around the sides of the room and asked,

"What all them thar books were about?"

"All about the law."

"Well then, 'Squire, am I to understand that not one of them thar books contain a single law on cock-fighting?"

"You are."

"And, Squire, am I to understand that thar ain't no laws in Louisiana on cock-fighting?"

"You are."

"And am I to understand that you call yourself a 'Squire, and that you don't know any thing about cock-fighting?"

"You are."

The astonishment of the boatman at this reply for a moment was unbounded, and then suddenly ceased; the awe with which he looked upon the "Squire" also ceased, and resuming his natural awkward and familiar carriage, he took up his hat, and walking to the door, with a broad grin of supreme contempt in his face, he observed,—

"That a 'Squire that did not know the laws of cock-fighting, in his opinion, was distinctly an infernal old chuckle-headed fool!"

A PIANO IN ARKANSAS.

BY T. B. THORPE. 1854.

We shall never forget the excitement which seized upon the inhabitants of the little village of Hardscrabble, as the report spread through the community, that a real piano had actually arrived within its precincts.

Speculation was afloat as to its appearance and its use. The name was familiar to every body; but what it precisely meant, no one could tell. That it had legs was certain;—for a stray volume of some literary traveller was one of the most conspicuous works in the floating library of Hardscrabble; and said traveller stated, that he had seen a piano somewhere in New England with pantaloons on—also, an old foreign paper was brought forward, in which there was an advertisement headed "Soiree," which informed the "citizens, generally," that Mr. Bobolink would preside at the piano.

This was presumed by several wiseacres, who had been to a menagerie, to mean, that Mr. Bobolink stirred the piano with a long pole, in the same way that the showman did the lions and rhi-no-ce-rus.

So, public opinion was in favor of its being an animal, though a harmless one; for there had been a land speculator through the village a few weeks previously, who distributed circulars of a "Female Academy," for the accomplishment of young ladies. These circulars distinctly stated "the use of the piano to be one dollar per month."

One knowing old chap said, if they would tell him what so-i-ree meant, he would tell them what a piano was, and no mistake.

The owner of this strange instrument was no less than a very quiet and very respectable late merchant of a little town somewhere "north," who having failed at home, had emigrated into the new and hospitable country of Arkansas, for the purpose of bettering his fortune, and escaping the heartless sympathy of his more lucky neighbors, who seemed to consider him a very bad and degraded man because he had become honestly poor.

The new comers were strangers, of course. The house in which they were setting up their furniture was too little arranged "to admit of calls;" and as the family seemed very little disposed to court society, all prospects of immediately solving the mystery that hung about the piano seemed hopeless. In the mean time public opinion was "rife."

The depository of this strange thing was looked upon by the passers-by with indefinable awe; and as noises unfamiliar sometimes reached the street, it was presumed that the piano made them, and the excitement rose higher than ever—in the midst of it, one or two old ladies, presuming upon their age and respectability, called upon the strangers and inquired after their health, and offered their services and friendship; meantime every thing in the house was eyed with great intensity, but seeing nothing strange, a hint was given about the piano. One of the new family observed carelessly, "that it had been much injured by bringing out, that the damp had affected its tones, and that one of its legs was so injured that it would not stand up, and for the present it would not ornament the parlor."

Here was an explanation, indeed; injured in bringing out—damp affecting its tones—leg broken. "Poor thing!" ejaculated the old ladies with real sympathy, as they proceeded homeward; "traveling has evidently fatigued it; the Mass-is-sip fogs has given it a cold, poor thing!" and they wished to see it with increased curiosity.

The "village" agreed, that if Moses Mercer, familiarly called "Mo Mercer," was in town, they would have a description of the piano, and the uses to which it was put; and fortunately, in the midst of the excitement, "Mo" arrived, he having been temporarily absent on a hunting expedition.

Moses Mercer was the only son of "old Mercer," who was, and had been, in the State Senate ever since Arkansas was admitted into the "Union." Mo, from this fact, received great glory, of course;

his father's greatness alone would have stamped him with superiority; but his having been twice in the "Capitol" when the legislature was in session, stamped his claims to pre-eminence over all competitors.

Mo Mercer was the oracle of the renowned village of Hardscrabble.

"Mo" knew every thing; he had all the consequence and complacency of a man who had never seen his equal, and never expected to. "Mo" bragged extensively upon his having been to the "Capitol" twice,—of his there having been in the most "fashionable society,"—of having seen the world. His return to town was therefore received with a shout. The arrival of the piano was announced to him, and he alone of all the community was not astonished at the news.

His insensibility was considered wonderful. He treated the piano as a thing that he was used to, and went on, among other things to say, that he had seen more pianos in the "Capitol," than he had ever seen woodchucks; and that it was not an animal, but a musical instrument, played upon by the ladies; and he wound up his description by saying that the way "the dear creeters could pull music out of it was a caution to hoarse owls."

The new turn given to the piano excitement in Hardscrabble by Mo Mercer, was like pouring oil on fire to extinguish it, for it blazed out with more vigor than ever. That it was a musical instrument made it a rarer thing in that wild country, than if it had been an animal, and people of all sizes, colors, and degrees, were dying to see and hear it.

Jim Cash was Mo Mercer's right-hand man; in the language of refined society, he was "Mo's toady,"—in the language of Hardscrabble, he was "Mo's wheel-horse." Cash believed in Mo Mercer with an abandonment that was perfectly ridiculous. Mr. Cash was dying to see the piano, and the first opportunity he had alone with his Quixotte, he expressed the desire that was consuming his vitals.

"We'll go at once and see it," said Mercer.

"Strangers!" echoed the frightened Cash.

"Humbug! Do you think I have visited the 'Capitol' twice, and don't know how to treat fashionable society? Come along at once, Cash," said Mercer.

Off the pair started, Mercer all confidence, and Cash all fears, as to the propriety of the visit. These fears Cash frankly expressed; but Mercer repeated for the thousandth time his experience in the fashionable society of the "Capitol, and pianos," which he said "was synonymous"—and he finally told Cash, to comfort him, that however abashed and ashamed he might be in the presence of the ladies, "that he needn't fear of sticking, for he would pull him through."

A few minutes' walk brought the parties on the broad galleries of the house that contained the object of so much curiosity. The doors and windows were closed, and a suspicious look was on every thing.

"Do they always keep a house closed up this way that has a piano in it?" asked Cash, mysteriously.

"Certainly," replied Mercer; "the damp would destroy its tones."

Repeated knocks at the doors, and finally at the windows, satisfied both Cash and Mercer that nobody was at home. In the midst of their disappointment, Cash discovered a singular machine at the

end of the gallery, crossed by bars and rollers, and surmounted with an enormous crank. Cash approached it on tip-toe; he had a presentiment that he beheld the object of his curiosity, and as its intricate character unfolded itself, he gazed with distended eyes, and asked Mercer, with breathless anxiety, "What that strange and incomprehensible box was?"

Mercer turned to the thing as coolly as a north wind in an icicle, and said, "that was it."

"That it!" exclaimed Cash, opening his eyes still wider; and then recovering himself, he asked to see "the tones."

Mercer pointed to the cross-bars and rollers. With trembling hands, with a resolution that would enable a man to be scalped without winking, Cash reached out his hand, and seized the handle of the crank (Cash, at heart, was a brave and fearless man); he gave it a turn, the machinery grated harshly, and seemed to clamor for something to be put in its maw.

"What delicious sounds!" said Cash.

"Beautiful!" observed the complacent Mercer, at the same time seizing Cash's arm, and asking him to desist, for fear of breaking the instrument, or getting it out of tune.

The simple caution was sufficient; and Cash, in the joy of the moment, at what he had done and seen, looked as conceited as Mo Mercer himself.

Busy, indeed, was Cash, from this time forward, in explaining to gaping crowds the exact appearance of the piano, how he had actually taken hold of it, and, as his friend Mo Mercer observed, "pulled music out of it."

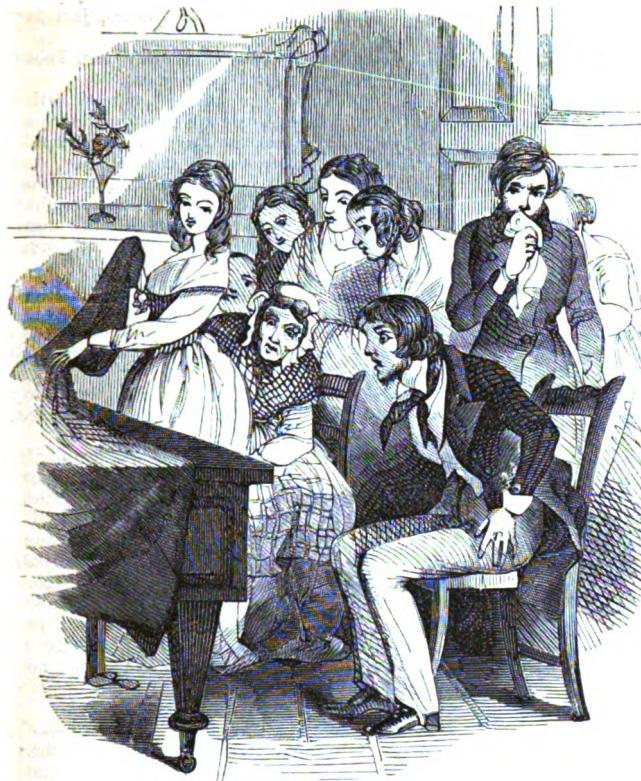
The curiosity of the village was thus allayed, and consequently died comparatively away; Cash, however, having risen to almost as much importance as Mo Mercer, for having seen and handled the thing.

Our "Northern family" knew little or nothing of all this excitement; they received meanwhile the visits and congratulations of the hospitable villagers, and resolved to give a grand party to return some of the kindness they had received, and the piano was, for the first time, moved into the parlor. No invitation on this occasion was neglected; early at the post was every visitor, for it was rumored that Miss Patience Doolittle would, in the course of the evening, "perform on the piano."

The excitement was immense. The supper was passed over with a contempt, rivalling that which is cast upon an excellent farce played preparatory to a dull tragedy, in which the star is to appear. The furniture was all critically examined; but nothing could be discovered answering Cash's description. An enormously thick-leaved table, with a "spread" upon it, attracted little attention, timber being so very cheap in a new country, and so every body expected soon to see the piano "brought in."

Mercer, of course, was the hero of the evening; he talked much and loudly. Cash, as well as several young ladies, went into hysterics at his wit. Mercer, as the evening wore away, grew exceedingly conceited, even for him; and he graciously asserted that the company present reminded him of his two visits to the "Capitol," and other associations, equally exclusive and peculiar.

The evening wore on apace, and still—no piano. That hope deferred which maketh the heart sick, was felt by some elderly ladies, and by a few younger ones; and Mercer was solicited to ask Miss Patience



Doolittle, to favor the company with the presence of the piano.

"Certainly," said Mercer, and with the grace of a city dandy, he called upon the lady to gratify all present with a little music, prefacing his request with the remark, that if she was fatigued, "his friend Cash would give the machine a *turn*."

Miss Patience smiled, and looked at Cash. Cash's knees trembled.

All eyes in the room turned upon him.

Cash trembled all over.

Miss Patience said she was gratified to hear that Mr. Cash was a musician; she admired people who had a musical taste. Whereupon Cash fell into a chair, as he afterwards observed, "chawed-up."

Oh, that Beau Brummel, or any of his admirers could have seen Mo Mercer all this while! Calm as a summer morning—complacent as a newly-painted sign—he smiled and patronized, and was the only unexcited person in the room.

Miss Patience rose,—a sigh escaped from all

went the blood from confusion to her cheeks; she hesitated, stammered, and said, "if Mr. Cash must know, it was a—a—a Yankee washing machine."

The name grated on Mo Mercer's ears as if rusty nails had been thrust into them; the heretofore invulnerable Mercer's knees trembled; the sweat started to his brow, as he heard the taunting whispepers of "visiting the Capitol twice," and seeing pianos as plenty as woodchucks.

The fashionable vices of envy and maliciousness, were that moment sown in the village of Hardscrabble; and Mo Mercer—the great—the confident—the happy and self-possessed—surprising as it may seem, was the first victim sacrificed to their influence.

Time wore on, and pianos became common, and Mo Mercer less popular; and he finally disappeared altogether, on the evening of the day on which a Yankee peddler of notions sold, to the highest bidder, "six patent, warranted, and improved Mo Mercer pianos."

CINDERELLA NEGROTYPE.

FROM THE "MASTER'S HOUSE." BY T. B. THORPE. 1854.

On the first sound of the spoons upon the dishes, there came a noise in the hall, as of heavy drops of rain beating upon a roof; then could be heard children's voices, and in another instant, a dozen or more of boys and girls, of all sizes and ages, came rushing into the dining-room, clamoring for something to eat, and evidently urged on by a score of

little negroes, that, in the rear, ably supported these impetuous applicants.

"These children must all be carried off," said Mr. Moreton, holding up his carving-knife and fork, and looking around as if he expected every moment that he himself would be devoured,

"Toots ain't doin' 'way!" said that little romp,

tumbling from some place plump into the middle of the room, "me doin' to eat dinner, and sassenger, and cake, and pie, and—and—and chickenses," and when she got thus far, Mrs. Moreton put her hands to her ears, and begged Aunt Margaret "to take *that* child, and *all* the children, away, until dinner was over."

"Take Toots up!" said Aunt Margaret to a matronly-looking negro woman, the seamstress, who had volunteered to wait on the table; "take Toots up," continued Aunt Margaret, "and amuse her as you best can."

"I won't go to Phyllis!" said Toots, jumping up and down the room, and falling heels over head against Annie's feet.

"Come, little missis!" said Phyllis, catching hold of Toots, "come, and I'll tell you that pretty story." Toots yielded in an instant, and fairly springing into her nurse's arms, she could be heard rattling away, until her voice was lost in the distance, telling Phyllis how much "she liked to hear that pretty 'tory of the horses, and cagies, and womens, and dogs."

Meanwhile the mass of the children, including George, Augustus, Minty, Clotilde, Charley, and "little Moreton," made a compromise with their father, that they were to have a table set in an adjoining room (this was a favorite plan of the servants); in the meanwhile, they were to go out in the yard and play.



Phyllis carried Toots into the main road, and sitting down under the shade of a magnificent live-oak, she spread a shawl on the ground, on which she put her little mistress, and told Toots, for the fortieth time, the following story; it being remarkable, that at each relation, Toots made the same comments, asked the same questions, and appeared more than at any previous time breathless with excited interest.

"Dar was once, young missis," began Phyllis, "a white gentleman as married another wife, and she was the stuck-upest woman that never was."

"What did she do?" asked Toots, out of breath with expectation.

"Why, whipped all her black people, just for nothin' at all," continued Phyllis.

"She wouldn't whip you, would she?" said Toots throwing her arms round Phyllis's neck.

"Wal, I 'spect not," said the girl, caressing the child, "but now listen,—you see dis stuck-up white lady had three daughters, the biggest ones she made set in the parlor, under 'skeeter bars, all day, and do nothin' but have the black people wait on 'em, all the time; and de other daughter, who was mighty handsome, was kept up stairs, and wouldn't done let her go riding horseback, nor to New Orleans, nor nowhere."

"Now, you see," continued Phyllis, "somebody on de jining plantation gave a big ball, and 'vited all de great people, but didn't 'vite little Cind'rella; her stuck-up mother wouldn't let her go along with her bad sisters."

"I'd kicked and hollered, and told father, if they didn't let me go to ball, and have cake, and candies, and ochancies, and apples."

"I know you would," said Phyllis, looking admiringly at Toots, "but, you see that this little Cind'rella didn't do it, but just staid at home and cried; when dar was an old woman with a cap on, and a long nose, and a broomstick cum'd into the room, and asked Cind'rella if she wanted to go to the ball, 'cause her sisters had done gone already. Now Cind'rella she couldn't go in course, for you see she had no handsome dress with yaller ribbons, and blue trimmings, and big breastpin, no carriage to ride, nor any black people to drive to the ball; now this old woman was a fairy."

"What's a fairy?" said Toots, wonderingly.

"A fairy," said Phyllis, looking rather foolish, "is somebody that nobody owns, dat just goes about doin' nothin', and having every thing they wants, dat's a fairy, Miss Toots. And now," she continued, "listen what de fairy done did for Cind'rella; she tuck a punkin, and made a carriage, and six mousies for horses, and a big rat for a coach-driver, and put a new dress on, and new shoes on Cind'rella, and a charm to make her look handsomer than ever, and sent her off to the big ball."

"You see," continued Phyllis, "dat de old fairy told Cind'rella dat she must cum home afore day-break, her pass was up you see by dat time, and if she stopped, de patrollers would catch her. Now Cind'rella was a dancin' a 'giny reel, with the young master, who owned two hundred black people, and dey had plenty music, six banjos, and three fiddles, but den daybreak cum all ova sudden, and Cind'rella, 'spectin' her pass wouldn't do no longer, tuck to her heels, and left her shoe in de middle of de floor."

"Now de rich young man, dat owned two hundred black people, was in lub wid Cind'rella, and as he couldn't find her plantation; he sent all his black people out to find the young missis that lost her shoe at de time the dancing was gwine on; at last dey found her up in de arbor sound asleep, wid one shoe, and dey know'd it was her, and dey had a big weddin', and every body cum—Mr. Mildmay, and Col. Lee, and—"

"Cousin Annie," suggested Toots.

"Yes," said Phyllis, "Mistress Annie—and all de black people was dressed up, a waitin' on de tables, and such a time was never know'd afore."

"Oh, how I would like to have been there!" said Toots clapping her little hands, "wouldn't I had fun, and thrown turkey bones across the table, and made mother take me in her lap, and sing me to sleep

when—" and Toots rose from her reclining position, and attempting to spin round, to show Phyllis how she would go to sleep, she twisted the shawl about her feet, and as usual, rolled heels over head, but

instantly releasing herself, she went whooping off down the road, in pursuit of a gaudy butterfly, that was fluttering along, seemingly on purpose to entice the little fairy away from home.

WHAT IS A BOY?

FROM "WHAT NOT." BY MARY A. DENISON. 1854.

A boy is the spirit of mischief embodied. A perfect teetotum, spinning round like a jenny, or tumbling heels over head. He invariably goes through the process of leaning over every chair in his reach; makes drum heads of the doors; turns the tin pans into cymbals; takes the best knives out to dig worms for bait, and loses them; hunts up the molasses cask, and leaves the molasses running; is boon companion to the sugar-barrel; searches up all the pie and preserves left from supper, and eats them; goes to the apples every ten minutes; hides his old cap in order to wear his best one; cuts his boots *accidentally* if he wants a new pair; tears his clothes for fun; jumps into the puddles for sport, and for ditto tracks your carpets, marks your furniture, pinches the baby, worries the nurse, ties fire-crackers to the kitten's tail, drops his school-books in the gutter while he fishes with a pin, pockets his school-master's "specs," and, finally, turns a sober household upside down if he cuts his little finger.

He is a provoking and unprovokable torment, especially to his sisters. He don't pretend to much until he is twelve. Then begins the rage for frock-coats, blue eyes, curly hair, white dresses, imperfect rhymes, and dickies. At fourteen he is "too big" to split wood or go after water; and, at the time these interesting offices ought to be performed, contrives to be invisible—whether concealed in the garret, with some old worm-eaten novel for com-

pany, ensconced on the wood-pile learning legerde-main, or bound off on some expedition that turns out to be more deplorable than explorable. At fifteen he has a *tolerable* experience of the world; but, from sixteen to twenty, may we clear the track when he's in sight. He knows more than Washington; expresses his opinion with the decision of Ben Franklin; makes up his mind that he was born to rule the world, and new-lay the track of creation; thinks Providence is near-sighted; understands theology and science of the pronoun I; informs his father that Gen. Jackson fought the memorable battle of New Orleans; asks his minister if he don't consider the Bible a little too orthodox. In other words, he knows more than than he will ever know again.

Just hail one of these young specimens "boy" at sixteen, and how wrathful he gets! If he does not answer you precisely as the little urchin did, who angrily exclaimed, "Don't call me 'boy,' I've smoked these two years," he will give you a withering look that is meant to annihilate you, turn on his heel and, with a curl of the lip, mutter disdainfully, "Who do you call boy?" and oh! the emphasis!

But, jesting aside, an honest, blunt, merry, mischievous boy is something to be proud of, whether as brother or son; for, in all his scrapes, his good heart gets the better of him, and leads him soon to repentance, and be sure he will remember his fault—at least five minutes.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE OLD PARK THEATRE.—Billy Williams of the Vells, as he was familiarly termed, was an excellent actor of vulgar cockneys, and popular off as well as on the stage. He could speak the language of his author tolerably well, but his own diction smacked terribly of Bow Bells. Mr. Abbott, the gentlemanly comedian, used to relate the following dialogue between Mr. Burton, and Billy Williams, with great gusto. Mr. B. was playing a "star" engagement at the Park, and the green room was crowded with the principal members of the company; Mrs. Wheatley, H. Placide, J. Browne, Fisher, Abbott and his wife, and Billy Williams himself. The conversation was general and lively. Burton, who delighted in quizzing Billy, made some inquiries relative to a horse belonging to Mr. Hamblin, which seemed to arouse Billy, and he said:—

"Now, Burton, I'll tell you all about that 'orse; you see when I first arrived, I said to 'Amblin, Tom, I want an 'orse; I 'ave always been used to 'ave an 'orse, and I would like to 'ave one.'

"Billy," says he, "you know Mazeppa; he has earned me a great deal of money, and I will not permit him to be misused; but if you want to ride him, you may, and my stage manager, Tom Flynn, will go with you to the stable."

"So down I goes to the stable with Tom Flynn, and told the man to put the saddle on 'im."

"On Tom Flynn?" says Burton.

"No, on the 'orse. So, after talking with Tom Flynn awhile, I mounted 'im."

"What, mounted Tom Flynn?"

"No, the 'orse; and then I shook 'ands with 'im, and rode off."

"Shook hands with the horse, Billy?"

"No, d—— it, with Tom Flynn; and then I rode off up the Bowery, and who should I meet in front of the Bowery Theatre but Tom 'Amblin, so I got off, and told the boy to 'old him by the 'ead."

"What! hold Hamblin by the head?"

"No, the 'orse, and then we went and 'ad a drink together."

"What! you and the horse?"

"No, me and 'Amblin, and after that I mounted 'im again, and went out of town."

"What! mounted Hamblin again?"

"No, the 'orse; and when I got to Burnham's, who should be there but Tom Flynn—he'd taken another 'orse and rode out a'ead of me, so I told the ostler to tie 'im up."

"Tie Tom Flynn up?"

"No, d—— it, the 'orse, and we had a drink there."

"What! you and the horse?"

"No, me and Tom Flynn."

At this period, the whole assembly burst into a loud laugh—a *horse* laugh, and Billy, finding himself trotted out, finished thus: "Now look here, Burton, —every time I say 'orse you say 'Amblin, and every time I say 'Amblin you say 'orse. Now I'll be anged if I tell you any more about it."

THE GREAT PUDDLEFORD LAWSUIT.

FROM "PUDDLEFORD AND ITS PEOPLE." BY H. H. RILEY. 1854.

ONE morning, in the month of September, I was visited by a constable, who very authoritatively served upon me a *venire*, which commanded me to be and appear before Jonathan Longbow, at his office in the village of Puddleford, at one o'clock, P. M., to serve as a juryman in a case then and there to be tried, between Philista Filkins, plaintiff, and Charity Beadle, defendant, in an action of slander, etc. The constable remarked, after reading this threatening legal epistle to me, that I had better "be up to time, as Squire Longbow was a man who would not be trifled with," and then leisurely folding it up, and pushing it deep down in his vest-pocket, he mounted his horse, and hurried away in pursuit of the balance of the panel. Of course, I could not think of being guilty of a contempt of court, after having been so solemnly warned of the consequences, and I was therefore promptly on the spot according to command.

Squire Longbow held his court at the public-house, in a room adjoining the bar-room, because the statute prohibited his holding it in the bar-room itself. He was a law-abiding man, and would not violate a statute. I found on my arrival that the whole country, for miles around, had assembled to hear this interesting case. Men, women, and children had turned out, and made a perfect holiday of it. All were attired in their best. The men were dressed in every kind of fashion, or rather, all the fashions of the last twenty years were scattered through the crowd. Small-crown, steeple-crown, low-crown, wide-brim, and narrow-brim hats; wide-tail, stub-tail, and swallow-tail, high-collar, and low-collar coats; bagging and shrunken breeches; every size and shape of shirt-collar were there, all brought in by the settlers when they immigrated. The women had attempted to ape the fashions of the past. Some of them had mounted a "bustle" about the size of a bag of bran, and were waddling along under their load with great satisfaction. Some of the less ambitious were reduced to a mere bunch of calico. One man, I noticed, carried upon his head an old-fashioned, bell-crowned hat, with a half-inch brim, a shirt-collar running up tight under his ears, tight enough to lift him from the ground, (this ran out in front of his face to a peak, serving as a kind of cutwater to his nose,) a faded blue coat of the genuine swallow-tail breed, a pair of narrow-full breeches that had passed so often through the wash-tub, and were so shrunken, that they appeared to have been strained on over his limbs; this individual, reader, was walking about, with his hands in his pockets, perfectly satisfied, whistling Yankee Doodle and other patriotic airs. Most of the women had something frizzled around their shoes, which were called pantalettes, giving their extremities the appearance of the legs of so many bantam hens.

The men were amusing themselves pitching copers and quoits, running horses, and betting upon the result of the trial to come off, as every one was expected to form some opinion of the merits of the case.

The landlord of the Eagle was of course very busy. He hustled about, here and there, making the necessary preparations. Several pigs and

chickens had gone the way of all flesh, and were baking and stewing for the table. About once a quarter "Old Stub" "moistened his clay," as he called it, with a little "rye," so as to "keep his blood a-stirring." *Mrs. "Stub Bulliphant"* was busy too. *She* was a perfect whirlwind; her temper was made of tartaric acid. Her voice might be heard above the confusion around, giving directions to one, and a "piece of her mind" to another. *She* was the landlady of the Eagle beyond all doubt, and no one else. Better die than doubt that.

"Bulliphant!" screamed she, at the top of her lungs, "Bulliphant, you great lout, you! what in the name of massy sakes are you about? No fire! no wood! no water in! How, in all created natur', do you s'pose a woman can get dinner? Furiation alive, why don't you speak? Sally Ann! I say, Sally Ann! come right here this minute! Go down cellar, and get a junk of butter, some milk, and then—I say, Sally Ann! do you hear me, Sally Ann?—go out to the barn and—run! run! you careless hussy, to the store! the pot's boiling over!"

And so the old woman's tongue ran on, hour after hour.

At a little past one, the court was convened. A board placed upon two barrels across the corner of the room, constituted the desk of Squire Longbow, behind which his honor's solitary dignity was caged. Pettifoggers and spectators sat outside. This was very proper, as Squire Longbow was a great man, and some mark of distinction was due. Permit me to describe him. He was a little, pot-bellied person, with a round face, bald head, swelled nose, and had only one eye, the remains of the other being concealed with a green shade. He carried a dignity about him that was really oppressive to bystanders. He was the "end of the law" in Puddleford; and no man could sustain a reputation who presumed to appeal from his decisions. He settled accounts, difficulties of all sorts, and even established land-titles; but of all things, he prided himself upon his knowledge of constitutional questions. The Squire always maintained that hard-drinking was "agin" the Constitution of the United States, "and so," he said, "Judge Story once informed him by letter, when he applied to him for aid in solving this question." "There is no such thing as slander," the Squire used to say, "and he always decided, as every person who lied about another, knew he ought not to be believed, because he was lying, and therefore the '*quar-animer*,' as the books say, is wanting." (This looked rather bad for "Filkins's" case.) Sometimes Squire Longbow rendered judgments, sometimes decrees, and sometimes he divided the cause between both parties. The Squire said he "never could submit to the letter of the law; it was agin' personal liberty; and so Judge Story decided." "Pre-ce-dents, as they were called, he wouldn't mind, not even his own; because then there wouldn't be any room left for a man to change his mind. If," said the Squire, "for instance, I fine Pet. Sykes to-day, for knocking down Job Bluff, that is no reason why I should fine Job Bluff to-morrow, for knocking down Pet. Sykes, because they are entirely different persons. Human natur' ain't the same. Contempt of Court," the Squire

often declared, 'was the worst of all offences. He didn't care so much about what might be said agin' Jonathan Longbow, but *Squire* Longbow, Justice of the Peace, must and should be protected ; and it was upon this principle that he fined Phil. Beardsley ten dollars for contradicting him in the street.

"Generally," the Squire says, "he renders judgment for the plaintiff," because he never issues a process without hearing his story, and determining the merits. "And don't the plaintiff know more about his rights than all the witnesses in the world?" "And even where he has a jury," the Squire says, "that it is his duty to apply the law to the facts, and the facts to the law, so that they may avoid any illegal verdict."

The court, as I said, was convened. The Squire took his seat, opened his docket, and lit his pipe. He then called the parties :

"Philista Filkins!" "Charity Beadle!"

"Here," cried a backwoods pettifogger, "I'm for Philista Filkins; am always on hand at the tap of the drum, like a thousand of brick."

This man was a character; a pure specimen of a live western pettifogger. He was called Ike Turtle. He was of the snapping-turtle breed. He wore a white wool-hat; a bandana cotton-handkerchief around his neck; a horse-blanket vest, with large horn-buttons; and corduroy pantaloons; and he carried a bull's eye watch, from which swung four or five chains across his breast.

"Who answers for Charity Beadle?" continued the Squire.

"I answer for myself," squeaked out Charity; "I hain't got any counsel, 'cause he's on the jury."

"On the jury, ha! Your counsel's on the jury! Sile Bates, I suppose. Counsel is guaranteed by the Constitution—it's a personal right—let Sile act as your counsel, then."

And so Sile stepped out in the capacity of counsel.

"Charity Beadle!" exclaimed the Squire, drawing out his pipe and laying it on his desk, "stand up and raise your right hand!"

Charity arose.

"You are charged with slandering Philista Filkins, with saying 'She warn't no better than she ought to be,' and if you were believed when you said so, it is my duty, as a peace officer, to say to you that you have been guilty of a high offence, and may the Lord have mercy on your soul. What do you say?"

"Not guilty, Squire Longbow, by an eternal sight, and told the truth, if we are," replied Bates. "Beside, we plead a set-off."

"I say 'tis false! you are!" cried Philista, at the top of her lungs.

"Silence!" roared Longbow; "the dignity of this court shall be preserved."

"Easy, Squire, a little easy," grumbled a voice in the crowd, proceeding from one of Philista's friends; "never speak to a woman in a passion."

"I fine that man one dollar for contempt of court, whoever he is!" exclaimed the Squire, as he stood upon tip-toe, trying to catch the offender with his eye.

"I guess 't warn't nothing but the wind," said Bates.

The Squire took his seat, put his pipe in his mouth, and blew out a long whiff of smoke.

"Order being restored, let the case now proceed," he exclaimed.

Ike opened his case to the jury. He said Philista Filkins was a maiden lady of about forty; some called her an *old maid*, but that warn't so, not by several years; her teeth were as sound as a nut, and her hair as black as a crow. She was nurse, and had probably given more lobelia, pennyroyal, catnip, and other roots and herbs, to the people of Puddleford, than all the rest of the women in it. Of course she was a kind of *peramrulary* being. (The Squire here informed the jury that *peramrulary* was a legal word, which he would fully explain in his charge.) That is, she was obliged to be out a great deal, night and day, and in consequence thereof, Charity Beadle had slandered her, and completely ruined her reputation, and broken up her business to the damage of ten dollars.

Bates told the Court that he had "no jurisdiction in an action of slander."

Longbow advised Bates not to repeat the remark, as "that was a kind of contempt."

Some time had elapsed in settling preliminaries, and at last the cause was ready.

"We call Sonora Brown!" roared out Ike at the top of his lungs.

"No, you don't," replied the Squire. "The court is adjourned for fifteen minutes; all who need refreshment will find it at the bar in the next room; but don't bring it in here; it might be agin' the statute."

And so the court adjourned for fifteen minutes.

There was a rush to the bar-room, and old Stub Bulliphant rolled around among his whiskey-bottles like a ship in a storm. Almost every person drank some, judging from the remarks, "to wet their whistle;" others, "to keep their stomach easy;" some "to Filkins;" others, "to Beadle," etc., etc.

Court was at last convened again.

"Sonora Brown!" roared Ike again.

"Object!" exclaimed Sile; "no witness; hain't lived six months in the State."

Squire Longbow slowly drew his pipe from his mouth, and fixed his eyes on the floor in deep thought for several minutes:

"Hain't lived six months in the State," repeated Sile, at last; "ain't no resident, of course, under our Constitution."

"And how, in all created earth, would you punish such a person for perjury? I should just like to know," continued Sile, taking courage from the Squire's perplexed state of mind; "our laws don't bind residents of other States."

"But it isn't certain Mrs. Brown will lie, because she is a non-resident," added the Squire, cheering up a little.

"Well! very well, then," said Sile, ramming both hands into his breeches-pockets very philosophically; "go ahead, if you wish, subject to my objection. I'll just appeal, and blow this Court into fiddle-strings! This cause won't breathe three times in the Circuit! We won't be rode over; we know our rights, I just kinder rather think."

"Go it, Sile!" cried a voice from the crowd; "stand up to your rights, if you bust!"

"Silence!" exclaimed Squire Longbow.

Ike had sat very quietly, inasmuch as the Squire had been leaning in his favor; but Sile's last remark somewhat intimidated his honor.

"May it please your honor," said Ike, rising; "we claim that there is no proof of Mrs. Brown's residency; your honor hain't got nothing but Sile Bates's say-so, and what's that good for in a court

of justice? I wouldn't believe him as far as you could swing a cat by the tail."

"I'm with you on that," cried another voice.

"Silence! put that man out!" roared Longbow again.

But just as Ike was sitting down, an inkstand was hurled at him by Sile, which struck him on his shoulder, and scattered its contents over the crowd. Several missiles flew back and forth; the Squire leaped over his table, crying out at the top of his lungs:

"In the name of the people of the State of—, I, Jonathan Longbow, Justice of the Peace, duly elected and qualified, do command you."

When, at last, order was restored, the counsel took their seats, and the Squire retired into his box again.

"Well, now, that's nice," she continued. "Warn't I sworn, or was't you? and to tell the truth, too, and the *whole* truth. I warn't sworn to answer your questions. Why, may-be you don't know, Mr. Pettifogger, that there are folks in State's-prison now for lying in a court of justice!"

Squire Longbow interfered, and stated that "he must say that things were going on very 'promiscusly,' quite agin' the peace and dignity of the State."

"Jest so I think myself," added Mrs. Brown. "This place is like a town meeting, for all the world."

"Mrs. So-no-ra Brown!" exclaimed Ike, rising on his feet, a little enraged, "do you know any thing about what Charity Beadle said about Philista Filkins? Answer *this* question."



Sonora Brown was then called for the third time. She was an old lady, with a pinched-up black bonnet, a very wide ruffle to her cap, through which the gray hairs strayed. She sighed frequently and heavily. She said she didn't know as she knew "any thing worth telling on." She didn't know "any thing about lawsuits, and didn't know how to swear." After running on with a long preliminary about herself, growing warmer and warmer, the old lady came to the case under much excitement. She said "she never did see such works in all her born days. Just because Charity Beadle said 'Philista Filkins warn't no better than she ought to be,' there was such a hullabaloo and kick-up, enough to set all natur' crazy!"

"Why la! sus me!" continued she, turning round to the Squire, "do you think this such a dre'ful thing, that all the whole town has got to be set together by the ears about it? Mude-ra-tion! what a hum-drum and flurry!"

And then the old lady stopped and took a pinch of snuff, and pushed it up very hard and quick into her nose.

Ike requested Mrs. Brown not to talk so fast, and only answer such questions as he put to her.

"Whew! fiddle-de-dee! highty-tighty! so you have really broke loose, Mr. Pettifogger," for now the old lady's temper was up. "Why, didn't you know I was old enough to be your grandmother? "Why, my boy," continued she, hurrying on her spectacles, and taking a long look at Ike, "I know'd your mother when she made cakes and pies down in the Jerseys; and you when you warn't more than *so* high;" and she measured about two feet high from the floor. "You want me to *answer*, do you? I told you all I know'd about it; and if you want any thing more, I guess you'll have to get it, that's all;" and, jumping up, she left the witness-stand, and disappeared in the crowd.

"I demand an attachment for Sonora Brown!" roared out Ike, "an absconding witness!"

"Can't do it," replied the Squire; "it's agin' the Constitution to deprive any body of their liberty an unreasonable length of time. This witness has now been confined here by process of law morn-a-nour. Can't do it! Be guilty of trespass! Must stick to the Constitution. Call your next witness."

Ike swore. The Squire fined him one dollar. He swore again. The Squire fined him another. The faster the Squire fined, the faster the oaths

oaths rolled out of Ike's mouth, until the Squire had entered ten dollars against him. Ike swore again, and the Squire was about to record the eleventh dollar, but Ike checked him.

"Hold on! hold on! you old reprobate! now I've got you! now you are mine!" exclaimed he. "You are up to the limit of the law! You cannot inflict only ten dollars in fines in any one case! Now stand and take it!"

And such a volley of oaths, cant phrases, humor, wrath, sarcasm, and fun, sometimes addressed to the Squire, sometimes to the audience, and sometimes to his client, never rolled out of any other man's mouth since the flood. He commenced with the history of the Squire, when, as he said, "he was a rafting lumber down on the Susquehanna;" and he followed him up from that time. "He could tell the reason why he came west, but wouldn't." He commented on his personal appearance, and his capacity for the office of Justice. He told him "he hadn't only one eye, any way, and he couldn't be expected to see a great way into a millstone; and he didn't believe he had as many brains as an 'ister. For his part, he knew the law; he had ransacked every part of the statute, as a glutton would Noah's Ark for the remnant of an eel; he had digested it from Dan to Beersheba; swallowed every thing but the title-page and cover, and would have swallowed that if he warn't mortal; he was a living, moving law himself; when he said "law was law, 'twas law," better 'peal any thing up from predestination than from his opinion! he would follow this case to the backside of sundown for his rights."

During all this time, there was a complete uproar. Philista's friends cheered and hurrahd; the dogs in the room set up their barking; Beadle's friends groaned and squealed, and bellowed, and whimpered, and imitated all the domestic animals of the day, while the Squire was trying at the top of his lungs to compel the constable to commit Ike for contempt.

Ike closed and sat down. The Squire called for the constable, but he was not to be found. One man told him that "he was in the next room pitching coppers;" another, that the last time he saw him "he was running very fast;" another, that "he rather guessed he'd be back some time another, if he ever was, because he was a sworn officer;" another asked the Squire "what he'd give to have him caught?" but no constable appeared; he had put himself out of the way to escape the storm.

A long silence followed this outburst; not a word was said, and scarcely a noise heard. Every one was eagerly looking at the Squire for his next movement. Ike kept his eyes on the floor, apparently in a deep study. At last he arose:

"Squire," said he, "we've been under something of a press of steam for the last half 'our; I move we adjourn fifteen minutes for a drink."

"Done," answered the Squire; and so the court adjourned for a second time.

It was now nearly dark, when the court convened again. The trial of the cause, Filkins vs. Beadle, was resumed.

Seth Bolles was called. Seth was a broad-backed, double-fisted fellow, with a blazing red face, and he chewed tobacco continually. He was about two-thirds "over the bay," and didn't care for all the Filkinses and Beadles in the world.

"Know Filkins and Beadle?" inquired Ike.

"Know 'em? thunder, yes."

"How long?"

"Ever sin' the year one."

"Ever heard Beadle say any thing about Filkins?"

"Heard her say she thought she run'd too much arter Elik Timberlake."

"Any thing, Seth, about Filkins' character?"

"Now what do you 'spose I know about Filkins' character? Much as I can do to look arter my own wimmin."

"But have you heard Beadle say any thing about Filkins' character?"

"Heard her say once she was a good enough-er-sort-a-body when she was a-mind-er-be."

"Any thing else?"

"Shan't answer; hain't had my regular fees paid as witness."

Squire Longbow informed Seth that he must answer.

"Shan't do it, not so long as my name is Bolles." The Squire said he would commit him.

"W-h-e-w!" drawled out Bolles, stooping down, and putting his arms a-kimbo, as he gave the Squire a long look straight in the eye.

"Order! order!" exclaimed the Squire.

"Whew! whew! whew! who's afraid of a Justice of the Peace?" screamed Seth, jumping up about a foot, and squirting out about a gill of tobacco juice, as he struck the floor.

Seth's fees were paid him, at last, and the question was again put, if he heard "Beadle say any thing else?" and he said "He never did," and thus ended Seth's testimony.

Miss Eunice Grimes was next called. She came sailing forward, and threw herself into the chair with a kind of jerk. She took a few side-long glances at Charity Beadle, which told, plainly enough, that she meant to make a finish of her in about five minutes. She was a vinegar-faced old maid, and her head kept bobbing, and her body kept hitching, and now she pulled her bonnet this way, and now that. She finally went out of the fretting into the languishing mood, and declared she "should die if somebody didn't get her a glass of water."

When she became composed, Ike inquired if "she knew Charity Beadle?"

"Yes! I know her to be an orful critter!"

"What has she done?"

"What hain't she? She's lied about me, and about Elder Dobbin's folks, and said how that when the singing-master boarded at our house, she seed lights in the sitting-room till past three—the orful critter!"

"But what have you heard her say about Philista Filkins?"

"Oh! every thing that's bad. She don't never say any thing that's good 'bout nobody. She's allers talking. There ain't nobody in the settlement she hain't slandered. She even abused old Deacon Snipes' horse—the orful critter!"

"But what did she say about Philista Filkins?" repeated Ike again.

"What do you want me to say she said? I hain't got any doubt she's called her every thing she could think on. Didn't she, Philisty?" she continued, turning her head toward the plaintiff.

Philista nodded.

"Did she say she warn't no better than she ought to be?"

"Did she? well, she did, and that very few people were."

"Stop! stop!" exclaimed Ike, "you talk too fast! I guess she didn't say *all* that."

"She did, for Philista told me so; and she wouldn't lie for the whole race of Beadles."

Squire Longbow thought Eunice had better retire, as she didn't seem to know much about the case.

She said she knew as much about it as anybody; she wan't "going to be abused, trod upon; and no man was a man that would insult a poor woman;" and bursting into tears of rage, she twitched out of her chair, and went sobbing away.

Philista closed, and Sile stated, in his opening to the Court on the part of the defence, that this was a "*little* the smallest case he ever *had* seen." His client stood out high and dry; she stood up like Andes looking down on a potato hill; he didn't propose to offer scarcely any proof; and that little was by way of set-off—tongue against tongue—according to the statute in such case made and provided; he hoped the Court would examine the law for himself. (Here Sile unrolled a long account against Philista, measuring some three feet, and held it up to the Squire and jury.) "This," he said, "was a reg'lar statement of the slanderous words used by Philista Filkins agin' Charity Beadle, for the last three years, with the damage annexed; every thing had been itemized, and kept in tip-top style; all in black and white, just as it happened." Sile was about reading this formidable instrument, when Ike objected.

"That can't be *did* in this 'ere court!" exclaimed Ike; "the light of civilization has shed itself a little *too* thick for *that*. This court might just as well try to swallow a chestnut-burr, or a cat, tail foremost, as to get such a proposition a-down its throat."

Squire Longbow said he'd "never heerd of such law—yet the question was new to him."

"Laid down in all the law-books of the nineteenth century!" exclaimed Sile, "and never heard on't!"

"Never did."

"Why," continued Sile, "the statute allows set-off where it is of the same natur' of the action. This, you see, is slander agin' slander."

"True," replied the Squire.

"True, did you say!" exclaimed Ike. "You say the statute *does* allow slander to be set off; *our* statute—that statute that I learned by heart before I knew my A B C's—you old bass-wood headed son"—But the Squire stopped Ike just at this time. "We will decide the question first," he said. "The Court have made no decision yet."

Squire Longbow was in trouble. He smoked furiously. He examined the statutes, looked over his docket, but he did not seem to get any light. Finally, a lucky thought struck him. He saw old Mr. Brown in the crowd, who had the reputation of having once been a Justice in the State of New York. The Squire arose and beckoned to him, and both retired to an adjoining room. After about a half an hour, the Squire returned and took his seat, and delivered his opinion. Here it is:

"After an examination of all the p'ints both for and agin' the 'lowing of the set-off, in which the Court didn't leave no stone unturned to get at justice, having ransacked some half a dozen books from eend to eend, and noted down every thing that any-wise bore on the subject; recollecting, as the Court well doz, what the great Story, who's now dead and gone, done and writ 'bout this very thing, (for we must be 'lowed to inform this 'sembly that we read Story in our juvenil' years;) having done this, and refreshing *our* minds with the testimony; and keeping in our eye the rights of parties—right-er liberty, and right-er speech, back'ards and for'ards—for I've as good a right to talk agin' you, as you have to talk agin' me—knowing, as the Court doz, how much blood has been shed 'cause folks wern't 'lowed to talk as much as they pleased, makin' all natur' groan, the Court is of the opinion that the set-off must be let in; and such is also Squire Brown's opinion, and no body will contradict that, *I know.*"

"Je-hor-a-phat!" groaned out Ike, drawing one of his very longest breaths. "The *great* Je-mi-ma Wilkinson! and so that is law, arter all! There's my hat, Squire," Ike continued, as he arose and reached it out to him; "and you shall have my galusses as soon as I can get at 'em."



The Squire said "the dignity of the court must be preserved."

"Of course it must! of course it must!" replied Ike, who was growing very philosophical over the opinion of the Squire; "there ain't no friction on my gudgeons now; I always gins in to reg'lar opinions, delivered upon consideration; I was just thinking, though, Squire, that as their bill is so much the longest, and as the parties are both here, Charity had better let her tongue loose upon my client, and take out the balance on the spot."

The Squire said "the cause must go on." Sile read his set-off, made up of slanderous words alleged to have been used; damages fifty dollars; and calling Charity herself, upon the principle, as he said, "that it was a book-account, and her books were evidence; and her books having been lost, the paper which he held, and which was a true copy—for he made it out himself—was the next best evidence; all of which Charity would swear to straight along."

The Court admitted Charity, and she swore the set-off through, and some fifty dollars more; and she was going on horse-race speed, when Sile stopped her "before," as he told her, "she swore the cause beyond the jurisdiction of a magistrate."

Here the evidence closed. Midnight had set in, and the cause was yet to be summed up.

The Court informed Ike and Sile that they were limited to half an hour each.

Ike opened the argument, and such an opening, and such an argument! It will not be expected that I can repeat it. There never lived a man who could. It covered all things, mortal and immortal. Genius, and sense, and nonsense; wit, humor, pathos, venom, and vulgarity, were all piled up together, and belched forth upon the Jury. He talked about the case, the Court, the Jury, his client, the history of the world, and Puddleford in particular. "The slander was admitted," he declared, "because the defendant had tried to set off something agin'

it; and if his client didn't get a judgment, he'd make a rattling among the dry bones of the law, that would rouse the dead of '76!" He was "fifty feet front, and rear to the river;" "had seen great changes on the t'restrial globe;" "know'd all the sciences from Neb-u-cud-nezzar down;" "know'd law—'twas the milk of his existence." As to the Court's opinion about the set-off, "his head was chock-full of cob-webs or bumble-bees, he didn't know which;" "his judgment warn't hardly safe on a common note-er-hand;" "he'd no doubt but that three jist such cases would run him stark mad;" "Natur' was sorry she'd ever had any thing to do with him; and he'd himself been sorry ever since; and as for ed'cation, he warn't up to the schoolmarun, for she could read;" "the Jury had better give him a verdict if they didn't want the nightmare." And thus he was running on, when his half hour expired, but he could not be stopped—as well stop a tornado. So Sile arose, and commenced his argument for the defendant; and at it both labored, Ike for plaintiff, Sile for defendant, until the Court swore a constable, and ordered the Jury to retire with him, the argument still going on; and thus the Jury left the room, Ike and Sile following them up, laying down the law and the fact; and the last thing I observed just before the door closed, was Ike's arm run through it at us, going through a variety of gestures, his expiring effort in behalf of his client.

After a long deliberation among the jurors, during which almost every thing was discussed but the evidence, it was announced by our foreman, on "coming in," that "we could not agree, four on 'em being for fifty dollars for the defendant 'cording to law, and one on 'em for no cause of action, (myself,) and he stood out, 'cause he was a-feard, or wanted to be poplar with somebody."

And thus ended the trial between Filkins and Beadle.

EXTRACTS FROM THE SAYINGS OF MRS. PARTINGTON.

BY B. P. SHILLABEER. 1854.

FANCY DISEASES.

"DISEASES is very various," said Mrs. Partington, as she returned from a street-door conversation with Dr. Bolus. "The Doctor tells me that poor old Mrs. Haze has got two buckles on her lungs! It is dreadful to think of, I declare. The diseases is so various! One way we hear of people's dying of hermitage of the lungs; another way of the brown creatures; here they tell us of the elemetary canal being out of order, and there about tonsors of the throat; here we hear of neurology in the head, there of an embargo; one side of us we hear of men being killed by getting a pound of tough beef in the sareofagus, and there another kills himself by discovering his jocular vein. Things change so, that I declare I don't know how to subscribe for any diseases nowadays. New names and new nostrils takes the place of the old, and I might as well throw my old herb-bag away."

Fifteen minutes afterwards Isaac had that herb-bag for a target, and broke three squares of glass in the cellar window in trying to hit it, before the old lady knew what he was about. She did n't mean exactly what she said.



PARTINGTON PHILOSOPHY.

It was the custom of Mrs. P. to shut up a turkey previous to Thanksgiving, in order that he might be nice and fat for the generous season. One year the gobbler had thus been penned, like sonnet, with reference to Thanksgiving, and anticipations were indulged of the "good time coming;" but, alas! the brightest hopes must fade. The turkey, when looked for, was not to be found. It had been stolen away! Upon discovering her great loss, Mrs. P. was for a moment overcome with surprise—disconcerted; but the sun of her benevolence soon broke the clouds away, and spread over her features like new butter upon hot biscuit, and with a smile, warm with the feeling of her tender heart, she said—"I hope they will find it tender!—I guess we can be thankful on pork and cabbage!"

FARE, MA'AM."

"How do you do, dear?" said Mrs. Partington, smiling, shaking hands with Burbank, in the Dock-square omnibus, as he held out his five dexter digits towards her.

"Fare, ma'am!" said he, in reply to her inquiry.

"Well, I'm shore, I'm glad of it, and how are the folks at home?"

"Fare, ma'am!" continued he, still extending his hand. The passengers were interested.

"How do you like Boston?" screamed she, as the omnibus rattled over the stones.

"Fare, ma'am!" shouted he, without drawing back his hand; "I want you to pay me for your ride!"

"O!" murmured she, "I thought it was some one that knowed me," and rummaged down in the bottom of her reticule for a ticket, finding at last five copper cents tied up in the corner of her handkerchief—the "last war" handkerchief, with the stars and stripes involved in it, and the action of the Constitution and Guerriere stamped upon it. But the smile she had given him at first was not withdrawn—there was no allowance made for mistakes at that counter—and he went out, with a lighter heart and a heavier pocket, to catch t' other coach.

POETS AND PULLETS.

MRS. PARTINGTON says there must be some sort of kin between poets and pullets, for they both are always chanting their lays.

MRS. PARTINGTON'S IDEA OF HUMOR.

"WHAT is your opinion of the humor of Hawthorne, Mrs. Partington?" asked a young neighbor that had been reading "Twice-Told Tales."

"I don't know," said she, looking at him earnestly; "but if you have got it, you'd better take something to keep it from striking in. Syrup of buckthorne is good for all sorts of diseases of that kind. I don't know about the humor of Hawthorne, but I guess the buckthorne will be beneficial. We eat too much butter, and butter is very humorous."

There was a slight tremor in his voice, as he said he would try her remedy, and a smile might have been perceived about his mouth, next day, when she asked him, with a solicitous air and tone, how his humor was.

BAILED OUT.

"So, our neighbor, Mr. Guzzle, has been arranged at the bar for drunkardice," said Mrs. Partington; and she sighed as she thought of his wife and children at home, with the cold weather close at hand, and the searching winds intruding through the chinks in the windows, and waving the tattered curtain like a banner, where the little ones stood shivering by the faint embers. "God forgive him, and pity them!" said she, in a tone of voice tremulous with emotion.

"But he was bailed out," said Ike, who had devoured the residue of the paragraph, and laid the paper in a pan of liquid custard that the dame was preparing for Thanksgiving, and sat swinging the oven door to and fro as if to fan the fire that crackled and blazed within.

"Bailed out, was he?" said she; "well, I should think it would have been cheaper to have pumped him out, for, when our cellar was filled, after the city fathers had degraded the street, we had to have it pumped out, though there was n't half so much in it as he has swilled down."

She paused and reached up on the high shelves of the closet for her pie plates, while Ike busied himself in tasting the various preparations. The dame thought that was the smallest quart of sweet cider she had ever seen.

SEEKING A COMET.

IT was with an anxious feeling that Mrs. Parsoning-ton, having smoked her specs, directed her gaze towards the western sky, in quest of the tailless comet of 1850.

"I can't see it," said she; and a shade of vexation was perceptible in the tone of her voice. "I don't think much of this explanatory system," continued she, "that they praise so, where the stars are mixed up so that I can't tell Jew Peter from Satan, nor the consternation of the Great Bear from the man in the moon. 'Tis all dark to me. I don't believe there is any comet at all. Who ever heard of a comet without a tail, I should like to know? It is n't natural; but the printers will make a tale for it fast enough, for they are always getting up comical stories."

With a complaint about the falling dew, and a slight murmur of disappointment, the dame disappeared behind a deal door, like the moon behind a cloud.

ON ONE STRING.

"THE Prayer of Moses executed on one string!" said Mrs. Partington. "Praying, I s'pose, to be cut down. Poor Moses!" sighed she; "executed on one string! Well, I don't know as ever I heard of anybody's being executed on two strings, unless the rope broke;" and she went on wondering how it could be.

GOOD TASTE.

"I CAN'T bear children," said Miss Prim, disdainfully.

Mrs. Partington looked at her over her spectacles mildly before she replied,

"Perhaps if you could, you would like them better."

POLITICAL EXTRAVAGANCE REBUCKED.

"I DON'T blame people for complaining about the extravagance and costiveness of government,"

said Mrs. Partington, as she was reading an ardent appeal to the people in a political newspaper. She always took an interest in politics after Paul was defeated one year as candidate for inspector. "I don't blame 'em a mite. Here they are now, going canvassing the State, as if the airth was n't good enough for 'em to walk on. I wonder why they don't get ile-cloth or Kidminster, and done with it."

"And I heard yesterday," said Ike, putting his

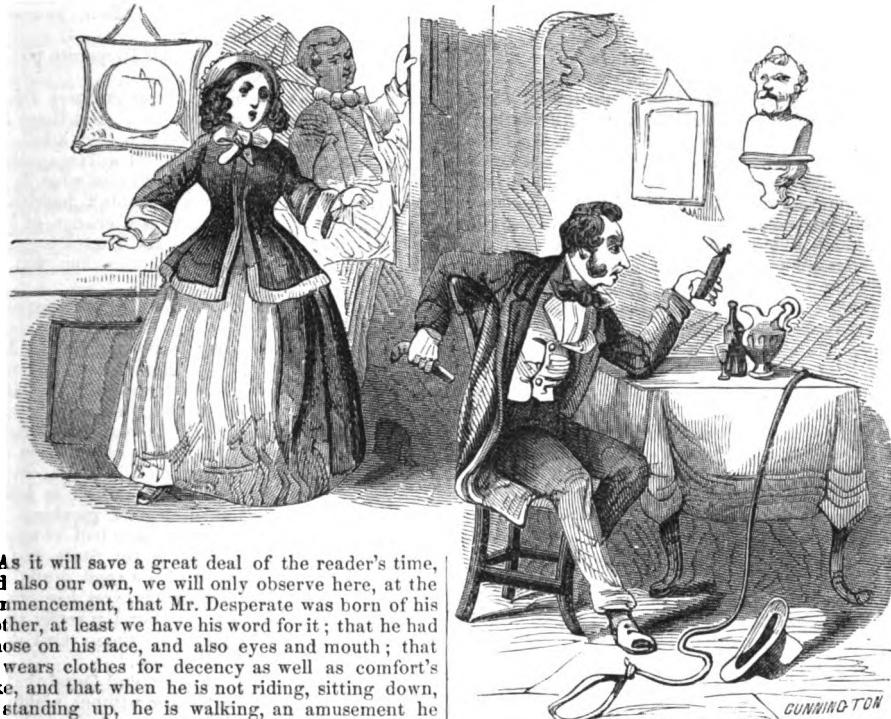
small oar in, "that some of 'em was going to scour the country to get voters."

"Well," continued she, "that would be better than throwing dust in the people's eyes, as they say say some of 'em do. Canvassing the State, indeed!"

She fell into an abstraction on the schemes of politicians, and took seven pinches of snuff, in rapid succession, to aid her deliberations.

DIONYSIUS DESPERATE.

BY J. C. HINCKLEY. 1854.



As it will save a great deal of the reader's time, and also our own, we will only observe here, at the commencement, that Mr. Desperate was born of his mother, at least we have his word for it; that he had a nose on his face, and also eyes and mouth; that he wears clothes for decency as well as comfort's sake, and that when he is not riding, sitting down, or standing up, he is walking, an amusement he was indulging in at the time about which we write.

"Taint a bit of use—I've got to do it—I feel and know it, and I might as well get about it and have it over. I'll step around to —, engage a room, and arrange the matter."

A few efforts at locomotion carried Desperate to the door of one of the numerous "Hotels on the European plan" of the city of New York. He crossed the threshold, and after a few moments' conversation he ascended the flight of stairs with the waiter, who showed him into a room, with the remark, "This is the most quiet room in the house, sir! and as you desire a room of that character, I can safely recommend it, sir! You are sure of no interruptions here, sir! Even if you were disposed to commit suicide, there's no danger of your being disturbed until you're quite dead, sir!"

"That is really a recommendation. But are you quite sure I can remain perfectly quiet here for three hours?"

"Three hours!—three weeks, sir! The last man

that occupied this room was an author, sir! He was so intent on writing a tragedy for the Bowery, that he remained here without any thing to eat for four days, and wouldn't have got it then, but a rambling thomas-cat running over the chimney, happened to knock down a brick, and smashed some earthenware in the fire-place; we rushed up stairs to find out what the noise was about, and found him here, sir! a modern Ugolino."

"This is just the spot I am after! I say, waiter, just bring me a decent pen, four sheets of letter paper, and an inkstand with some ink in it, black ink, that you can see to read without magnifiers."

"All right, sir. Back in a moment, sir." The waiter having disappeared on his mission. Desperate thrust his hands far down in the recesses of his trowsers, called pockets, and commenced a pedestrian operation up and down the room, when, as if he had run his head against a stone wall, he

stopped suddenly, and muttered to himself—"As I am a little interested in this apartment, I'll make a survey before the waiter comes up." The various objects, few as they were, seemed to meet with his approbation, especially the closet, which, as he observed, was "very clever, but if a man is not overburdened with a wardrobe, he cannot properly appreciate its utility. As I for my part do not wish to pay for a luxury without having some advantages from it, I'll just put my change of linen in it, it is getting quite troublesome in my hat."

Desperate removed a well-starched collar from the crown of his hat, as he was ruminating to himself, and hung it up on a nail in the closet. Then he gave himself up to another action of walking until he was interrupted by the entrance of the waiter.

"Here you are, sir! one steel pen, four sheets of paper, and ink—sixpence, sir."

Desperate handed over the sixpence with a sigh, and dismissed the waiter. Drawing a table, which was in one corner of the room, into the middle of it, he seated himself before it, and with his head resting on his hands, and his elbows on the table, he indulged in a few silent thoughts, when he exclaimed audibly—

"If you knew, Priscilla Plumly, the desperate resolve your coldness has forced upon me, you would think differently of the matter, and of me, too. Your indifference to the ardent beatings of this heart" (his hand here came in contact with his waistcoat) "has induced me to close its doors, burst up its business, and hang a crape on the front shutter. Here are the friendly instruments, from which Fate shall decide the one which is to cut short my mortal career, and close up my book accounts with this world."

Desperate at this moment drew forth from his pocket a pistol, a large carving-knife, a vial, and a rope, which he carefully laid down upon the table. Placing his head again in the position mentioned, he continued to soliloquize—"After promenading whole blocks of fatigue into my legs, and eating down I don't know how many shillings worth of ice cream and affection, to be served in the manner I have been, puts trotting on this side of the earth at a discount, so I am determined to shut up shop in this, and start ten feet under ground in the next world. I think out of all these things I can find one which will do a friendly turn for me, and perhaps Priscilla too."

During the utterance of these thoughts, Desperate was so wrapped up in what was running in his mind, that he did not observe that a woman, accompanied by the waiter, had silently opened the door, and after a recognition of him by the former, she had been shown into the closet, and the door closed on her. The waiter, after this operation, leaving in a hurry, the consequence was the unintentional slamming of the door, which started Desperate, who jumped up, exclaiming, "Hulloa! what noise is that?" When, seeing from the motion of the door that it was the offender, he continued—"Well, I declare, this door ain't got any fastening on it, and some one might come in just at the interesting moment of my exit, and put in a remonstrance. What shall I do to make it tight? I have it. Now, what gentleman would think of committing suicide with a carving-knife, and go out of the world like a pig or calf? Not one. There is no gentility about it; it hasn't even a speck of decency to recommend it. So I'll just fasten the door with

this knife, and save my memory that disgrace at least." The door having been fastened, Desperate continued—"Well, that matter is settled, and now I'll settle on the friend that will stick by me until death, and set me up in business in the other world."

Desperate takes up the vial in his hand, and looking intently at it, exclaimed, "Let me see! What great men have lived in history and died by poison? There's Socrates, he took the article down manfully, laid down quietly and died certainly. He was a pretty respectable old fellow. But then them Borgias, they used the article in their operations. I can't go poison; it would be giving the memory of the Borgias too great an encouragement. It hasn't got a bad smell to it, though. It ain't no use, however, on second thoughts. Poison, you can't go down—you can stand aside."

Suiting the action to the word, Desperate put the vial aside, and took up the pistol.

"Here's a black-looking customer for a friend, and is in very general favor too! But there is a serious objection I have to it—it is such a tell-tale. It can't be quiet over its work. It will be speaking out loud, and letting every body know what is going on! And then if you shouldn't happen to point it at the right spot, there is a chance of having company in at your death, and I want to go off quietly. Pistol, you are no doubt anxious, but I'm afraid you are not wanted."

The pistol was laid beside the vial, and Desperate took up the rope.

"Ah, here you are, my hempen friend! As a respectable member of the clothes-line fraternity, you have strong claims on my attention. Here once hung the snowy linen of my adored Priscilla. From this rope flaunted to the breeze, the cherished article which occupied the place near her heart that I should have held. I borrowed this rope from her laundress, that I might be poetic as well as killing in my revenge. But then, legally speaking, the rope is a scurvy dog, and gets into bad company. Every one who is a nuisance to the State, and requires choking, is furnished with a rope, gratis, and a friend to apply it. Clothes-line, you have many claims upon me by association, but I'm really afraid we can't associate together this time. Coil down there! I'll think over the matter."

Desperate laid down the rope, and found that he had gone through the catalogue without making a selection. He indulged in the usual operation of scratching his head for a short time, when he continued his meditations—

"I don't know hardly how to act in this matter. I have examined all their cases, and they each have disagreeable points about them. I find I shall have some trouble in deciding this case!—Not a bit of it! I have the plan! I'll write their names down on paper, and draw them out of my hat; first come, first served."

A few minutes' time was expended in writing the names of the articles, and Desperate removed his castor, and put them in it one by one. After he had deposited them there, he commenced shaking the hat vigorously, and in so doing knocked over the vial, the cork of which he had not replaced.

"Now I have done it! The poison has all left the vial, and some of it has gone in the nipple of the pistol, and interfered with its present usefulness. Well, clothes-line, you will have to be my friend, after all! And I must confess you had a full share

of hope on your side when I dropped your name in the hat. That's settled; so now I'll proceed to settle my worldly affairs; and as I don't want to do any thing of such vital importance without due effect, I'll write a few letters, and then farewell upper crust of this world's surface, a long farewell! I'll take an inside sight. There is my respectable old uncle Joshua; he taught my young ideas how to shoot, and as they always failed of hitting the mark, he had a decided objection to my staying on his plantation, so he set me adrift in the world. I can't consistently go off without offering him a few words of consolation."

Desperate then settled himself down for a last epistolary effort, writing the following upon one of the sheets of paper:

DEAR UNCLE—As you told me some time since that I might go to the devil my own road, I have concluded to do so, taking a rope as the conveyance. It would have been more pleasant, perhaps, to have waited a little longer, or have taken some other mode, but circumstances which, they say, alter cases (you always said I was a case), has rendered it necessary for me to adopt this. It would have pleased me to have stepped out through a medium more in accordance with your high notions (though I must say that hanging is generally considered an elevated position), but you must excuse my want of attention to your supposed wishes in this respect.

Please accept my old boots as a reminder of the many times I have walked into your affections, and particularly the hasty manner in which I "walked Spanish" after our last interview; but "what boots it now!" That I have thought of you in my last moments may be a satisfaction for you to know; as, had you gone first, it would have afforded me great pleasure to have been remembered at such a time. The rope, which you occasionally applied to one end, I have applied to the other.

Your affectionate nephew,

DIONSYIUS DESPERATE.

"I think the old gentleman," mused Desperate, after he had finished his letter, "ought to be pleased to think that I wrote him such a dutiful letter in my last moments. There's that deceitful minx Priscilla,—I can't get away without letting her know that she is the cause of this 'hasty taking off' of mine."

FALSE-HEARTED PRISCILLA—Your eyes let daylight into my heart, but your hand has shut the window up again, and left my affections in the dark. I little thought, when first we met, that you would have treated me so. I have procured a portion of clothes-line from your laundress, under a clear case of false pretences, but no matter—that line on which your outward woman has so often hung, will, ere this reaches you, bear a burden more weighty, but better deserving a place as near your heart. If you can peruse this last memento from me, and look at my emaciated corpse, without a pang of remorse, I shall be glad that I am not "around" to see it. I leave you, as a token of my affection, the coat which will hang with me; on the left sleeve of that coat you have leaned with a weight which I have found was as false as the woman who put it there, and which would be a fortune to any grocer in town. If you have no partiality for the coat, take the

sleeve; I have no farther use for it, and hang it up over your looking-glass, where, when you look at your deceitful eyes, you can cast them up to the memento of yours till death—I'll see about how it will be afterwards.

DIONSYIUS DESPERATE.

This letter finished, Desperate leaned back in his chair, and after a few minutes' cogitation, commenced combing his hair vigorously with his fingers, and groaning "Oh! Prissy! Prissy! That ever I should be compelled to write you thus!" Then, as if the courage, which for the moment was on the eve of taking the "back track," had pulled up, he continued in a determined manner—"Don't be a fool, Desperate! She ain't worth a groan." With this thought he became settled down to the portentous business in which he was engaged—"There's the public! I liked to have forgot them! They always want to know something about these matters; they are *so* inquisitive on such occasions; and it would be a pity not to gratify their curiosity. I'll drop them a line before I drop myself on one."

TO THE PUBLIC AT LARGE—Fate and other causes brought me into this world. Hemp and other matters take me out of it. That my example may be a warning to other susceptible natures, I will state that my untimely end was brought about by a load of affection too heavy for me to carry in single harness. The filly that should have pulled with me having kicked out of the traces, I determined to lie down, and—no, hang up, and die. Beware of false hair, false teeth, and false woman!

Yours, on the end of a rope,

DIONSYIUS DESPERATE.

"There is one important matter I had almost forgotten! That is, to make a will, to prevent any fighting over my effects when I am cold." A shudder here passed over the framework of Desperate at that word cold, but it was only transitory, and the quiet solemn feelings which had animated him in his trying moments were speedily on hand, and he commenced to write his will.

"I, Dionysius Desperate, being of sound mind, —there's no use in putting in all the technicalities, especially as I'm not on speaking acquaintance with them, so I'll just let them slide—I, Dionysius Desperate, being of sound mind, and so forth, do give and bequeath to Frank the little bill I owe him for 'smiles and good looks,' for him to use and apply in any manner he may think proper. To my uncle Joshua, my boots. To Priscilla Plumly, my coat, or sleeve, at her option. To the guardians of the poor, the remaining portion of my wardrobe, to wit: Item, one change of linen, one pair of stockings, one pistol and carving-knife, one pair of pantaloons and waistcoat, and one odd shirt-collar. All of these things to belong to them and their heirs for ever—provided they (the things) last so long, and also provided they (the guardians) do not erect a monument to my memory. Codicil—I leave the world free to turn on its own axis, or any other it can borrow; and I also leave the public to do as they please after I am gone, for which bequest I hope they will be sufficiently respectful to my memory."

The will having been written, Desperate leaned back in his chair, and was for some time wrapt in thought, when at last the business for which he had nerv'd himself, again set him in motion. "I have settled," continued he, "all my worldly affairs, except

the bill for rent; I'll settle that by putting this shilling here for the landlord; there is no fear but what he will get it, as that class generally find all things left by lodgers."

With this remark, he deposited the coin mentioned upon the corner of the table, and taking up the rope, he placed it around his neck, "just to see how the thing feels," as he expressed himself. During the latter part of this scene, Priscilla was peeping at him through the crack of the door, and was much moved by the evident distress of mind under which he was laboring. Finding he was about to move from his position, she quietly closed the door.

"If Priscilla was only here to witness my untimely exit, she would see the strength of my affection and of her clothes-line. This thing of putting a rope around your neck is not quite as comfortable as some things I have experienced, but desperate diseases require corresponding remedies. As I have got myself fixed on to one end of this rope, I'll have to find a place for the other end."

During all the time that he had been employed, he had not thought once before of the fact that, in order to hang himself effectually, it was necessary to have some place to which he could attach the rope, besides his neck. A few turns around the room, however, brought him in front of the closet, over the door of which he saw a large hook.

"Ah!" exclaimed he, "here's just the thing I want—hook and I. But my legs are a little too short to reach it! It will be all the better, though when I come to swing off, because if I should happen to touch bottom, I might change my mind, and then, not change my color." He brought a chair before the door, and mounting it, continued, in much agony of mind—"I'll just make a knot here to go over the hook, kick the chair out from under me, and then, kick the bucket."

He was reaching up to the hook for the purpose of applying the rope, when the door was violently pushed open, and he found himself lying on the floor instead of hanging on the partition. When he found words to express his astonishment, he exclaimed—

"Hulloa! what the devil is all this about? No! Yes! Pr—Pr—Priscilla! How came you here?"

"I knew, when I saw you in the street accidentally this morning, that you was going to do something desperate, so I followed you here, told the landlord I was your wife, and he put me in the closet while you was sitting at the table before you fastened the door. And you come—and—wanted to ha—hang yourself before my very face, wh—when I only slighted you to see if you thought an—anything of me."

"Then you do think something of your Dionysius? You aint the hard-hearted wretch I took you to be?"

"That I am not. And since I am satisfied that you love me, I am willing to be Mrs. Desperate whenever you please."

"Come to my coat-sleeve; there's no sleeve gammon there! Nestle here to my waistcoat, close! And she nestled.

"Take that ugly rope away from your neck, Dionysius."

"That I will, Priscilla, if you will only place your arms there instead."

The rope was removed, and, just at the particular moment when Priscilla had concluded her part of the bargain, the waiter entered the room, exclaiming in an excited manner—

"What's all this noise about?"

"Nothing, my dear sir, nothing! It's all over now, and if the noise has disturbed you, just put it down in the bill. This is your quiet room, is it! where a man who wanted to commit suicide wouldn't be disturbed until he was quite dead?"

"It was your own fault, sir! You would have a woman running after you, and you know they can't be kept out of any place. But is your name Desperate, sir?"

"Yes, sir! I rejoice in that unfortunate title, and so did my father and grandfather before me. and what do you want to know for?"

"There's a man down here named Jenkins, who says he saw you come in here, and he wants to see you."

"Don't let him up! I owe him a small bill, and hav'n't got any small change to pay him with."

"But I'm here already, Desperate," said the creditor Jenkins, entering the room, and extending his hand. "Well, Desperate, my boy, how are you? Ah! a woman here! How is this, old fellow?"

"It's all right, Jenkins. Mrs. Desperate, Mr. J.; Mr. J., Mrs. D."

Desperate put his finger to his mouth, and Jenkins took off his hat, bobbed his head, and said earnestly to Desperate, I came here to tell you, that your uncle Josh is in town, and —"

But Desperate would not hear any more, and seizing on the rope appeared as if about to attempt the neck-stretching operation anyhow.

"Don't be in such a hurry," continued Jenkins; "your uncle is here, but he is as cold as a wedge—he is dead—and has left you a good-sized pile!"

"No! Has he though? Bless his old soul, how I shall love his memory? How did you know about it?"

"I met your cousin Jack, and he told me all about it; he says they're going to bury him in Greenwood this afternoon."

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Uncle Josh was a good egg after all!"

"But what are you going to do, Desperate?"

"I'll go out and see all about it, and if it's a hoax, and Priscilla snubs me to-morrow, I'll go off and do something desperate."

What became of him afterwards it shall be our lot to chronicle at some future day.

ON AN ILL-READ LAWYER.

AN EPIGRAM BY SAXE.

An idle attorney besought a brother
For "something to read—some novel or other,
That was really fresh and new."
"Take Chitty!" replied his legal friend,
"There isn't a book that I could lend
Would prove more novel to you."

ON AN UGLY PERSON SITTING FOR A DAGUERREOTYPE.

AN EPIGRAM BY SAXE.

HERE nature in her glass,—the wanton elf,—
Sits gravely making faces at herself;
And while she scans each clumsy feature o'er,
Repeats the blunders that she made before!

A BREAKFAST IN A LOG CABIN.

FROM "THE NEW PURCHASE." BY B. R. HALL (ROBERT CARLTON). 1855.

It was in truth a barbarous rectangle of un-hewed and unbarked logs, and bound together by a gigantic dove-tailing called "*notching*." The roof was of thick, rickety shingles, called "clapboards;" which when *clapped* on, were held down by longitudinal poles, kept apart by shorter pieces placed between them perpendicularly. The interstices of the log-wall were "chinked"—the "chinking" being large chips and small slabs, dipping like strata of rocks in geology; and then on the chinking was the "daubing"—a quant. suff. of yellow clay, ferociously splashed in by the hand of the architect, and then left to harden at its leisure. Rain and frost had here, however, caused mud daubing to disappear: so that from without could be clearly discerned through the wall, the light of fire and candle, and from within, the light of sun, moon, and stars—a fair and harmless tit for tat.

The chimney was outside the cabin, and a short distance from it. This article was built, as boys in rainy weather make on the kitchen hearth stick houses of light wood; for it consisted of layers of little logs reposing on one another at their corners, and topped off when high enough with flag stones. It was, moreover, daubed, and so admirably, as to look like a mud stack! That, however, was, as I afterwards found, inartistical—the daubing of chimneys correctly being a very *nice* task, although just as dirty as political daubing.

The inside cabin had one room below and one loft above—to which, however, was no visible ascent. I think the folks climbed up at the corner. The room contained principally beds, the other furniture being a table, "stick chairs," and some stools, with from two to three legs apiece. Crockery and calabashes shared the mantel with two dangerous-looking rifles and powder horns. The iron ware shifted for itself about the fire-place, where awkward feet feeling for the fire or to escape

it, pushed kettle against pot, and skillet against Dutch oven.

What French cook committed suicide because something was not done "to a turn?" Ample poetic justice may be done to his wicked ghost by some smart writer, by chaining him with an iambic or two to the jamb of that cabin hearth—there for ever to be a witness of its cookery. There came first the pettish outeries of two matron hens dangled along to a hasty execution; then notes of preparation sung out by the tea-kettle; then was jerked into position the Dutch oven, straddling with three short legs over the burning coals; and lastly, the skillet began sputtering forth its boiling lard, or grease of some description. The instruments ready, the hostess aided by a little barefooted daughter, and whose white hair was whisped at the top of the head with a string and horn comb, the hostess put into the oven balls of wet corn meal, and then slapped on the lid red-hot and covered with coals, with a look and motion equal to this sentence—"Get out of that! till you're done." Then the two fowls, but a moment since kicking and screeching at being killed, were doused into the skillet into hot oil, where they moved around dismembered, as if indignant now at being fried.

We travellers shifted quarters repeatedly during these solemn operations, sometimes to get less heat, sometimes more, and sometimes to escape the fumes direct; but usually to get out of the way. That, however, being impracticable, we at length sat ex tempore, and were kicked and jostled accordingly. In the meanwhile our landlady—in whom was much curiosity, a little reverence, and a misty idea that her guests were great folks, and towards whom as aristocrats it was republican to feel enmity—our landlady maintained at intervals a very lively talk, as for example:

"From Loo'ville, I allow?"



"No—from Philadelphia."

A sudden pause—a turn to look at us more narrowly, while she still affectionately patted some wet meal into shape for the oven.

"Well!—now!—I wonder!—hem! Come to enter land, 'spose—powerful bottom on the Shining—heavy timber, though. He's your old man, mam?"

Mrs. C. assented. The hostess then stooped to deposit the ball, and continued:

"Our wooden country's mighty rough, I allow, for some folks—right hard to git gals here, mam—folks has to be thar own niggurs, mam—what mought your name be?"

Mrs. C. told the lady, and then in a timid and piteous sort of tone, inquired if girls could not be hired by the year? To this the landlady replied at first with a stare—then with a smile—and then added:

"Well! sort allow not—most time, mam, you'll have to work your own ash-hopper!"—"Nan!"—(name of little flax head)—"Nan, sort a turn them thare chickins."

And thus, the cabin lady kept on doing up her small stock of English into Hoosierisms and other figures; now, the question direct—now the question implied; then, with a soliloquy—then, an apostrophe: and all the time cleaning and cutting up chickens, making pones, and working and wriggling among pots, skillets, and people's limbs and feet, and with an adroitness and grace gained by practice only; and all this, without upsetting any thing, scalding any body, or even spilling any food—excepting, maybe, a little grease, flour, and salt. Nor did she lose time by dropping down curtsey fashion to inspect the progress of things baked or fried; but she bent over as if she had hinges in the hips, according to nature doubtless, but contrary to the Lady's Book; although the backward motion made to balance the head projected beyond the base, did render garments short by nature still shorter, as grammarians would say, by position.

Corn-bread takes its own time to bake. Hence it was late when the good woman, having placed the "chicken fixins" on a large dinner-plate, and poured over them the last drop of unabsobered and unevaporated oil, set all on the table, and then, giving her heated and perspiring face a last wipe with

the corner of her tow-linen apron, and also giving her thumb and finger a rub on the same cleanser, she sung out the ordinary summons:

"Well! come, sit up."

This sit-up we instantly performed, while she stood up to pour out the tea, complimenting all the time its quality, saying—"Tisn't nun of your spice wood or yarb stuff, but the rele gineine store tea." Nanny remained near the Dutch oven to keep us supplied with red-hot pones, or corn-balls—and hard enough to do execution from cannon. The tea-cups used, held a scant pint; and to do exact justice to each cup, the mistress held the teapot in one hand and the water-pot in the other, pouring from both at once till the cup was brim-full of the mixture—an admirable system of impartiality, and if the pots have spouts of equal diameters, the very way to make precisely "half and half." But sorry am I to say, that on the present occasion, the water-pot had the best and easiest delivery.

"And could you eat, Mr. Carlton?"

How could we avoid it, Mr. Nice? Besides, we were most vulgarly hungry. And the consequence was, that, at the arrival of the woodman and his two sons, other corn-bread was baked, and, for want of chicken, bacon was fried.

"But how did you do about retiring?"

We men-folks, my dear Miss, went out to see what sort of weather we were likely to have; and on coming in again, the ladies were very modestly covered up in bed—and then we—got into bed—in the usual way. I have no doubt Mr. Carlton managed a little awkwardly: but I fear the reader will discover, that in his attempts at doing as Rome does, Mr. Carlton departed finally from the native sweetness and simplicity of eastern and fashionable life. Still we seemed to leave rather an unfavorable impression at the cabin, since, before our setting out in the morning, the landlady told the driver privately—"Well! I allow the stranger and his woman-body thinks theirself mighty big-bugs—but maybe they aint got more silver than Squire Snoddy across Big Bean creek; and his wife don't think nuthin on slinging round like her gal—but never mind, maybe Mrs. Calten, or Crawltin, or something or nuther, will larn how too."

—Oh!—

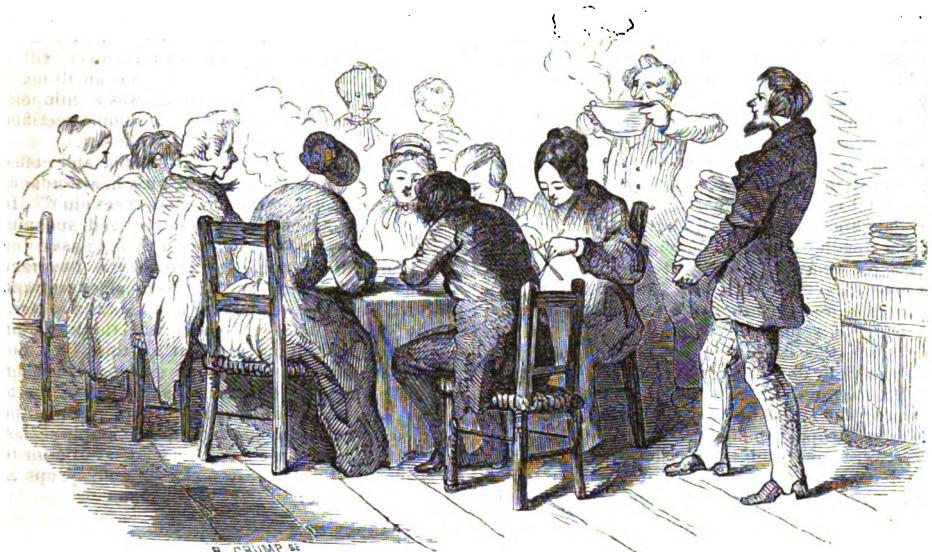
A WEDDING DINNER.

FROM "THE NEW PURCHASE." BY B. R. HALL (ROBERT CARLTON). 1855.

THE dinner-table was set in the diagonal of the room, and could accommodate about thirty persons; but as our company was twice that number, we were "to eat twice." As usual, the new married persons were seated at one end, and the groomsmen and bridesmaid at the other: and then were seated all the married men, and after that as many as possible of the married women; preference on such occasions being shown—according to a rule of Latin Grammar—to the worthier gender. This inversion of the matrimonial chord arises mainly from the fact, that out there women reserve themselves to attend to the table; and, therefore, when the "set up" is ordered, the gentlemen instantly seat themselves alongside, and partly under the table. Sheepish young chaps usually hang back, however hungry, and say, "O there's no 'casion'!" after which they give an acquiescing cough or two, or more

commonly go to the door, and give a twang with the nose and finger instrument, and then drop, as if shot, down into a seat, jerking the seat under the table, till the mouth comes to its level, and is thus fixed for convenient feeding.

All Glenville had a seat at the first table; except John Glenville, who, partly out of policy, but much more out of true and gentlemanly feeling, preferred coming with the young people to the second table. And when the company were fixed—and fixed it was till one could barely stir a hand or foot—Uncle Tommy "asked a blessing;" when he made amends for a long story, by a very short prayer. But even in that prayer, which certainly lasted no longer than two minutes, he contrived, among other things, to ask a blessing on the young folks, praying especially, "for them as had just been married, according to the divine appointment in the garden of



R. CRUMP

Eden, that they might, both of them, live to a good old age, and be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth, and see their children's children to the third and fourth generation, and that other young folks present might soon settle and have families, and become an honor and a blessin' in their day and gineration."

Many young gentlemen of "the second table" waited on us of "the first table," and among them John Gleenville:—and this was taken so kindly, that before we went home declarations were heard about "taking him up for the legislature, fall come a year"—a hint not lost on us, and of which more hereafter. I am sorry the reader can only taste our *goodies* in imagination; and yet are we cruel enough to let him see what he lost.

And first, notice, all eatables, from "the egg to the apple," were on our table at once. Thus a single glance disclosed what amount of labor was expected:—our *whole* work was there, and no other jobs of eating by way of appendix. Nor were we plagued with changing knives, whipping on and away of plates, and brushing or removing cloths; no, no, we kept right dead ahead with the work from the start to the finish; the sole labor of the attendants being to keep the plates "chuckfull" of something, and ours, to eat! eat! eat!

The dishes next. First, then, and middlemost, an enormous pot-pie, and piping hot, graced our centre, overpowering, with its fragrance and steam, the odors and vapors of all other meats: and pot-pie was the wedding dish of our purchase, par excellence! The pie to-day was the doughy sepulchre of at least six hens, two chanticleers, and four pullets, if it be logical to reason upward from legs and wings to bodies! What pot could have contained the pie is inconceivable, unless the one used for "tarrying the bar." Why, among other unknown contributions, it must have received one half peck of onions! And yet it is to be feared that they who came after us were pot-pieless; for pot-pie is the favorite, and woodsmen sharp set are most *awful* eaters.

Around the pie were wild turkeys—tame enough

now—with wonderful necks stretched out in search of their heads, and stupendous limbs and wings ready for flight, the instant the head should be discovered or heard from! The poor birds, however, were so done, over and under too, that all native juices were evaporated, and the flesh was as dry as cork: but by way of amends, quarts of gravy were judiciously emptied on our plates from the wash-basin-bowls. That also moistened the "stuff'nin," composed of Indian meal and sausages.

These two were the grand dishes: but sprinkled and scattered about were plates of fried venison, fried turkey, fried chicken, fried duck, fried pork, and, for any thing I could know, even fried leather; for, so complete and impartial the frying, that distinctive tastes were obliterated, and it could only be guessed, by the shape, size, legs, etc., which was what, and the contrary.

But who can tell of the "sasses?" for we had "biled petaturs"—and "smashed petaturs!"—and "petatursis!" i. e., potatoes rolled into balls as big as marbles, and baked brown. And there were "bil'd ingins!"—"fried ingins!"—and "ingins out of this here pie!" Yes, and beets of all known colors and unknown tastes!—all pickled in salt and vinegar, and something else! And there were pickled cucumbers, as far as salt and water could go; and "punkun-butter!"—and "punkun-jelle!"—and corn bread in all its glory!

Scientifically inserted and insinuated among the first course, was the second; every crevice and space being wedged up: and had the plates and saucers been like puzzle-maps, no table-cloth would have been visible through the interstices. And fortunate! the table itself was strong and masculine: otherwise it must have been crushed under the combined weight of elbows and dishes! This second course was chiefly custard; and that stood in bowls and teacups of cadaverous white, encircled by unknown flowers. A pitcher of milk was gracefully adorned by the artist with the pattern of an entrail taken, doubtless, out of some school book on physi'ogy. But we had also custard pies! and made with both upper and under crusts! And also maple

molasses—usually called “them ‘ere molasses”—and preserved apples, preserved water-melon rinds, and preserved red peppers and tomatoes—all termed, for brevity’s sake—like words in Webster’s Dictionary—“serves.”

A few under crusts, or shells, were filled with stewed peaches and apples—an idea borrowed by Susan from Glenville: but so much was this like conformity to the pomps and vanities of life, that the careful mother had that very morning rebuked her daughter, and earnestly advised her not “to take to quality ways, but naterally bake pies with uppermost crusts.” And yet Mrs. Ashford soon got over her miff: and, won by the marked and *uncondescending* attention paid to her daughter and her daughter’s husband by us, she was heard not long after the rebuke to say—“Well, arter all, they’re a right down clever sort of folks, and that ‘ere Mr. Carlton is naterally adicted to fun.”

Among the curiosities were the pound cakes, as numerous as apple dumplings, and about as large. These were compounded of some things found in pound cakes every where, and of some not found, maple sugar being, evidently, from the taste, the

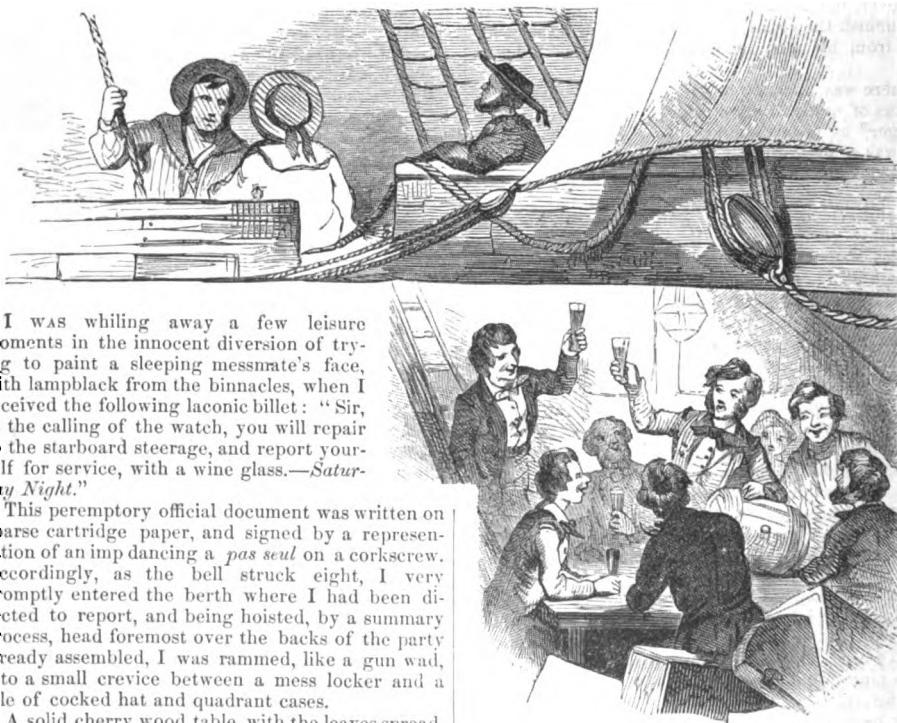
master ingredient; but their shape—that was the beauty! All were baked in coffee-cups! and after being disencupped, each was iced all over, till it looked, for all the world, exactly like an ill-made snow ball! The icing, or snowing, was a composition of egg, starch, and a species of double rectified maple sugar, as fine and white as table salt.

In addition to all these matters tea and coffee were severally handed, while the girls in attendance asked each guest—“Do you take sweet’nin?” If the reply was affirmative, the same sized spoonful was put into every sized cup; and then, to save you the trouble, the young lady stirred the beverage with her own fair hand, and with as much energy and good will as if she was mixing molasses and water.

Now, we do hope no reader will think we of Glenville turned up our noses at all this. No, no, verily; but we eat as much and as long, laughing, talking, joking all the time too, as if native born. As for Mr. Carlton, he stuck mainly to pot-pie, the marbled potatoes, the custard, and the maple molasses; which last, by the way, is indeed as superior to all far east and down east molasses and syrups as cheese is to chalk.

SATURDAY NIGHT AT SEA.

FROM “HARRY GRINGO’S TALES FOR THE MARINES.” BY H. A. WISE. 1855.



I WAS whiling away a few leisure moments in the innocent diversion of trying to paint a sleeping messmate’s face, with lampblack from the binnacles, when I received the following laconic billet: “Sir, at the calling of the watch, you will repair to the starboard steerage, and report yourself for service, with a wine glass.—Saturday Night.”

This peremptory official document was written on coarse cartridge paper, and signed by a representation of an imp dancing a *pas seul* on a corkscrew. Accordingly, as the bell struck eight, I very promptly entered the berth where I had been directed to report, and being hoisted, by a summary process, head foremost over the backs of the party already assembled, I was rammed, like a gun wad, into a small crevice between a mess locker and a pile of cocked hat and quadrant cases.

A solid cherry wood table, with the leaves spread, nearly filled the apartment, leaving barely room for the camp stools and their occupants, ranged at the sides. A swinging lamp was attached from the beam overhead, which shed a strong light and heat around; but the air ports and a windsail, which was led into the berth, just saved us from the tortures of suffocation.

The mess was composed of the usual heterogeneous collection of mates and midshipmen, varying from the ages of thirteen to thirty, though the latter, not only by long tradition, but usage, were treated as much like boys as the former; nor would the case have been altered in the least degree, had

they been grandfathers. They came from all parts of the broad United States, from the eastern limits of New England and the Atlantic seaboard, to the backwoods, and down to the mouth of the Mississippi.

Many of us, however, knew what a ship was, and had picked up a little primary nautical knowledge from a residence in seaport cities, where ships were objects of hourly observation. But there were others who had never seen a mast sticking out of a vessel's deck, and were as ignorant of the life and profession they were called to assume, as an oyster might be supposed to be of the satellites of Jupiter. Strange enough that some of these last took to their avocations more naturally, and made eventually far better officers than those who had been reared amid the cheeping of blocks and the smell of that marine perfume—tar.

We had one great strapping fellow, who, after many days' travel away from the clearings of the remote settlements, at last reached his destination, and entered the gates of the dock-yard, astride of his steed and saddle-bags. In obedience to directions which had been volunteered him from a demure reefer at the gates, he hitched his trusty charger to a ringbolt of the receiving hulk moored at the pier; but while he was on board reporting and being introduced to his new home and companions, the tide rose and pulled his faithful animal and saddle-bags into the dock. It was not long, however, before Ripley, the honest soul, learned to distinguish the ropes as well as the sharpest of us, and from his very kindness of heart we all loved him.

There was another big fellow named Slade, but he was of quite a different stamp. He had been a "bilger" at his examinations for the second time, and was again on probation for another trial. He was a devoted lover of field sports, knew the pedigree and exploits of every horse in the racing calendar, and prided himself, of all things, upon his skill in gaffing game-cocks with steel spurs as sharp as needles, so that the "poultry" might kill one another at the first fly, whenever a private cock-pit could be held without danger of interruption under the forecastle.

Tom Slade did not apparently own much shirt property, for he was very scantily supplied with those essentials, and with respect to coats, he had not a decent one to his broad back. Indeed, it was not often that he required those outward luxuries, as he rarely went on shore for pleasure, except to act as principal or second in a duel, or umpire in a horse race; and then he took the privilege of his age and strength, and rigged himself out in the best raiment the kits of his messmates afforded. Albeit he was on those gala occasions a very talking fellow, yet when the night set in, he was usually brought on board in an unconscious state. Years rolled on; he left the service, and was killed one day by an Indian rifle bullet, during the Seminole war in Florida, while trying to make a loaded team leap a pine tree across the road, in the heart of a thick forest.

We had another victim to blue-water ruin also, whom we called Bonny Baily. He was a little red-headed fellow, who got maudlin not unfrequently, and in that condition was in the habit of requesting some one of his messmates to take three or four loaded pistols and explode them into his lacerated bosom, declaring himself disgusted with the

world, and the first lieutenant particularly. His turn came; he was cashiered, lectured for a time as a reformed drunkard, then tried his talents as a Methodist parson, ran off with one of the lambs of his flock, and finally died in the almshouse.

Among the more juvenile denizens of the Juniper's steerages, there were a number of fine, well-behaved youths, who, steering clear of the shoals and reefs which beset the path of inexperience, escaped all danger, and are now carrying their canvas gallantly in open water, leading lives alike honorable to their country and to themselves. As I pass them in review before me, while busy memories fit in lights and shadows, it is very pleasant to me to reflect that there are many of these my boyish comrades, whose early impulsive yearnings have never been weakened by time or circumstance, or the cold and stern realities of manhood. Believe me, Fred, and give heed to the knowledge which I have only bought by constant attrition in the world,—never forsake the person who has stood by you in the hour of need, for all the wealth or honors that man can bestow.

In this latter class, I call to mind a messmate named Rox. He was a short, square-built youth, with a full, dark eye, lighting up a frank, handsome face, beneath a broad, white Grecian forehead, and chestnut hair. He was strong, too, as he was handsome, with limbs like a Titan; and at the age of fifteen he could hold a thirty-two pound shot, at arms length, in each hand.

Besides the sea officers, who lived in these cramped berths of the Juniper, was a schoolmaster, calling himself Brown, who was our abomination. We nicknamed him Griddle Brown, from his resemblance to a pale buckwheat cake. He wandered slightly out of the line of his legitimate duty, and through a mistaken notion of his conscience, or some such nonsense, he was in the habit of tattling of our misdemeanors to the captain; so we made war upon him, and after being driven nearly to the verge of distraction, he was finally forced to leave the corvette, and devoted his leisure to the scientific explorations of the River Amazon.

To balance this annoying person, we had a dear good old soul of a clerk, named Belfuir. He crooked his elbow once too often, however, and like many a better man, the dark waters cover him. He was our favorite, soothed our temporary griefs, interceded for us in scrapes, made up our little quarrels, and was our adviser and friend at all times. He was a man of education, and had seen service; but his unfortunate propensity for the bottle had at last brought him to the lower deck of a man-of-war, whence he was rescued for the time by Captain Percy, with whom he had sailed a score of years before. When not too far gone in his cups, our old friend would sit and sing to us the most soul-touching ditties that ever sailor listened to.

You must forgive this tedious digression, ladies, said the Lieutenant, with a sad smile for the past, as he bowed imploringly to his fair audience, for I find that garrulity, one of the infirmities of age, is creeping up to me with a wet lug.

I have already told you that, upon my advent to the mate's quarters, there was the accustomed gathering to welcome Saturday night, and the glasses were paraded on the board. My friend, Jack Gracieux, to whom I was indebted for a very cordial reception, had the chair—in a Pickwickian sense, I mean, for there was nothing but camp-stools

in the berth, if indeed there was a contrivance for sitting upon, with a back to it, in the lower part of the ship.

"Gentlemen," said Jack, as he rose with his usual air and charming grace of manner—"gentlemen, it may not have escaped the recollection of a number of you, and others have, perhaps, been informed by impartial observers, that some time during the past week, the good ship in which we sail, came within an ace of being wrecked on inhospitable rocks in the Bight of Benin; and, out of gratitude for our deliverance, we have been presented by our estimable young shipmate there, over the way"—pointing with an easy wave of his hand towards me, "with a five gallon keg of old Madeira, which I believe was originally intended for his grandmother, I think you said—no!—grandfather, gentlemen, to whom I would beg, should a favorable opportunity present itself in the course of the evening, to propose a very good health."

Mr. Gracieux, having got rid of these remarks in an off-hand way, turned to the steward, (a mottled, discolored-faced mulatto, who at later day made a razzle of all the old family watches in the mess, together with Mr. Gracieux's gold sleeve-buttons, and escaped at Buenos Ayres,) and observed, in an impressive tone, "Thomas Small, immediately produce the materials."

To my horror and surprise, the afore-mentioned little barrel of old Madeira was rolled upon the mess table, which I at once recognized as one I had especially intrusted to the master's mate of the spirit room for safe-keeping during the remainder of the cruise, that office being at the time filled by the worthy gentleman who had just concluded his address.

In addition to the wine, there were other creature comforts produced, such as a large cube of salt beef, as hard as agate, with a tray of biscuits, or midshipmen's nuts, beside it.

Lord love ye, Fred! suddenly ejaculated the Lieutenant, if you should happen in these days, to mention the unknown words of grog, salt junk, or hard tack in a reefer's mess, the chances are five to one that they'd kick you out of the berth first, and then have you out edgewise in the morning. Why, it's a mortal affront to even allude to any thing more bracing or substantial than Burgundy or sugar wafers. For their nerves are too delicate by far to enjoy the coarse grub we used to esteem such a treat.

On the present occasion, as I was about to tell you, there was, as you may have ere this remarked, a more sumptuous display than ordinary; and when all the "materials" were produced, the presiding officer desired, with permission of the company, to send for his tall and amiable acquaintance, Mr. Ash, the carpenter, and an implement to bore a hole in the wine barrel, as there was not, strange to say, so useful an apparatus as a corkscrew in the furniture of the mess. "And," added Mr. Gracieux, with his wonted blandness, to his thirsty and impatient audience, "it is my private opinion that the invention of corkscrews has proved of infinitely more serious injury to the human race than even gunpowder; for, although the process of extermination is more refined, tedious, and expensive, yet, in the end, it is equally certain in its results. By the by," continued the speaker, as an idea of considerable magnitude seemed to occur to him, "I am only surprised that some valiant naval hero of perhaps a hundred bot-

ties, who may have performed admirable service in foreign ports and other precious liquids, where a careful use of those instruments is required in removing obstructions from the mouths of narrow-necked channels—I am only shocked," he repeated, "that some commodore of wisdom and experience in this interesting pursuit has not ere this collected a 'musée' or corkscrew artillery,' and prepared a brief memoir of the form and execution of those engines, since the gradual introduction of glass in place of wine skins, from the mediæval ages to the present day."

At this juncture, Mr. Ash, the carpenter, appeared through the sliding doors of the steerage, and with an auger of respectable dimensions, soon effected an orifice in the wine breaker. Being requested to name his tipple, he promptly replied, "Hollands," which fluid being procured, he threw it down his throat like a capsule of castor oil, without touching that passage, closed his lips tight together, fearful lest the aroma might escape, and then vanished.

"Gentlemen," again proposed the chairman, "before we turn our attention seriously to the business on the table before us, would it not be as well to send a cartel to our sympathizing friend Lieutenant John Hazy, to ask him to join us upon this festivity?"

"O, agreed—only be quick!" shouted all in a volley; and a deputation having been ceremoniously despatched to the gun-room, there presently arrived a handsome, sailor-built fellow, on the lee side of forty, with so much fun in his twinkling black eyes that it was positively exhilarating to behold him.

Hazy was only a passenger on board the Juninta, going out to join a frigate in the Brazils; but as he was by long odds the most amusing character in the corvette, and his time all his own, he was on the whole a great comfort to us. Hazy was not merely a gentleman, but he professed to be a scholar, a poet, and withal a passionate admirer of the fair sex.

We all struggled to rise when he entered the berth; but as he assured us it would break his heart should we incommodate ourselves by so doing, we resumed our places.

"Jack," said Gracieux, as he gave him a hearty slap of pure friendship on the back. Now I must observe, here parenthesized the Lieutenant, that although our friend Hazy was the most genial soul in existence to those he loved, yet few others could take liberties with him; for he declared with Falstaff that he was "Jack with his familiars, John with his brothers and sisters, but Sir John with all Europe."

"Jack," inquired the chairman, "what will you begin with?—the old south-side there, presented to us by that interesting youth on the quadrant case,—here he frowned demoniacally at me, thinking, perhaps, that I might expose the larceny of the little barrel,—or a throw of spirits?"

"My brave companion," replied the officer addressed, "though the sagacious Publius Syrus very justly remarks that 'wine has drowned more than the sea,' yet if it be not, according to the discreet and temperate Horace, 'a poet's beverage vile and cheap,' as I have not tasted the south-side juice of the grape since the memorable dinner at Madeira, when I proposed to the young lady, and requested leave to begin a series of visits to her on the following day, I will e'en join you in a bowl; but first, if

you will allow me, I'll have a compact rum toddy to take away the taste of the fruit and cigar I inadvertently indulged in after dinner to-day."

"Certainly," acquiesced Mr. Gracieux. "Steward, mix this gentleman a toddy."

"And I say," crowded in our guest, "don't grate your thumb nail into it, by mistake for the nutmeg; for, though I'm convinced it's all prejudice, still I prefer the spice from the Philippine Isles. And wait a week," he added; "steward, don't put too much water with the rum; for, though water may be very conducive to navigation under the keel, it is at the same time very injurious, I maintain, above the keelson.—Ah, that will do; all right," said he, as the mixture was presented to him, while he gave vent to a peculiar whistle, from the very depths of his windpipe, to convey to us the extreme satisfaction he experienced in absorbing his drink.

The work of the evening was now fairly under way; the little breaker of wine rolled from side to side until he actually began to gurgle with depletion.

"This is a tolerably good vintage, gentlemen," observed Slade, as he held a full tumbler in his hand; "very fine flavor, indeed; could shoot quite close to the line with enough of this beverage in one's system; smacks a twang, though, of the wood, like all the rest of us who live so much down among these huge masses of timber. However, it aids digestion, which is all we need here; for I contend that, to live upon the ocean, one should have the gizzard of an ostrich and the stomach of a dromedary. As for nerves, those luxuries could be dispensed with altogether."

"Blasphemy—arrant nautical sacrilege," interposed the chairman. "I cannot, in my official capacity, listen to such indecorous observations. For my part, I absolutely adore every thing salt and blue, from a herring to the azure orbs of woman."

"Except," gravely put in Jack Hazy, "when you chance to have a grand passion for some unconscious fair one, while you are away on the unchanging deep, your feelings smothered, and the sweet sensibilities of your susceptible nature agonized by the cold, unfeeling sneers of your boisterous companions."

"Any aromatic vinegar left in the castors, steward, or mustard?" suggested some one; "for here is a gentleman under contract to faint."

"Why, Hazy," chirped Bonny Baily, "I thought you were a moment ago congratulating yourself on a matrimonial escape you effected at Madeira the other day."

"O, no, my trusty mates; you mistook my meaning entirely. The risk I ran was with the brother; and since you seem so interested, I will explain how the delicate affair happened."

"I was dining at the house of one of those wine-selling princes of the grape, and owing to some derangement of my pocket chronometer, I had the misfortune to arrive a few seconds after the company were seated at table, but found a place reserved for me beside one of the most charming young witches it has ever been my sad fate to meet with. She was gay, conversable, and *spirituelle*. She positively idolized the blue jackets; she thought them so frank, so generous; but alas! so hard-hearted. She had lived on the sea shore, somewhere about Cork; gazed on the waves by the month together; trembled when it blew, and wept, I think she said, when it calmed. Then, too, she had such tender,

confiding looks out of her eyes, and smiled so sweetly, that, in short, gentlemen, towards the close of the dinner, when some of the pure nectar from the mother vats had been produced, I began to believe that I was getting very far gone in love; and that, being now of age, how delightful it would be to have those soft, dimpled fingers to smooth my pillow, and strew my desolate"—"Dissolute, you mean," hinted Rox—"path with the thornless roses, which, I am told, bloom in the little heaven of married life. I turned the matter rapidly over in my mind, while the dessert was coming on. I felt that this was my only chance, for there was a ball in the evening, and the ship was to sail the next day. A more excellent opportunity might never present itself. I had twinges at the same time, for I knew that in the event of my changing my estate, I should of necessity have to forswear the fascinating society of all my intimates, yourselves, gentlemen, among the number."

"What shocking ingratitude!" exclaimed the mess, in one simultaneous shriek.

"Not so, my friends; but I felt that you could not, rough sailors, though honest, perhaps, as you are, appreciate the shrinking timidity of a tender flower, like the one I was about to protect. I say, I thought all these things over as maturely as I could amid the confusion of handing fruit, and some few innocent familiarities with the *tina*, and finally concluded that, notwithstanding the young person had, as she ingenuously assured me, neither lands nor dower, yet reflecting that the pious Augustine tells us, 'Humble wedlock is better than proud virginity,' and in spite of the opinion of the immortal Dr. Slop, that 'virginity alone peoples paradise,' I at once threw up my ticket in that lottery, and resolved to take my chance for a prize on earth."

"Give me a sip, Mr. Gracieux, that I may have strength to unbosom myself further," gasped Jack Hazy, as he loosened his cravat and unbuttoned his shirt, to relieve his feelings in the stifling atmosphere which surrounded us.

"Well, shipmates, the time was getting rather short; and, by the way, I must mention, that through the interstices of a great *épergne*, big as a palm tree, loaded with grapes, confectionary, and wax lights, I had observed a gentleman, apparently far gone in a decline, but, nevertheless, of a most resolute physiognomy, who somewhat annoyed me by the entire disregard he paid to his food and drink, and the manifest interest he took in the lovely girl beside me. I began to feel the pangs of jealousy to an uncomfortable extent, and should have decided to ask his intentions, had not my partner, dear little soul, taken occasion to inform me that he was her brother, who had formerly injured his health by hard service in several campaigns in the Low Countries, under the distinguished German General Count Catzenjammer, of the Pocket Pistol Chopineers, or some such foreign legion, but was now unattached to a regiment of the British army.

"The *épergne*, luckily, answered the purpose of a screen, and any of you profane fellows may take your oath that under the cover of a damask napkin, or the table cloth,—I was so extremely agitated I don't now remember which,—I seized a little fluttering hand, and with my mouth full of grapes, and ladyfingers, I managed to sputter out my devotion and love—how the pent-up feelings of my bosom had overleaped by their resistless force the barri-

cadences of years, and all that sort of thing. In short, I popped in regular form, and as the little soft hand returned the pressure of mine, and the humid eyes were swimming in liquid light, I knew that my happiness in life was sealed. In my confusion, I capsized a wine-glass of port all over my adored one's dress, as I tried to hobnob pleasantly with the consumptive brother, late of the Chopineers, opposite, who was at that moment quite unconscious of the happy family arrangements about to exist between us. However, it only ruined a rich silk, and that was a mere tissue of moonshine compared to the solid rays of married bliss we were about to enjoy; for I was only three months' pay in arrears to the purser on my 'dead horse,' besides a few outstanding claims at home, which I made a mental vow to liquidate as soon as the honeymoon was ended.

"Give me more of the contents of that breaker; it strongly reminds me of the brief though delicious moments I am relating; and let me hurry on to the singular catastrophe."

He drew a long sigh as he imbibed the stimulus, and with another of his peculiar whistles, declared himself "tip top," and continued.



"I think we were a good while longer at table, but of course I had no eyes or ears for any thing that was going on. About the last circumstance I recall was asking my fluttering little dove if she would be my partner for the first quadrille at the ball. 'No; she never danced, and never went to balls,' she murmured, rather sadly; 'and they always carry me away so soon as dinner is over!' 'What brutes!' I ejaculated; 'but never fear; my arms shall be your protection, and mine shall be the pleasing privilege of exhibiting to you all that is worthy of admiration.' 'O,' she fondly whispered, 'you are too kind. Then how bright will be my fate!'

"At this epoch, the entire company moved their chairs from the table, as a signal for rising; and if my senses did not deceive me, I beheld a robust, middle-aged woman approach my promised one, and

grasping her like a bundle of old clothes, lift her up bodily, and bear her from my sight.

"Petrification, my friends, can give you but a faint idea of my rigidity, when I discovered at a glance that she had no legs! How I got through that awful night I leave you to surmise; but early the next morning, as I was trying to cool with wet plaitain leaves the little bald place on the top of my head, which was caused originally by sleeping in too short a cot, I was startled by the apparition of the brother, Captain Bitter, of the 114th Regiment of *Fut*, as he called it, who invited me to step out with him on the balcony of the hotel at a 'convenient' distance—he an invalid, too, and the damp morning air being proverbially injurious!

"Heaven only knows how I got out of his clutches, or how many apologies I made, written and verbal; suffice it to say that, on account of that young person's absence of pins, my heart is blighted."

At the conclusion of this affecting recital, Jack Gracieux desired the clerk to give us a song. The old fellow's face was slightly flushed by his potations; but his voice was as sweet as ever. He gave us the "Battle of the Nile," with such exquisite pathos and feeling, that even the most riotous held their peace, and the struggles of the little breaker itself were for a while suspended.

"O Dibdin!" burst forth the Lieutenant, in a fit of enthusiasm—"O Dibdin! you who had the power to soothe those drooping hearts which were aching to the core, as they mourned the bravest sons of Albion fallen victorious on the blood-stained decks of her gallant ships! You, O Dibdin! Homer of the sea! who, when the fight was done, and the red flames quenched, and the thunder of battle silenced, lent a charm and pride to the deeds of the daring tars that will ever cause their sons to cherish and emulate the glorious actions of those who have gone before them! Brave Dibdin—rhymer for the sailor!"

When the good old Belfair had ended his plaintive strain, the wine again flowed, and while a musical mate with the hiccups pealed forth Gay's beautiful ballad,—

"Twas when the seas were roaring
With hollow blasts of wind,
A damsel lay deplored,
All on a rock reclined,—

there came a sharp rap at the steerage doors, and the master at arms, with his horn lantern, observed that it was four bells, and that the ten o'clock lights must be dowsed.

"Whence comest thou on this blasted heath?" fiercely exclaimed Mr. Hazy, as he threw himself into an attitude.

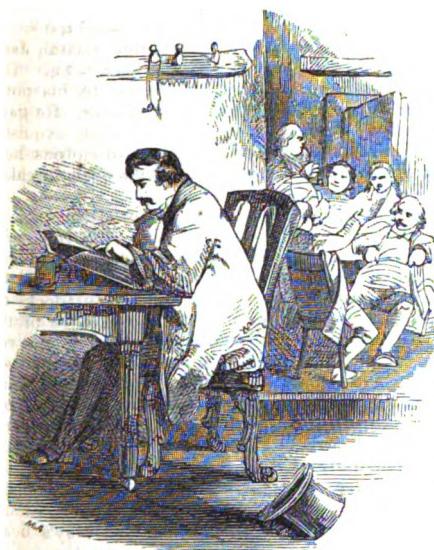
"From the berth deck, sir," replied the matter-of-fact master at arms, while Mr. Gracieux placed a brimming tumbler, compounded from the ullages of the various vintages left on the table, to the official's lips.

The time, however, had arrived for breaking up; the little barrel was in a state of utter emptiness; our guest, Jack Hazy, bowed to us very politely, returned thanks in a neat speech for the good cheer, and requesting me individually to remember him to my aunt, or any other member of my family, when I should choose to write, he cautiously felt his way along the bulkheads, and retired within the gun-room.

THE VALETS-DE-PLACE OF MUNICH.

FROM "THE SKETCH BOOK OF MEISTER KARL." BY CHARLES G. LELAND. 1855.

One evening, in this same city of Munich, while returning from the Royal Library, with a wearisome big folio under my arm, urged partly by fatigue and partly by a nervous eagerness to dip into the contents of said book, I entered an out-of-the-way, old-fashioned coffee-house, and while waiting for the *bier*, which in a genuine Bavarian *kneip* is always brought without order immediately to the guest, busied myself with leafing over my new acquisition. At the next table, sat five of the same



scamps I have been speaking of; and having already employed two or three of them at different times on little affairs, I was profoundly greeted by the whole party on my entrance. Knowing me, therefore, to be a stranger, and presuming on my ignorance of their abominable *patois*, they kept on conversing in the same high, South-German pitch, without reserve or caution.

"A' what did you yesterday, *Bua!*?" said the oldest and keenest of the five, to a somewhat younger com-rogue.

"I had a young English yellow-bill (greenhorn) to trot about town," was the reply; "and I must show him every thing, all at once. And I went to have his passport *viséed*, and found that he was to leave town early this morning. So, when we came to the *Glyptotheke* (gallery of statues) and the *Pinacothek*, (picture gallery,) I told him that they were closed on Monday, and that no one could enter without a special order; but that if he would give the porters each a florin, and promise to say nothing about it, I could get him in; which he did, and I afterward shared with them. And he read all the while in his red-covered guide-book; and at last hit, I suppose, on the place which tells that the *valets-de-place* are such great scamps, and in league with all the shopkeepers."

Here the narrator was interrupted by a general roar of laughter, and the party, draining their *moss'ls*, clapped down simultaneously the *deckels* or lids, as a summons for more. And while puffing at his pipe, he continued—

"So, looking very cunning, he asked me if I could tell him a good place to buy some linen. So I drew up indignantly, and told him that the business of a cicerone was to show strangers curiosities and works of art, or to interpret French and English, but not to hunt up shops, and that he must ask the landlord for that.

"Then he appeared quite astonished, and, changing his tone, said that he did not want any linen, but would like to buy a new carpet-bag and some other little items, and would take it as a great favor if I would, only for once, just recommend an honest dealer. And I answered, 'that I had never done such a thing before, but as he was to leave town to-morrow, (for which I was thankful in my heart,) I would take him to a very honest man in the Kaufinger Gasse,' which I did, and we squeezed three prices out of him, of which I got one. Then, as he had full reliance on my honesty, and was too tired to go himself, he sent me to ask of the banker what was the premium on English gold. So I guessed what was coming, and when I had learned from Herr von Hirsch's clerk that it was 3.18, I returned and reported 1.18. Then he sent me with a rouleau of guineas to sell for him, so that, praise the Lord and our Lady of Altötting! I made a good day's work of it."

"*Bischt a ganz Kerl, du schlaua, sackrischa, abgedrehte Beschi!* complete, finished fox that you are!" cried the elder valet. "Heaven send such days daily, and eight times a week in Lent! *HURRAH FOR STRANGERS!*"

These last three words he expressed distinctly in good German, for my gratification. I continued to pore over my book.

"And you, *Casperl*," was now asked of another, "blows the wind straight or crooked?"

"Pretty fair. My bird yesterday was a Frenchman, and not so much of a fool as one could wish. He trotted through the picture-gallery with his cane run up the sleeve of his coat, and the end hidden in his handkerchief, in order to save the three kreutzers (two cents) which he ought to have given the porter for taking care of it. But he looked hard, and talked loosely about the Venuses, and such like, so I soon found where the shoe pinched. Then he gave me a glass of beer at Schnitzerl's, and talked all the while, fast as lightning, about the nobility and immorality of Munich. Then he asked me if I thought a gentleman could make any *bonnes fortunes* here, among the beautiful ladies. So I would not answr him at once, but began by explaining how deeply we *valets-de-place* were implicated and concerned in all the secrets of the nobility and gentry, being their confidential messengers!"

Here a general burst of laughter unanimously proclaimed the richness of this last lie, on the strength of which the party ventured a drink all round, and again clapped the mug-covers.

"My Frenchman listened attentively, but was

not green enough to pin his faith to any thing. But when I hinted at a certain charming countess, who, to my positive knowledge through her femme-de-chambre, had been very susceptible and sentimental since the death of her late husband, who had left her in *very moderate circumstances*, I could see my Frenchman begin to kindle.

"*Eh diable!*" said he; "but how must we arrange it, then, to console the fair widow?"

"Oh, there are fifty ways; but, monsieur understands, the thing must be done delicately, *doucement*: the family pride—honor, you know!"

"Here my Frenchman struck his heart, and shut his eyes and mouth, smiling horribly.

"*Au reste*, monsieur knows that in our free-and-easy city we have less fiddle-faddle and ceremony, and acquaintances are more readily made, than in Paris. I will contrive that you knock at her suite of rooms; the girl will admit you, (but I must pay her some thing handsome, of course;) you will see madame, and inquire if there are not apartments in the house to let. She adores the French; and if, with the appearance and manners of monsieur—"

"H'm—h'm! that is my business. However, one *Lohndiener* must not play against another, and spoil trade; so I'll tell you, if you'll do as much for me another time. It was *Frau Von*—, who keeps the fancy store in the —strasse."

"So!" cried one: "but she really *has* a title."

"Yes, and so has the Baron *SULZBECK*, and the swine who runs errands at the *Ober Pollinger*. But the title is all *wurst*, (of no importance;) and you know what '*poor*, *proud*, and *pretty*' comes to in Munich. Well, my Frenchman had sense enough to know, that though a man may be close in other items, he shouldn't be mean where women are concerned; so I got from him a gold Caroline for the waiting-maid, one for myself, and, if the *fraw* only plays her cards well, Heaven knows how much for us all."

"*Nu, das war nöt übel*," (not so bad,) "*Pompös*," (splendid,) "*Gratulir*," (I congratulate you,) were the compliments elicited by the recital of this masterpiece of honorable talent. But the silence which ensued was presently broken by the oldest villain himself, who remarked—

"I didn't make much money myself, yesterday; but what I did get was easily earned, for I was paid for doing nothing."

So; wahrhaftl!" "Really!" cried the confederacy.

"Yes; I served government; that is, the police, curse their souls! Four or five days since, the Herr Inspektor came to me, and said—'to-morrow, a tall gentleman, a Badensor, now on his way hither from Zurich, will arrive at your hotel. He is a political refugee, and will attempt, under the assumed name of Starkenberg, to revisit his wife and children in Carlsruhe. Give him early in the morning this note, and, when he demands a valet-de-place, see that the man whom I shall send here, and no other, serves him.' So I waited, and when the gentleman arrived, gave him the billet."

"But you read it first?"

"*Versetzt sich*—of course. It was a forged invitation from the Herr —, whom the police watch so much, to attend a private, liberal, or revolutionary meeting in the evening; place not designated; to be told him by the *valet*, in whom, he was informed, he might implicitly confide."

"Ha! ha! ha! poor devil!" burst forth again in chorus the *confreres*.

"Yes; they twisted him like wire—*beautifully!*" continued the good old man. "And you ought to have seen the fellow they sent for *valet*. You know him; the '*lange Bartl!* *Herr Jes!*' the rogue, with that smooth tongue of his, could wheedle oil out of flints. So he took my poor Badensor to the club, where he was arrested immediately after, with the student S—, and is now, I suppose, enjoying pleasure and repose at the expense of government."

This last humorous adventure was by no means lost on the audience. Suddenly, one exclaimed—

"I can tell you that not man in Munich drives a prettier, safer, or more constant business than myself, since I have gone into the picture-line."

"But all the devils! where did you ever learn any thing about such stuff?" inquired the patriarch.

"Ja, that's all to come; for I know as much of pictures as a swine, and not much more than yourself, though I have visited every gallery in Munich daily for the last ten years. But there are a lot of young artists here who paint old pictures, and give



"Here my Frenchman gave a yell of delight, and jumped with joy. I kept on:

"For if I were not perfectly certain, from monsieur's aristocratic air and elegant style, of his success, I would never have ventured to aid him in obtaining such a splendid '*bonne fortune*'. Of course, monsieur knows that the valets-de-place generally do nothing of the kind for the ordinary run of strangers, who come and go, and *pay* and *share* alike."

"Here my Frenchman broke in with—'*Sois content, mon garçon*. Be content, my boy; if you can play Leporello well, I am quite as capable of the rôle of Don Juan.' And as he, of course, with his head full of the countess, could look at nothing and think of nothing else, I had an easy day's work of it. So, in the evening—"

"But who the devil *was* the countess?" simultaneously cried the entire company.

me good commissions for getting them off. So, when a fat-headed Englishman gets me to show him round, I let him gabble as much as he likes, (for every valet knows that it is most profitable to let strangers tell you every thing for which you are paid to tell them,) and when I get a little into his confidence, say—"I wonder that you gentlemen can take such interest in pictures. Why, I know an old woman here in town who has several fine ones, nearly as good as those in the gallery." Then, my gentleman, whether he suspects me to be a scamp or not, generally asks where they are; but I try to dissuade him; tell him that she lives in a dirty, out-of-the-way house; that the pictures are very old, and so on; and generally end by taking him off to my own den, where my wife, who plays the part of old woman, sells him something for the benefit of myself and the artists. Sometimes, for the sake of variety, and to add to the romance of the thing, I hide the pictures away in lofts, lumber-rooms, and garrets. Sometimes my eldest daughter, who is a nice girl and sly as a mouse, takes the part of virtuous poverty, and, with tears in her eyes, sells *milord* an old painting, her father's dying gift and only souvenir, which *milord* sometimes gives back again, and which *miladi*, after a hard bargain, always insists on doing. Again, for the sake of variety, I occasionally move the establishment out of town, to some neighboring village or farm; so that, what with one thing and another, I do pretty well. Gentlemen, I drink your healths."

Here a somewhat noisy pause ensued, which was broken by one of the quintette inquiring, in a low tone—

"Casperl, you have been employed by the gentleman yonder, with the big book: what is he for a stranger?"

"Ja, he doesn't live next door. He is an American—understood!"

"AME-RI-CAN—the devil! But not a *born* American?"

"Yes."

"So-o-o! l"

The reader must know, that in Germany every man who has even visited our country is termed an American; consequently, on announcing one's Hail-Columbianism, he is generally asked, "Aber eingeboren?"—but were you born there?"

"But," remarked one of the company, "everybody knows that the Americans are either black, green, or red, and the gentleman there is quite white. Strangers who go there remain as they are; but, even in the first generation, their children are almost boot-black. Some, indeed, really become so."

"Fact?"

"Yes; when I lived in Suabia, by Heilbronn, there was a neighbor of my father's who was away many years in America, and he returned very rich, with his only daughter, who was, indeed, not exactly black, but something the color of a half-cooked doughnut. And her father said that she would have become quite so, as dark as iron, had she not been fed every day on peaches and cream, which, in that country, preserves the complexion."

"Then the gentleman with the big book must have been remarkably fond of fruit," remarked Casperl.

"They say," resumed the Nestor of the gang, "that America is a land of gold, butter, and pancakes, very glorious to behold. And it must be a part of China, of course, because tea grows there;"

and, as the world is round, it lies the other side of England."

"But how do you know that tea grows there?" asked Casperl.

"Because I have heard that the English once fought with the Americans, who are a sort of English, you know, and speak the same language, only better. And it was all because the Americans wouldn't grow tea for them at the price they offered."

"That is not improbable," rejoined Casperl; "for the English at our hotel drink fearful quantities of the nasty slop, and generally dispute the bill. But are the Americans all like the English?"

"*Gott bewahr!* They were once, but of late years so many Germans have gone there, that, before long, every thing will be in that country as it now is here in Bavaria, or rather in Switzerland."

"What is the reason that Englishmen travel so much," asked Valet Number Four, becoming discursive.

"It is," answered the sage, "partly because comfort and happiness are unknown to them at home, so that they must travel to find them, and partly because they are all slightly insane, and consequently restless. I have often heard the waiters at our hotel say that the English tumble, and toss, and wake up a dozen times in the night; such people always travel."

(N. B. If the reader ever tried a South German seidlitz-box bed, with an eider-down cover, he may understand why the bold Britons alluded to were so restless.)

"But is England really such a wretched country?" inquired Casperl.

"Verstehst sich—of course!" replied another. "Why, you know that the only days on which we amuse ourselves here are the feasts and Sundays. Now, in England they have no feasts, and on Sundays they close the houses, go to church, and are very miserable, so that it is the dullest day in the week. Even the theatres and balls are closed!!"

"Pah!" replied another; "that I would call treating the day with great disrespect. But then Protestants and heretics would as lieve break the Sabbath as not, I suppose?"

"Of course," answered the patriarch. "Not that I care for Sunday myself, or have any religious scruples; but I do like to see people amuse themselves on that day as Christians ought."

"The English, I know, are all a little crazy," remarked Casperl, "because they are so eager to see every thing that none of their countrymen have seen; and whenever I take one to look at any out-of-the-way curiosity, I always tell him that he is the first stranger that ever beheld it. Besides, you must have noticed that their clothes are always cut very close, and narrow, and uncomfortable, like strait-jackets; and this is done by order of their physicians, that the madness may be restrained. Ah, you may rest assured that, with all their money, they are very unhappy!"

"Talking of rich people," said Number Three, "what is the reason that the Russians, though so very wealthy, are so confoundedly keen? I can make more any day out of a simple English gentleman than a Russian duke."

"Ja, dös *weis* i' wirkli' nöt: that I really don't know, unless it be that they gamble so much, as do the Poles. They say that Russians learn the cards, with their prayers, before the A, B, C."

"That," said Casperl, "is because they believe the queen of hearts to be the Virgin MARY. They are so suspicious and mistrustful, that it is the only way their priests can find to make them believe in *any thing*."

"I don't know that we Bavarians are much more intelligent, if you come to that!" said Number Three. "You must all of you have often seen the *Waffen*, or coat of arms of our city; there's one painted on the University window, and another carved in stone over the Carlsthor—*gelt ja?*"

"What! the MUENCHNER MANNERL?" (the mannikin or dwarf of Munich). "Certainly," replied the rest in chorus.

"Well, the mannikin is a monk. Now, the name of our city of *Mingo*, which other people call *Müncha*, the English, *Munich*, and some few out-of-the-world North Germans, *MUENCHEN*, comes from the word *Mönch*, (monk.)"

"*Wahrhafti!*—indeed!" cried the rest. "Where did you learn that?"

"From an English gentleman. Now, can any of you tell me what it is he holds in his right hand?"

"Why a beer-mug, of course," chorused the party.

"Yes, and so I thought, with all the town, until lately. But the truth is, that it is a book, though what sort of a book is more than I know; and this I heard a very learned man say."

"Oh, it's a Latin book, of course," remarked Casperl. "But are you sure it's not a beer-mug?"

"Yes; I looked and found it so, because it has no lid."

"Neither have the beer-glasses in Baden," replied Casperl, who evidently mistrusted this new light.

"But they are of *glass*, I tell you—transparent glass; while that which the Mannerl holds is deep brown."

"That's because it's full of beer—*brown beer*," replied Casperl, driven to the Voltairean system of defence.

"Fudge! As if a monk ever kept a full mug in his fist! Why, he would empty it, like yourself, in a second."

And with this, the brave and gentle party arose, and having paid the *zech*, went roaring along, singing merrily the following *gassenhauer*, or loafer-lyric—a favorite song in Munich:—

STREET SONG OF MUNICH.

(FIRST VOICE)

"*Bei der Nacht wenn's finster ist.*"

By the night when all is dark,
And no one in the street I mark,
Hallo—you there, afar!
Let me light my cigar.
Let me light when all is dark,
And no one in the street I mark.

(SECOND VOICE)

Fishes we will catch,

Fishes we will snatch

By the night, when all is dark,
And no one else around we mark.
Fish in ditch or fish in dyke,
Fish in ponds, or where you like.

(FIRST VOICE)

But at night we must catch,
Yes, at night we must snatch!

(CHORUS.)

Yes, at night, when all is dark,
And no one else around we mark.

(FIRST VOICE)

Ladies we will catch,

Ladies we will snatch.

By the night, when all is dark,
And no one else around we mark,
Ladies fair we'll catch with play,
When the husband's far away.

(CHORUS.)

But at night we must catch,
Yes, at night we must snatch.

Yes, at night, when all is dark, &c.

(FIRST VOICE)

Maidens let us catch!

Maidens let us snatch!

Yes, at night, when all is dark,
And no one else around we mark.

(SECOND VOICE)

Maidens young and maidens fair,
Nab them, grab them every where.

But at night we must catch,

Yes, at night we must snatch!

Yes, at night, when all is dark,
And no one else around we mark.

Haloo—you there, afar!

Let me light my cigar.

Let me light—since all is dark,
And no one else around we mark!

(Song proceeds extemporically and ad libitum—
ically up the street, with occasional interruptions
from the police, or squalls from unprotected
females.)

MY DAY OF TRIBULATION.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS. 1855.

It was a deceitful thing, but my day of trouble dawned with a promise of uncommon enjoyment. It was our weekly holiday, and I looked from my bed-chamber window merry as a bird, and peculiarly alive to the beauties of a bright June morning. The sky was warm, blue, and cloudless; the flowers full of sweetness, and lying with the dew upon them in its utmost abundance. The birds were all brimful of melody; and the very gravel walk looked new and clean from a shower that had swept over it during the night.

The sun was just up, and we were ready with our bonnets on—my schoolmate and I—for Colonel M. had promised us a ride, and his phaeton was at the door.

"Come—come, are you ready?" exclaimed Maria, bounding into my room, with her hat on one side,

for she had been taking a run after her mamma's dog, Pink, in the garden, and Pink had led her a race through a raspberry thicket, which made a change of slippers necessary, and had displaced her bonnet as I have said.

"Come, Sophy, come; Tom has driven to the door—papa is in the hall, and the horses are as restless as two wild eagles. Nonsense, don't take that great red shawl, the morning is beautiful—come."

Before Maria finished speaking, she had run down stairs, through the hall, and stood on the doorstep, looking back impatiently for myself and her father. He was very tranquilly drawing on his gloves, as he chatted to his wife through a door of the parlor, where she still lingered by the breakfast table.

There is no enjoyment like riding, whether on horseback or in a carriage, providing your equipage be in good taste, your companions agreeable, and the day fine. We were fortunate in all these. There was not a lighter or more beautiful phaeton in town than that of Colonel M., and his horses—you never saw such animals in harness!—their jetty coats, arched necks, and gazelle-like eyes, were the very perfection of brute beauty. Never were creatures more perfectly trained. The play of their delicate hoofs was like the dancing of a fine girl, and they obeyed the slightest motion of the rein to a marvel.

As to my companions, they were unexceptionable, as the old ladies say; Maria was a lovely creature, not decidedly handsome, but good and delicate, with an eye like a wet violet. Her father was just the kind of man to give consequence to a pair of happy girls in their teens—not young enough to be mistaken for a brother or lover, not old enough to check our mirth with wise saws and sharp reprimands—he was careless, good-hearted man, as the world goes, in the prime of his good looks, with his black hair just beginning to be threaded with silver, and the calm dignity of his manner fitting him like a garment. He always preferred the society of persons younger than himself, and encouraged us in an outbreak of mirth or mischief, which made him one of the most pleasant protectors in the world; though, if the truth must be told, a serenade or so by two interesting law students who played the guitar and flute with exceeding sweetness, and who had these instruments a full hour the previous night, while looking unutterable things at our chamber-windows, had just given us a first idea that gray hairs might be dispensed with, and the companion of a ride be quite as agreeable. Nay, we had that very morning, before Pink deluded Maria into the garden, consulted about the possibility of dislodging the colonel from his seat in the phaeton in favor of the amateur flute player, for my friend very thoughtfully observed that she was certain the interesting youth would be delighted to drive us out, if we could find the carriage, for, poor fellows, they never had much credit at the livery stables; but Colonel M. had something of Lady Gay Spanker's disposition, he liked to "keep the ribbons," and Maria, with all her boldness, had not courage enough to desire him to resign them to younger hands. I must say that the colonel, though her father, was a noble-looking figure in an open carriage. There was not a better dressed man about town; his black coat of the finest cloth, satin vest, and plaited ruffles, were the perfection of good taste, and his driving would have made the aforesaid Lady Gay half crazy with envy; he scorned a horse that could not take his ten miles an hour, and without a quickened breath, too. Colonel M. had his imperfections, and was a little overbearing and aristocratic in his habits, but he was a kind man, and loved his wife, child, and horses—or rather his horses, child, and wife, with a degree of affection which overbalanced thousand such faults; he was proud of his house, of his gardens, and hot-houses, but prouder of his stables, and would have been inclined to fox-hunting if such a thing had ever been heard of in dear old Connecticut. He was very kind also to a certain wayward, idle, teasing, young school-girl, who shall be nameless, but who has many a pleasant and grateful memory connected with his residence.

I had forgotten—we were seated, and the horses were pawing the ground, impatient to be off. Black Tom, who had been patting their necks, withdrew his hold on the bits, and away we went. It was like riding in a railroad car, so swiftly the splendid animals cleared the ground, with the sun glistening on their black coats, and over the silver-studded harness as they dashed onward. It was indeed a glorious morning! Deliciously cool it was, with the dew still bathing the bright leaves, and the long branches waving like green banners over us!

As we passed by the Law School, a group of young men—poets and statesmen of the future—were grouped picturesquely beneath the trees, some chatting and laughing merrily, with neglected books lying at their feet; and others sitting apart poring over some open volume, while the pure breath of morning came and softly turned the leaves for them. As we drove by a party sitting beneath a tree close by the paling, Maria stole her hand round to mine, and with a nod toward the group, and a roguish dimple in her cheek, gave me to understand that our serenaders were of the party. They saw us, and instantly there was a sly flourishing of white cambric handkerchiefs, and—it was not our fault, we tried to look the other way—a superlative waste of kisses wafted toward us from hands which had discussed such sweet music beneath our windows the night before. When we looked back on turning a corner—for of course we were anxious that the young gentlemen should not be too demonstrative—they had moved to another side of the tree, and stood leaning against it in very graceful attitudes, gazing after our phaeton from the shadows of their Leghorn hats. The hats were lifted, the white cambric began to flutter again, our horses sprang forward, and on we dashed over the Hotchkissstown road.

It was late in the morning when we drove through the town again, our horses in a foam, our cheeks glowing with exercise, and our laps full of wild blossoms.

"Oh, mamma, we had a delightful drive!" exclaimed Maria, as she sprang upon the door-step, scattering a shower of wild lilies over the pavement in her haste to leave the phaeton. "Take care, Sophia, take care, or you will tread on my flowers," and with this careless speech she ran up the steps happy and cheerful as a summer bird. I was about to follow her, when Mrs. M. detained me long enough to say that some persons from S—, the town which contained my own loved home, were waiting for me in the hall.

For the first time in my life, I had spent three months from my father's hearth-stone, and could have welcomed a dog who had once passed the threshold of my home, been patted by my sisters, or had looked into the face of my mother, as an old friend. Without staying to inquire who my visitors could be, I went eagerly forward, my hand half extended in welcome, and with all the dear feelings of home stirring at my heart. It certainly was a damper—the sight of that lean, gossiping little man, our town miller—with the marks of his occupation whitening his hatband, lying in the seams of his coat, and marking the wrinkles in his boots, a personage who had ground some fifty bushels of wheat for my father during his lifetime, but with whom I had never known the honor of exchanging a dozen consecutive words on that or any other subject. There he sat, very diminutive and exceedingly per-

pendicular, on one of the hall chairs, with his feet drawn under him, and his large bell-crowned hat standing on the carpet by his side. Planted against the wall, and on a direct line with himself, sat his better half, one of the most superlatively silly and talkative patterns of humanity that I have ever been in contact with. In order to be a little genteel, as she called it, Mrs. Jackson had honored the visit with her best gown, a blazing calico, which, with a Leghorn bonnet lined with pink and trimmed with blue, white silk gloves much too small for her hands, and morocco shoes ready to burst with the wealth of feet they contained, composed the *tout ensemble*, which few persons could have looked upon once without feeling particularly desirous for a second survey. The appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Jackson was vulgar enough in all conscience without the aid of their hopeful progeny, in the shape of two little Jacksons, with freckled faces and sunburnt locks, who sat 'by the side of their respectable mamma, in jackets of blue cotton, striped trowsers much too short, and with their dear little feet perched on their chair-rounds, squeezing their two unfortunate wool hats between their knees, and gazing with open mouths through the drawing-room door. It certainly was an exquisite group for the halls of an aristocratic and fastidious man like Colonel M. I dared not look toward him, as he stood giving some directions to Tom, but went forward with an uncomfortable suspicion that the negro was exhibiting rather more of his teeth than was exactly necessary in his master's presence.

my heart sweet thoughts of a happy home. I went forward and shook hands with them all, notwithstanding a glimpse I caught of Maria as she paused on the stairs, her roguish eyes laughing with merriment as she witnessed the scene.

An hour went by, and the Jacksons were still sitting in Colonel M.'s hall. I had gained all the information regarding my friends which they could communicate. It was drawing near the dinner hour, and, in truth, I had become exceedingly anxious for my visitors to depart. But there sat Mrs. Jackson emitting a continued torrent of small talk about her currant bushes, her luck in making soap, and the very distressing mortality that had prevailed among her chickens—she became pathetic on this subject—six of her most promising fledglings had perished under an old cart during a thunderstorm, and as many had been dragged lifeless from her husband's mill-dam, where they had insisted upon swimming before they were sufficiently fledged. The account was very touching; peculiarly so from a solemn moral which Mrs. J. contrived to deduct from the sad and untimely fate of her poultry—which moral, according to the best of my memory was, that if the chickens had obeyed their mother and kept under the parent wing, the rain had not killed them; and if the goslings had not put forth their swimming propensities too early, they might, that blessed moment, have been enjoying the coolness of the mill-dam, in all the downy majesty of half-grown geese. Mrs. Jackson stopped the hundredth part of a second to take breath, and branched off



The fear of ridicule was strong in my heart, but other and more powerful feelings were beating there. My visitors were vulgar but honest people, and I could not treat them coldly, while the sweet impulses and affectionate associations their coming had given rise to were swarming in my bosom. They might be rude, but had they not lately trod the places of my childhood? Their faces were coarse and inanimate, but they were familiar ones, and as such I welcomed them, for they brought to

into a dissertation on the evils of disobedience in general, and the forwardness and docility of her two boys in particular. Then, drawing all her interesting topics to a focus, she took boys, geese, ducks, currant bushes, etc., etc., and bore them rapidly onward in the stream of her inveterate loquacity. One might as well have attempted to pour back the waters rushing from her husband's mill-dam when the flood-gates were up, as to check the motion of her unmanageable tongue. The clatter

of his whole flour establishment must have been a poetical sound compared to the incessant din of meaningless words that rolled from it. Another good hour passed away, and the volubility of that tongue was increasing, while my politeness and patience, it must be owned, were decreasing in an exact ratio.

Maria had dressed for dinner, and I caught a glimpse of her bright face peeping roguishly over the banisters. Mrs. M. came into the hall, looked gravely toward us, and walked into the garden with a step rather more dignified than usual.

"Dear me, is that the lady you are staying with?" said Mrs. Jackson, cutting short the thread of her discourse; "how sorry I am that I didn't ask her how she did; she must think we country people haven't got no bringing up."

Without replying to Mrs. Jackson, I seized the opportunity to inquire at what house they stayed, and innocently proposed calling upon them after dinner.

"Oh!" said the little man, with a most insinuating smile, "we calculate to put up with you. Didn't think we were the kind o' people to slight old friends—ha!"

"With me?—old friends!" I was thunderstruck, and replied, I fear with some lack of politeness, that "Colonel M. did not keep a hotel."

"Wal, I guess, I know'd that afore, but I'd just as lives pay my money as any body else!"

This was too much—I cast a furtive look at the banister, Maria's handkerchief was at her mouth, and her face sparkled all over with suppressed mirth. Before I could answer Mr. Jackson's proposition, Colonel M. came into the hall, and the modest little gentleman very coolly informed him of the high honor intended his house.

Colonel M. glanced at my burning face, made his most solemnly polite bow, and informed my tormentor that he should entertain any visitor of mine with great pleasure.

I was about to disclaim all Mr. Jackson's pretensions to hospitality, backed by an acquaintance with myself, when he interrupted me with:—

"Wal, that's jest what I was a saying to my woman here, as we come along. Wife, says I, never put up to a tavern when you can go any where else. I'd jest as lives pay my money to a private as to a tavern-keeper; they're expensive fellers, and allers grumbles if one brings his own provender."

The colonel stared at him a moment, then coldly saying, "he was very welcome," passed on.

"What a polite man the colonel is!" ejaculated the little miller, rubbing his hands together as if he had been kneading a batch of his own flour, and turning triumphantly to his wife, who looked as pleased as if she had just heard of the resuscitation of her six lamented goslings.

"Come now," she said, jumping up, and tying the strings of her bonnet, "let's go down to the salt water, and eat our dinner on the grass. Run up, and get your things, Miss Sophy—now, come to think on it, I s'pose it wouldn't be the genteel thing if we didn't ask the colonel and his wife, and that young girl that jest come in with you; but the wagon is not large enough to hold us all without husband there can find a board to put along the front for an extra seat."

I heard a sound of smothered laughter from the stairs, and hastened to relieve Mrs. Jackson from her dilemma, by declining her invitation for myself,

while I informed her that Colonel M. expected company, and I was certain could not benefit by her politeness.

"Wal, then," said Mr. Jackson, setting down his bell-crowned hat, "it don't make much difference whether we eat our dinner here or on the sea-side. So, if Miss Sophy and the rest on 'em can't go, s'posing we give it up, and go to the museum."

This plan was less endurable than the other. I knew that company would drop in after dinner, and the very thought of introducing Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, with both the little Jacksons, to my friends, was enough to drive me into the salt water, as they called it, if those interesting persons had given me no other alternative. And then to be dragged to the museum with them! I accepted the sea-side dinner in a fit of desperation, and ran up stairs to get ready, half angry with the droll face which Maria made up for my benefit as I passed her in the upper hall.

I put on a cottage bonnet, folded a large shawl about me, and, with a parasol in my hand, was descending the stairs when I heard Mr. J. observe to his wife, that he had felt pretty sure of managing affairs all the time, and that he was ready to bet any thing Colonel M. wouldn't charge any thing for what little trouble they should be. Mrs. Jackson pinched his arm unmercifully when I appeared in sight, which gentle admonition broke off his calculation of expenses, and sent him in search of his equipage. He returned with a rickety one-horse wagon—a rusty harness, tied by pieces of rope in sundry places, which covered an old chestnut horse, whose organs of starvation were most astonishingly developed over his whole body. Into this crazy vehicle he handed us, with a ludicrous attempt at gallantry which made the old horse turn his head



with a rueful look to see what his master could be about. The wagon contained but one springless seat, and where we should find accommodation for

five persons was a subject of mystery to me. I however quietly took my portion of the seat. Mrs. Jackson, whose dimensions required rather more than half, placed herself by my side, her husband grasped the reins and crowded his diminutive proportions between us, while the dear little boys stood up behind and held by the back of our seat. Mr. Jackson gave his reins a jerk and flourished a whip—with a very short and white hickory handle, a long lash, and a thong of twisted leather fastened on for a snapper—with peculiar grace over the drooping head of our steed. The poor animal gathered up his limbs and walked along the street, dragging us after him, with great majesty and decorum. We must have been a magnificent exhibition to the pedestrians as we passed along the principal streets of the town. Mr. Jackson shaking the reins and chirruping the poor horse onward—his wife exclaiming at every thing she saw, and those interesting boys standing behind us very upright, with their wool hats set far back on their heads, and they pointing and staring about as only very young gentlemen from the country can stare and point, while I, poor victim, sat crouching behind Mr. J. with my parasol directed with a reference to the sidewalk rather than to the sun. I was young, sensitive, and perhaps a little too keenly alive to the ridiculous, and if I did not feel exactly like a criminal going to execution, I did feel as if some old lady's fruit-table had been robbed, and I was the suspected person.

When about three miles from town, we left our equipage, whose rattle had given me a head-ache, and after walking along the shore awhile, Mrs. J. selected a spot of fresh grass shaded by a clump of junipers, where she commenced preparations for dinner. First, with the assistance of her two boys, she dragged forth a basket that had been stowed away under the wagon seat—then a table-cloth, white as a snow-drift, was spread on the grass—next appeared sundry bottles of cider and currant wine, with cakes of various kinds and dimensions, but mostly spiced with caraway seed. To these were added a cold tongue, a loaf of exquisite bread, a piece of cheese, a cup of butter covered with a cool cabbage leaf, and, last of all, a large chicken pie, its edge pinched into regular scallops by Mrs. Jackson's two thumbs, and the centre ornamented by the striking resemblance of a brake leaf cut by the same ingenious artist in the original paste.

Truly, a day is like a human life, seldom all clouds or entire sunshine. The most gloomy is not all darkness, nor the most happy all light. When the remembrance of that sea-side dinner, under the juniper bushes, comes over me, I must acknowledge that my day of tribulation—with all its provoking incidents and petty vexations—had its hour of respite, if not of enjoyment. There we sat upon the grass in a refreshing shade, with nobody to look on us as we cut the tender crust of that pie, while the cider and the currant wine sparkled in the two glasses which we circulated promiscuously from lip to lip, while a pleasant air came sweeping over us from the water, and the sunshine, that had else been too powerful, played and glittered everywhere about. A few yards from our feet, the foam-crested waves swept the beach with a dash of perpetual music. The sea, studded by a hundred snowy sails, lay outstretched before us. Far on our right spread an extensive plain, with cattle grazing peacefully over it, and here and there a dwelling or

a cluster of trees flinging their shadow on the grass. On our left was the town, with its houses rising like palaces of snow among the overhanging trees; its taper steeples pencilled in regular lines against the sky, and a picturesque mountain range looming in the distance.

It cannot be denied that I rather enjoyed that dinner under the juniper bushes, and was not half so much shocked by the jocund conversation and merry laughter of my companions as became the dignity of a young lady whose "Lines to a Rosebud" had been extensively copied through several remote papers of the Union, and who had been twice serenaded by her own words, set to most excruciating music, but I hope the reader will excuse my fault. It happened years ago, and I am to this day a little inclined to be social with good-natured people, even those who are not particularly literary or intelligent. They do not expect you to talk books because you write them—never torment you with a discussion of women's rights, equality of the sexes, and like popular absurdities—or force you into a detestation of all books with quotations which you would rejoice to think were "unwritten music."

The clocks were striking four when we drove into town again, much as we had left, except the basket of fragments under our seat. When we reached Colonel M.'s door, there was a sound of voices in the drawing-room, and I knew that company was there. I entered the hall, and, with a palpitating heart, persuaded Mrs. Jackson to accompany me to my chamber, devoutly hoping that he would find his way into the garden, or stables, or any where except the drawing-room.

I entered my chamber, resolved to entertain Mrs. Jackson so pleasantly that she would be content to remain there. I opened the window, and pointed out one of the most lovely prospects that eye ever dwelt upon; but she was busy with the pink bows and cotton lace border of her cap, and preferred the reflection of her own stout figure in the looking-glass to aught the open sash could afford. When her toilet was finished, I was even preposterous enough to offer a book, but, after satisfying herself that it contained no pictures, she laid it down and walked toward the door. As a last resource, I flung open my wardrobe, as if by accident, and that had its effect; she came back with the avidity of a great child, handled every article, and was very particular to inquire the price of each garment, and the number of yards it contained. How I wished that Queen Elizabeth had but left me heiress to her nine hundred dresses. Had she been so thoughtful, it is highly probable that Mrs. Jackson would have contented herself in my room till morning; but, alas! my wardrobe was only extensive enough to detain her half an hour, and when that failed, she grew stubborn and insisted on going down.

I followed Mrs. J. into the drawing-room with the resolution of a martyr. She paused at the door, dropped three sublime curtseys, put on one of her superlatively silly smiles, and entered, with a little mincing step, and her cap-ribbons all in a flutter. Had I been called upon to select the five persons whom I should have been most unwilling to meet in my irksome predicament, it would have been the two beautiful girls and three highly-bred young men whom I found in a group near the centre table. Maria was with them, but looking almost ill-tempered with annoyance. When she saw Mrs. Jackson, the crimson that burned on her usually pale check

spread over her face and neck, while, spite of shame and anger, her mouth dimpled almost to a laugh as that lady performed her curtsies at the door. Maria gave one glance of comic distress at my face, which was burning till it pained me, and another toward the farther extremity of the room. There was Mr. Jackson perched on a music stool, and fingering the keys of a *piany*, as he called Maria's superb rosewood instrument, and the feet of those little Jacksons dangled from a chair near by; there, at my right hand, was Mrs. Jackson, radiant as a sunflower, and disposed to make herself peculiarly fascinating and agreeable to our visitors. She informed the gentlemen that her husband was a great musician, and that he led the singing in the Methodist meeting-house at home, every other Sunday, when the minister came to preach, and that her two boys gave strong indications of musical genius which had almost induced Mrs. Jackson to patronize their village singing-school. While in the midst of this eloquence, her eye was caught by a rich scarf worn by one of our lady visitors; so, changing the subject, she began to express her admiration, and after taking an end of the scarf in her hands and minutely examining the pattern, she inquired the price of its fair owner, and called her husband to say if he could not afford one like it for her.

There was a roguish look in the lady's eye, but she politely informed Mrs. J. where the scarf was purchased, and, being too well bred to laugh in our faces, the party took their leave. We breathed freely once more, but Maria and I had scarcely exchanged glances of congratulation for their absence when another party was announced. To be mortified thus a second time was beyond endurance; and while Maria stepped forward to close the folding doors on Mr. Jackson and his musical performance, I turned, in very desperation, to his better half, and proposed to accompany her in a walk about town. Most earnestly did I entreat to exchange her fine bonnet and orange-colored silk shawl for a cottage and merino of my own; but no, Mrs. J. clung to her tri-colors tenaciously as a Frenchman; so investing myself in the rejected articles, we sallied forth.

As we were turning a corner, I looked back, and lo! the two boys walking behind as lovingly as the Siamese twins. This reminded Mrs. Jackson that she had promised them some candy, so I was forced into a confectioner's shop that the young gentlemen might be gratified. The candy was purchased and a pound of raisins called for. While the man was weighing them, she called out, "Stop a minute, while I see if I've got change enough for 'em," and sitting down on a keg, she took out a large green worsted purse with deliberate ostentation, and emptied a quantity of silver and copper cents into her lap. Being satisfied with this display of her wealth, she gave the man permission to proceed. I had suffered so much that day, that the jeering smile of that candy-man went for nothing.

On leaving the candy shop, I allowed my tormenter to choose her own direction; which, as my evil stars would have it, led directly before the principal hotel, and there, upon the steps, stood the two young gentlemen who had serenaded Maria and myself only the night before, and whom we had seen that morning in our drive. They recognized me and bowed; Mrs. Jackson instantly appropriated the compliment, paused, faced about, and returned their salutations with a curtsey for each, while she

scolded the boys for not having "manners enough to make their bows when gentlemen noticed them." The urchins took off their wool hats and did make their bows. My serenaders could not withstand this, and though their faces were turned away, I had a delightful consciousness that they were ready to die with suppressed laughter as I urged my companions from the street.

A short distance from the hotel stands a most splendid mansion, perhaps, at that time, the most costly one in the State. Two of my schoolmates resided there, and I was very anxious to pass without being observed; but just as we came opposite windows which opened to the ground, Mrs. Jackson made a dead halt, and pointing to the house, called out, "Come here, boys, and see what a sight of glass doors this 'ere house has got."

The little Jacksons had lingered behind, but they ran up and obeyed their mother's summons, by planting themselves directly before us, and the whole group took another survey of the building. I looked up; the blinds of a chamber were gently parted, and I caught a glimpse of two sweet, familiar faces looking down upon our interesting party. "They are staring at us, do walk on!" I whispered in a perfect agony.

Mrs. Jackson paid no attention, she was looking earnestly down the street; I apprehensively followed the direction of her gaze. The two students were coming up the opposite sidewalk laughing immoderately, a piece of ill-breeding which they endeavored to check when their eyes met mine, but all in vain. Their eyes laughed, in spite of the violence put upon their lips. I could endure it no longer, but tore my arm from the tenacious grasp of my tormenter, turned the first corner, and hastened home.

When Mrs. Jackson returned, she had forgotten my rudeness in her delight at the attentions paid her by the students. "They had talked and laughed together a full half hour," she said, "and were so perlite."

"What did you talk about?" I inquired with uncomfortable foreboding.

"Why, I believe it was purty much about you, after all."

"Me?" said I, faintly.

"Yes, they asked how long we'd been acquainted, so, of course, I told them what old friends we were —kind of relations."

The last drop was flung in the bowl—and it overflowed—I said I was ill—had a headache—and running to my room, locked myself in.

I never had courage to ask Maria what occurred after my exit. But the next morning I arose very early, threw open the blinds and looked out. The day was breaking, like an angel's smile, in the east. The fresh air came up from an opposite garden rich with fragrance. The flowers bent their wet heads as it came with a gentle breath and charmed the odor from their cups; the grass had not yet flung off its night jewelry, and all around was still and silent as the heart of a wilderness—no, there was one sound, not so musical as it might have been, but still the most welcome that ever fell on my ear. It was the rattle of Mr. Jackson's wagon as it came lumbering up to the front door. And the most gratifying sight of that lovely morning was the old chestnut horse stalking down the street, and dragging behind him Mr. Jackson, Mrs. Jackson, and both the little Jacksons.